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Vol. XXII. JANUARY, 1871. No. 1.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
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A. Burkholder, Miss L. A. Cassel, C. C. Straub, J. D. Schrieber, E. D. Bleickley, Rev. J. W. Love, Mrs. S. Kind, A. Poffenberger, R. B. Will, E. Frederick, J. R. Hilbish, O. P. Jones, E. R. Menning, P. W. Shafer, L. E. Shriver, L. H. Diehl, S. Lauber, Miss S. Nesbitt, Miss L. H. Beil, M. Appel, R. Peysert, J. W. Bickel (1 sub), G. Smuller, M. C. Mayer (1 sub), O. P. Jones, Rev. L. C. Edmonds, Rev. J. Beck, A. Baringer, D. M. Whitmore (1 sub), R. F. Scheetz, A. Hoover, G. Smuller, J. Motter (1 sub), Post Master.

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THE PROPHECY OF THE FLOWER.

THE

GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D., Editor.

VOL. XXII., 1871.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1871.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII.—JANUARY, 1871.—No. 1.

NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Happy New Year, doth the GUARDIAN wish all its readers. During the year past it has wrought, taught, pleaded and prayed for their well-being. "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone," said a disguised prophet to the King of Israel (1 Kings xx. 40). As we busily strive to do life's solemn work, our years speed by, and ere we think of it they are gone.

What has the past year brought to you, dear reader? Sorrow? Alas, yes. And with the sorrow came the needed grace to turn sorrow into joy. Sickness? God in mercy sends sickness upon the body, to make us conscious of our soul-sickness, and make us willing to accept the balm of the divine Physician. Bereavement? "Stop Miss A.'s GUARDIAN, she died;" is the purport of some letters. In our congregation we buried fourteen persons between twelve and thirty years of age. A year ago, the most of these were as hale and hopeful as you and I are now. Some were the life and joy of their home circle, others the support of a widowed mother; some found their greatest pleasure in being and doing good, giving the fragrant bloom of life's morning to God. Still we could point out the place in the Sunday-school and church, where some of them regularly sat; their absence from their places calls up sad and pleasant memories. Some, how thankful are we that there are not many such, grieved sorely on their dying bed over broken vows, and misspent Sundays, and neglected communion seasons. They, too, died. Many such as these ended their life the past year; many of our former readers, too. To their mourning friends we offer our Christian sympathies, and pray the Father of all mercies to comfort their sorrowing hearts.

Into other families changes of a more cheerful nature have entered. "Please change the address of Miss B., to Mrs. C.," we are often told. Which signifieth that Miss B. hath formed an alliance with Mr. C., and henceforth shall be known by his name. We wish all such a great deal of joy, and all the delights of a Christian home. That they invite the GUARDIAN to continue its visits to their new home, we take as a good indication; showing a disposition to start right, by accepting of the monthly teachings of a safe counsellor.

Have any failed or fallen? Alas, how many fail! But to fall clear away from virtue—from Christ—that strikes one of the saddest strings on life's Æolian lyre.

> "When any falls from virtue, I am distract,
> I have an interest in it."

Come back, O ye poor erring ones. Stray no longer, no further. You are on the wrong path. True, many walk thereon, but "it leadeth to destruction." Come back, it is not too late yet. It may be too late to-morrow.

> "Return, O wanderer return,
> Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
> Go to His bleeding feet and learn
> How freely Jesus can forgive."

The volume of 1871 is still a closed book. From day to day will it open to us, page after page. What will it bring to us? What will we bring to it? On every page we shall write something, either good or ill. Our hearts, thoughts, actions, will be indelibly photographed therein. "I write for eternity" said a great man. So do you and I, kind reader, and in a very solemn sense. What shall we write? The volume of 1870 has been closed. Yet much that it contains we still remember; and, perhaps, remember with sorrow. We can learn useful lessons from it; let us learn and heed them well.

Life is a growth—a growth in good or evil—a progress on the narrow or broad road. Only that human life grows in that which is permanently good, which is united by faith to Christ. In Him we have life. Out of Him we are dead. The Christian's life is onward. It knows no pause. He aims to advance:

> "To live that each to-morrow
> Finds him better than to-day."

Are we Christians? We must strive to be more Christ-like the next year than we have been in the past. We must advance, if we would not lose what we have gained. The child of God is a conqueror, who like the cannon ball must go ahead, or drop powerless

to the earth. "Tell ye the children of Israel that they go forward." This, too, I am to tell you. Repent more sincerely, believe more trustfully, pray more frequently and fervently, forgive and forbear more charitably, worship God more devoutly and regularly, live and labor more for Christ—than you have ever done before.

Our life is now a year shorter than it was twelve months ago. A year less in which to serve Christ, to prepare for the endless hereafter. HEREAFTER; that was the last great word Peter the Great uttered. It is coming—hastening apace. God forbid that it should find us sleeping. Time is short, eternity is long. "How vain are all things here below," how real all above. Thither let our conversation and our aims tend, there let our treasures be laid up.

THE PROPHECY OF THE FLOWER.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*See the Frontispiece.*)

They are leaning on the garden fence, reading their fate in a cluster of flowers. He has been out a hunting, through the marshes and meadows, and along the lake. In the distance a white column of smoke curls up, from a steamer ploughing through the waves. Beyond that the mountain bounds the lake. Who is this young man? The cut of his garments looks somewhat clerical. Is it her young pastor, or some theological student of the congregation, spending his vacation at home? Judging from the feathers in his hat, he must have had some success. His game pouch buckled over his shoulder, is out of view. Surely there must be something in it. His heavy fowling-piece rests carelessly on his left arm.

Yonder meadows teem with a great variety of flowers. And he knows all about them, has studied botany. Though in quest of game, he plucks a garland here and there. On the banks of the lake is a cottage home, where lives this young lady. Strolling homeward they somehow meet at the garden fence. It is just the meeting he wished for. What subject so pleasant to introduce the conversation, with two young persons like these, as that of flowers? Especially such flowers. For these are prophets, they have a speech and the question is: What do they say? He gives her a bunch, and holds the other in his right hand.

That is what these two young friends are at; trying to interpret the language of their hearts by looking into the heart of a flower.

She looks like a dashing industrious girl, who surely has not looked into a mirror for the last few hours. She must have bounded away from her busy work, her hair, with charming carelessness, dangling around her neck, and her garment hanging loosely around her lithe limbs. Indeed she seems to forget that her sleeves are still partly rolled up. How intently they both peer into the flower, and through it, perhaps, each getting a glimpse of the other's heart. He seems unconscious of his game and gun, she of her work and home worries. There! She is just unravelling the prophecy in her own mind and heart; perhaps he has unravelled it before.

We may well know what the study of this floral prophecy will lead to. Heaven bless them with a happy fulfillment of its meaning. Understand ye what ye read, young friends? Every true prophecy, like that of our Saviour's second coming, hath a two-fold meaning. And so hath that of your flowers, a direct and remote meaning. I would not have you borrow sad thoughts from the future. But even while you are dreaming over the garden fence, I see light clouds throwing their passing shadow upon you. True, they have "a silver-lining," which signifieth that Christian faith borders our dark sorrows with the light of hope.

Just now the flowers you so fondly examine glow with charming beauty and abound in sweetest fragrance. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lily you are holding in your right hand, young man. Yet the lily our Saviour saw, no less than the gorgeous robes of Israel's wise king, returned to dust soon after He pointed this lesson. Your flowers prophecy of decay and death—coming upon you no less than upon them. Forget not, clouds will sooner or later gather over the bright heavens above you. Behind those clouds God's smiling face will still beam upon you, but you will need faith—Christian faith—to see it, and receive its blessed comfort.

In the darkest night many a flower blooms unseen and unenjoyed by mortal eyes. What use in their blooming then? "They wave their bells and exhale their choicest odors, as if they would bribe the night to bestow upon them some new charm. In the tender twilight they look wistfully at each other, and say, 'Do you see anything on me?' And when the answer is, 'I see nothing,' they hang their heads and wait sorrowfully for the morning, fearing that they shall bring no beauty to it. Though there is no voice, nor sound, yet the night hears them, and silently through the still air the dews drop down from the sky, and settle on every stem, and bud, and blossom; and when day dawns, and the first rosy glance that the sun sends athwart the fields, ten million jewels glitter, and sparkle, and quiver on the notched edges of every leaf, and along each beaded blade, and spire of grass, and spray, and the happy

flowers, stirred by the wind, nod, and beckon, and smile to each other, more resplendent in their dewy gems than any dream of the night had imagined. So many Christians, who in the darkness of this life, have longed and labored for graces, yet sad and fearing, will find themselves covered with glory when the eternal morning dawns, and the light of God's countenance strikes through their earth-gained jewels."

Beautifully do flowers prophecy of the life hereafter, and its unfading glory. Every petal is aglow with celestial light—reflects the glory of the heavenly. Leaf unto leaf uttereth speech, flower unto flower showeth knowledge. The flower fadeth and falleth from the stem to give place to the growing ripening seed; in which seed it lives on. Thus fades and falls the mortal body, to give place to the development of the immortal. The flesh decays as the grass, but the Word of the Lord endureth forever. The "corn of wheat falls into the ground and dies, and brings forth much fruit."

Whilst the flowers, into whose hearts you are fondly gazing, prophecy of life's frail and uncertain tenure, admonishing us to see to it that our souls be planted in the house of the Lord, wherein they shall bring forth fruit in old age, and abide forever, they point to a world where all the loved and the loving in Christ shall meet and sate their souls' deepest yearnings at the pure Fountain of God's eternal love.

"Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
  Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
  It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
  Breaks out into thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
  Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming it dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
  That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
  As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
  In the place where it falls on the ground;
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
  Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old."

No cloud can overshadow a Christian, but the eye of his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Norwood, Dec. 1st, 1870.

MY DEAR CLARINDA,

For many days I have been trying to answer your pleasant letter, but all in vain; this is such a busy season for housekeepers, that I can scarcely find time to take up a pen.

We have been fitting out Frank for college, and we miss the boy sadly. My dear, I would not exchange my five boys for all the leisure and amusement the world could give, and should grieve rather than "be merry over an exemption" from work, that brings with it every day and hour its own sweet reward. Your Uncle says, "boys are my hobby"; be that as it may, life would be very dreary without them.

In regard to his nieces, your Uncle Charles is certainly very particular. When he read my letter to you, he said "Katherine, you don't mean to advise Clarinda never to think of gentlemen at all? That's absurd, unnatural." "It's funny," said he. "I cannot help being amused, though you do look so sober; here are two experienced, sensible minded women, writing to a young girl; the one, advising her to seek a lover, woo and win him, immediately; the other, holding up her hands in horror, and begging her to do nothing of the kind, but to give man-kind a 'severe letting alone.'"

"Charles," said I, "*you* are absurd" (and if he had not been laughing, I should have said provoking), but his good nature is irresistible, and contagious too, so that I was obliged to join in the laugh, though it was against myself. Then he went on to say, that he knew that your Aunt Betsey's intentions were good, but that her experience was such an exceptional one, that not one in a thousand, as you very truly say, Clarinda, could carry out her advice, without an unjustifiable sacrifice of maidenly modesty.

Do not misunderstand me, Clarinda. I certainly never intended to advise you to avoid the society of gentlemen. On the contrary, I should like to see you kind, courteous, and agreeable to every one; but leave the wooing and winning for those, whose special right and privilege it is. In short, try to do your duty, whatever it is in the world, trusting fully and entirely that God will order all your steps, and will, if he so ordain it, provide you with a husband, without any unseemly exertions on your part.

You say very truly, my dear, "that a gentleman has no right, because a lady is pleasant to him, to believe that she would like to

marry him"; sometimes gentlemen do need a salutary little lesson in this respect, especially when they boast, as I heard a cousin of yours not long ago, that any lady in his native place was ready and willing to marry him. Thinks I to myself, my boy, you need a little teaching; but there are few ladies willing to give such lessons. One of the most loveable women I know, says she hopes she will never have an offer of marriage unless she can accept it; for the pain and regret are usually mutual, and though there are those, who boast of their conquests, a true lady, Clarinda, such a one as I trust you are daily and hourly growing to be, will, if she cannot avoid giving pain, at least consider the confidence placed in her, a trust too sacred ever to be spoken of.

Strive to cultivate a pleasant manner; for "manners are not idle, but the fruit of noble nature, and of noble mind." Strive to grow in every grace that will give you friends and influence wherever you go; only be sure to use that influence for the good and the right.

If Christians were true to their profession, they would be the most loveable and courteous people in the world. Love for Christ and our fellows will show itself in courtesy and kindness to all, and the rules He has given us are all-sufficient for our guidance in this respect.

There are little points of etiquette that all should observe, and that usually we acquire more readily from mingling with society than from books; but as this is your first year at home from school, I cannot help quoting (from memory, for the book is not in our library) a favorite extract from one of Dr. Holmes' books. It is so sensible and practical, and covers so much—

"Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander, a shyness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions, to be light in hand, in conversation to have ideas, but to make talk, if necessary, without them, *to belong to the company you are in, and not to yourself;* this I consider a pretty fair capital of manners to begin with."

I could not help contrasting your praise of Edwin Swift, with your expression of lack of confidence in all men. "That's bravado," said your Uncle, as he read your letter. An English poet says,

> "The saddest thing that can befall a man,
> Is when he loses faith in God and woman;"

and it seems to me the reverse is equally true.

So far, my dear Clarinda, as we are worthy of love and trust ourselves, so far we will find everywhere men and women worthy of all the love and trust we can give them.

> "She who most believes in man,
> Makes him what she believes,"

and many a man has been saved from actual sin, by the thought that some good woman loved and trusted him, believing him to be gentle, and pure, and good.

As I have an engagement this evening, I must close my letter. Your Uncle and cousins send kindly greetings, and were disappointed in not seeing you this summer, but hope to have that pleasure at some future day. With a sincere desire for your future happiness and usefulness,

Your affectionate aunt,

KATHERINE.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Verses suggested by Prang's Chromo of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy."

There hangs on the wall before me,
  Where the sunshine loves to dwell,
A picture, a sweet little picture,
  That holds me in a spell,—
A boy with sun-browned features,
  All dimpled in childish joy;
And I gaze, through the tears that blind me,
  On this little "Barefoot Boy."

The eyes are full of brightness,
  And the cheeks so rosily red,
That it hardly seems a picture,
  But a living child instead,—
A child, with his brown hands hidden
  In the pockets where lurks each toy
Which I know brought childish pleasure
  To this little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think, while my tears are dropping
  Like rain on my open book,
Of my little barefooted darling
  That the summoning angels took;
And I sigh for the vanished brightness,
  As I see each unused toy
That once belonged to my darling,
  To *my* little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think of one sad June evening,
  When the mournful robins sang,
And up from the gathering shadows
  The cry of the whippoorwill rang;
And I think of the gloomy shadow
  That fell on life's brightest joy,
When the angels came in the twilight
  For my little "Barefoot Boy."

I see by some shadowless hearthstones
  Glad children at merry play;
And I think of my life's broad shadow,
  And I weep, and turn away;
And I look at my little picture,
  And the face so bright with joy,
And think that a sinless angel
  Was once my "Barefoot Boy."

S. V. STORM.

AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS, IN A COUNTRY HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The Christmas sights, the Christmas lights,
  The Christmas nights, how grand,
To us who walked the glittering lanes
  Of boyhood's fairy lands!
Remote among its spangled bowers
  Old memories parade,
And watch the gorgeous bubbling hours
  All rise, and burst, and fade.

What welcome shall we ever have,
  Till this long journey ends,
Like that which marked the merry time
  From sisters and from friends?
When presents given and received
  Brought heart to heart in view,
And every day was golden leaved
  With wonders rich and new."

The home was a short half hour's walk from an inland town in Pennsylvania. Hither the parents came every Lord's day to church, bringing their children with them. The town had its share of poor folk, widows and orphans, living in small huts, in back alleys, and along the outskirts of the place. In summer-time they gleaned in the harvest fields around this home. In corn-husking time they gleaned again. Full well I remember these godly widows, some of them bowed down with age and care; with little knapsacks, slung to their shoulders, wherein to carry their harvest. Early in the morning, before the sun had melted the white October frost from the fields, I met them in busy quest of the gleaners share. Now and then a kind-hearted husker would intentionally leave an ear or two hanging in the way of Christ's poor ones, knowing well that the owner of the field would be pleased to see her bag filling rapidly. The old gleaners were told to house their gather-

ings in the wood-shed. Afterwards each one's share was sent to her door with horse and cart. One of the boys took it thither for the sake of the infirm widows, and for his own sake. For hereby he was taught a lesson of practical charity. "Fill the cart with wood and unload it at Granny Weber's door. She will need it this coming winter." Thus ordered the farmer. Usually there was such an outgush of gratitude, when the poor souls saw the unloading of the gifts; such a heartsome blessing of the boy and his parents, as to set him happily musing all the way home, over the blessedness of doing good.

The livelong winter these widows plied their old spinning wheels, from morning till night; spinning the hemp, flax and wool of their country friends, and knitting stockings for the children. Many a time I listened to the hum of the wheel, and wondered how their old tired feet could work one way, and their cautious hands at the spool, spindle and thread another way.

It was the week before Christmas. A busy week in the country home; for then "the butchering" had to be done. An ox and four hogs were slaughtered. The second day before Christmas the cake-baking was done. Large tables in the bake-house were covered with cakes, in all manner of forms—birds, horses, hearts, lambs, stars, all carefully spread out on "paddy-pans." We children, meanwhile, watched the progress of events, burdening the bakers with many curious questions. A great mystery to my child-mind was the large bake-oven, which for a season seemed to devour all put into it. I peered into its glowing cavern, and watched with watering mouth the nut-brown cakes which it brought forth.

The day before Christmas was the "preparation day." The turkey had to be killed, and many other things provided for the Christmas dinner. The boys were again sent in various directions, to practice "pure and undefiled religion." One wagon was closely packed with numerous baskets and packages, each containing a nicely arranged variety of gifts—meat, sausages, apples, cakes, and, perhaps, articles of clothing. Ere the boy started, the loving heart that had devised all these pleasure-giving packages, standing aside of the wagon, repeated her instructions: "Be careful that you make no mistakes—this is for Mrs. Snow; yonder long basket for Mrs. Harris; that bag for Mrs. Weber, and this round basket for Mr. Noble, &c." Mr. Noble was the pastor, whose basket contained, among other things, a large turkey. From house to house drove the boy, leaving the appropriate gift at each, and receiving in return, such a blessing from the fatherless and widows, as are worth more than gold and silver. The little old widow Weber rubbed her hands, and laughed like an overjoyed child. Indeed, she had reached her second childhood. The pastor—well, of course he had

expected all, but was none the less grateful. Half the thankful messages sent to the parents by the receivers, the boy could not remember. Only this much, that they were made very happy.

Scarcely had this wagon left the home, when another of the boys, mounted a grey pony, with large saddle-bags and a basket, tightly packed, and was started on a visiting tour among country widows in the neighborhood. No less thankful were these than their poor sisters of the town. Indeed, to their dying day they remembered and blessed the boys that brought them gifts—which blessings some of the said boys, now that they are men, do greatly prize.

One of these Christmas visits to our pastor I distinctly remember. After the baskets had been emptied, the pastor invited the awkward country boy into the parlor. To my consternation, he introduced me to a gay-looking young gentleman, with a heavy gold chain at his vest, just arrived from Germany, whom he called Dr. Schaff. He took me kindly by the hand, and expressed himself pleased with my way of visiting my pastor. His face was fresh like a blushing spring rose. He was then on his way to Mercersburg for the first time.

It was a stormy Christmas Eve. The sleet rattled against the windows. Around the large "ten-plate" stove, filled with hickory logs, sat the family. The boys repeating their reports of their merciful errands to the widows; the parents telling the children how these pious poor people, would, on this stormy night, pray the dear Christ-Child to bless them in their little beds. Then followed many questions from the little ones—whether Mrs. Weber had always been poor, whether Mrs. Harris had any little children, and whether the Christkindel would bring them anything that night.

There was no Christmas-tree. Then, as now, this tree was more of a town than country growth. The smaller children were still allowed to believe in a real bodily Christkindel. It would surely come that night. Where will mother set the baskets this time? In a dark front room—the parlor becomes the reception room of the kind heavenly visitor. Two bread baskets, with a clean white cloth spread in them, are placed on chairs. The little innocents, half-frightened, hold on to the mother's dress, as they follow her into the parlor, and watch the arranging of the baskets. Many puzzling little troubles they have. When will it come? Where will it get in? Ought not the front door be left open? Will the baskets be large enough? How heavenly this unsuspecting confiding trust!

What a fearful fuss the dogs are making! Watch runs barking about the house, as if he would tear some one to pieces.

Hist! Somebody's knocking.

"Come in," says father. And in they come; such as they are. A half dozen jovial fellows, led by a so-called Belsnickel.

"O ma!" scream a group of us smaller children, and seize hold of her dress, like an affrighted brood rush under the wings of the mother hen, when the hawk is after them. Belsnickel may either mean a fur-clad Nicholas, or a flogging Nicholas. In the wintry Christmas nights, he is usually robed in furs, and carries his whip with him.

Our Belsnickel, is most likely, some well-known neighbor friend. Under his ugly mask (Schnarraffelsge sicht), and an outlandish dress, such as no child ever saw mortal wear before, no one can tell who he is. We children tremble as in the presence of an unearthly being. Really, the Nickel tries to be pleasant, jabbers in some unknown tongue, and takes a few chestnuts and candies out of his vast bundle on his back, and throws them on the floor for the larger boys. One after another shyly picks up a gift. Among these older boys is a self-willed fellow, who sometimes behaves rudely. Whenever he picks up something, Nickel thwacks a long whip across his back—across his only. Whereupon the little ones scream and hold on to their mamma with a firm grip; and the older ones laugh aloud. The guilty boy puts his hand where the whip has made an impression. Again the unknown being puts his large working hand into the bag and scatters gifts, and again cracks his whip on the bad boy. How does this ugly man know who has been naughty?

Many years ago a certain country boy used to enjoy these old-time Christmas Eves, and the visits of the Belsnickel, whose chestnuts and cutting jokes he remembered through later life. Hear what he says of this fun-loving flogging friend, in a language that the most of our readers can understand:

O Kennscht du den wieschte, den gaschtige Mann?
  Hu!—derf m'r den Kerl e Mensch heese?
Ja, dass er en Mensch is mag glaawe wer kann,
  Er gukt mir zu viel wie der Beese?

Seh juscht 'mol sei' Aage, sei Naas—alle Welt!—
  Er dhut 's Maul uf un zu wie die Scheere;
'N Schwanz wie 'n Ochs, ja, des hot er, gelt?
  Un en horiger Belz wie die Bäre.

Kummt der in dei' Haus, dann gebt's Lärme genunk,
  Er sucht die nixnutzige Kinder!
Un find 'r eens. geht er uf eemol zum Punkt,
  Un dengelt gar bumm'risch die Sinder.

Er schtellt sich do hi' mit d'r forchtbare Rudh,
  Un brummelt sei' drohende Rede;
Do werre die Kinner uf eemol arch gut
  Un fange recht heftig a' bete!

War eens—wie's manchmol der Fall is—recht knitz;
  Wollt d' klee' Fitz der Mutter verschpettle:
Ich wett, es lacht net for d'r Belsnickelfitz—
  Es dhut um gut Wetter gschwind bettle.

Nau schittelt d'r Belsnickel grausam sei' Sack,
  Raus falle die Kuche un Keschte;
Wer gut is, kann lese,—wer schlecht is, den—whack!—
  Den schmiert 'r mit Fitzeel zum Beschte.

Vum Belsnickel hab ich nau ebbes gelernt,
  Des wer' ich ah nie net vergesse:
Nooch dem dass mer se't werd eem ah in der Aernt
  Die Frucht vun seim Werk ausgemesse.

Ere the little ones are tucked to bed, mother must repeat to them the story of Bethlehem. Then they kneel at her lap and pray to the dear Christ-Child. Half-frightened they put their ears to the key-hole of the parlor door, to listen whether it is at work already at the baskets. Then they scamper off to their low beds, like lambs leaping into the fold. With their heads under the cover, they discuss the frightful visitor with the long whip, and the blessed Christ-Child, that carries no whip, and fall asleep over their talk. Visions of a Paradise, where all good children will have baskets of cakes and candies, that will never be empty, cheer their dreams. Many a time during the night a little head is raised above the cover for a moment, to listen for the blessed visitor in the adjoining room; and quickly plunges into the invisible underworld again. "Can you hear it?" whispers a little neighbor.

Hours before dawn the little folk call the parents. They must see their baskets—shoeless, in their slips, they hopefully follow their mother to the full baskets—full of just the things they had been wishing for. Such a heaven on earth—a foretaste of the bliss above comes only to unsuspecting childhood.

"These little things are great to little man."

More real joy do they give than the acquisition of a nation to a victorious warrior king. But once in a lifetime comes childhood—the capacity to enjoy Christmas. Give the children the full benefit of it while it lasts.

A merry time we had on Christmas morning. All received presents. Father had a pleasant surprise for mother, and she a still better one for him; for woman's heart excels in this art. And the children's hearts were gladdened by many little gifts not found in the baskets. The hired girls merrily pack their gifts in their aprons, and shouting, bear them up-stairs to their rooms. And John—John Antweiler was his name—the hired man, must have his share.

A great big German, with mighty limbs and a warm heart. He was brimful of fun, and an energetic laugher. No one could see him laugh without falling into a roar. When the spell would take him, he dropped his work, his eyes rolled and twinkled, his face becomes almost blood-red, with his brawny hands he would seize his thigh or side ; his body seemed to heave with some internal tumult, giving him no rest till his haw haws turned into screams, and tears rolled over his flushed cheeks. He had a great story-telling talent. On many a cold winters day, we little ones sat spell-bound in the stable, listening to his stories, while he was currying the cattle. And on long winter evenings, with well-nigh breathless attention, we drank his marvellous German tales, to which he gave his own coloring as he passed along. To our child-minds, John was a great man—interlarding his stories with an occasional whiff from his pipe, and a heartsome laugh—

> "Still we gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

That Christmas morning we climbed up the stalwart frame of our mirthful friend, and stuffed his pockets and his large heart with Christmas joy.

All the older members of the family, not needed to prepare the dinner, go to church. The pastor preaches about, and the congregation praises God for, the birth of our Saviour. Meanwhile, the whole house is redolent with the odor of the roasting, going on in the kitchen, and the little ones make merry over their stores of goods, and thankfully prattle about the happy birth-day of our Saviour.

It takes a large table, with much on it, for such a family. And the best that can be had is there—the best dinner of the year. All the children are taught to pray at table—but to pray silently. The father folds his hands on his down-turned plate, and all the children fold theirs in their laps, and all close their eyes, and offer a silent prayer, the father, in his earnestness, unconsciously prays in a whisper that can almost be heard.

Eating is a most exquisite enjoyment for a healthy child. No tongue can describe the pleasure it derives from it. Its appetite and palate enjoy food with the keenest relish. A Christmas dinner makes its heart glad a month before it comes. And as plate after plate is emptied, every nook and corner of its being is filled with joy. Fill the plate well, mother. The child's stomach is wonderfully elastic ; like the boy's pockets, it can hold a little world of nuts, cakes, candies, turkey, sweet potatoes, celery, sausages, fassnachts, custard, apple pie, mince pie, &c., &c. Look at it. The face blushes and beams with fatness, and the glad heart pumps like

the well-oiled piston of a locomotive. It is a rich treat to see a a child enjoying its Christmas dinner. All past grievances, all present and future tasks are forgotten under the charm of the gratified appetite. We enjoy our meals, in the fullest sense, but for one short period in life—in childhood. The palate of a Christian child is a religious organ, helping to understand and feel the power of Christ's birth and atonement.

It was then customary, and still is among German Christians, to observe the second day of Christmas. It was a holiday for all the hired people. The children could stay out of school, and enjoy themselves as on the day previous. On the following week came the poor for their share. With large baskets and bags came women and children. The butchering and baking had been done with an eye to these less favored people. And it might well be thus done. For it took vast quantities to give each one a gift. I can still see how patiently mother would leave her work, to wait on some of these beggars—sometimes three and four at a time. To be *sure*, some were the fault of their own poverty, people of lazy, thievish or drinking habits. And she, the kind soul, knew it all. But then, even bad people are to be pitied for being wicked and unhappy. Besides, she had an old-fashioned notion, that during the Christmas season we ought to be kind to everybody, good and bad. That as our Father in Heaven lets the rain fall on the just and the unjust, so ought our grateful hearts, by acts of universal kindness, teach others that the birth of our Saviour brings good news to all who come to Him to be saved.

TEMPTATION OF THE WEAK.

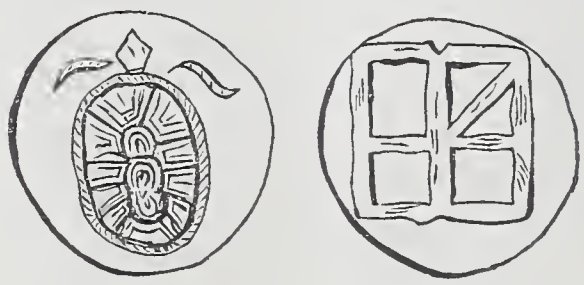
It was doubtless not undesigned, that he who had but the single talent is represented as the one, of all others, who went and buried it, hid it in a napkin. Such a one has the most temptation to do so. He naturally thinks that he has so little to invest for God, that it is scarcely worth while to invest it. His feeble efforts, his ungifted words, his pittance of charity can not amount to anything in swelling the aggregate of heavenly success. So the devil helps him to wrong his master of his due, to rob his God, and thus also secures the inaction of a large portion of the Church. The giants are working, but the waste of power is with the masses; the eloquent are speaking, but the stammering tongues are silent; the rich and able are giving, but the men of moderate means have not yet learned to pay tithe to the Lord.

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

No. .I

By Rev. J. H. Dubbs.

The world was already old when men began to think of coining money. Though it is impossible to fix, with absolute certainty, the time and place of the invention of this important art, it is generally believed, that the oldest coin now in existence was struck in the island of Ægina, in the eighth century before the Christian era. It bears on one side a representation of a tortoise, and on the other a depression or punch mark, generally called a *quadratum incusum.*



It is certainly remarkable that in those countries, where we might have expected to find the most interesting ancient coinage, not a single specimen has yet been discovered. When the Egyptians built the Pyramids, their currency consisted of rings of gold and silver, and of curiously carved precious stones. In Assyria and Babylon Layard and Rawlinson have, indeed, discovered many clay tablets, commemorating the grant of large sums of money, fixed by weight, but not a single coin has rewarded their untiring researches.

It has, indeed, been urged, that the Phœnicians, as the earliest of maritime nations, would probably be the first to introduce coined money, on account of its great convenience for commercial purposes, and a strong plea has, therefore, been presented in favor of the priority of certain very curious Tyrian coins; but Madden, one of the best authorities on the subject, affirms that "no pieces of an earlier antiquity than the Persian rule have hitherto come to light."

It may here be remarked, that the most ancient Phœnician coins bear a representation of a dove on one side, and of a bull on the other. We cannot, of course, tell why these emblems were adopted, though they may possibly signify, that Phœnicia was equally prepared for peace and war. Some of the later coins of Tyre and

Sidon are very beautiful and interesting. On a Tyrian coin, of which Murray presents a *fac simile*, appears a serpent twisted round a tree, with Hercules' dog and the shell, from which the famous Tyrian purple was extracted, in the foreground. The latter figures recall to mind the legend of the discovery of the imperial dye for which Tyre became so celebrated. A dog had devoured shell-fish on the shore, and his master, observing that they had colored his lips, made experiments which resulted in the discovery of that magnificent purple, which all the monarchs of the world were proud to wear.

The following is a coin of the city of Sidon, struck in the second century before the birth of Christ. It represents on one side a Phœnician goddess, and on the other an eagle, with a palm branch, standing, it is thought, on the rudder of a ship. This piece might almost be thought to be the prototype of our American coinage, representing, by a slight stretch of the imagination, the Goddess of Liberty and our traditional "Bird of Freedom."

When we remember the great antiquity of the Old Testament Scriptures, we cannot be surprised at the scarcity of coins which illustrate their history. The earlier portion of Hebrew history far antedates the most ancient monuments of Grecian civilization. When Homer composed the Iliad the Jewish nation had already seen its best days; and when Ægina, Miletus, and other Grecian colonies began to coin money, the Assyrian monarch Tiglath Pileser had just completed the conquest of Samaria and Galilee.

The precious metals are not mentioned in the Scriptures before the time of Abraham, of whom it is said, that when he came out of Egypt he was "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." Gen. xiii. 2. Though this does not necessarily imply the use of the precious metals as a currency, we find the fact stated, in the very words of the Almighty, at the time of the establishing of the covenant: "He that is born in thy house, and he that is *bought with thy money*, must needs be circumcised." Gen. xvii. 13.

In those early ages silver alone appears to have been employed as a medium of exchange, while gold, though but rarely used as money, was highly valued in the form of chains, bracelets, and other orna-

ments. Abimelech, king of Gerar, gave to Abraham a thousand pieces of silver (Gen. xx. 16); and at the time of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah, "Abraham weighed unto Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." Gen. xxiii. 16. The same fact is illustrated everywhere in the history of Israel, and similar instances might easily be multiplied. Thus, for instance, when the wicked sons of Jacob sold their brother Joseph to the Ishmaelites, "who came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt," they received for their infamous bargain twenty pieces of silver—not even the full value of a slave. Gen. xxxvii. 28. At the taking of Jericho Achan secreted "two hundred shekels of silver, and a *wedge* of gold of fifty shekels weight." Joshua vii. 21. Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal, was enabled to form his conspiracy by hiring "vain and light persons" with the three score and ten pieces of silver given him out of the house of Baalberith (Judges ix. 4); and Delilah received eleven hundred pieces of silver from the lords of the Philistines as the price of her treachery against her husband Samson. Judges xvi. 5. "By the laws of Moses, men and cattle, houses and fields, provisions and all fines for offences were regulated by the value of silver money. The same may be said of the contributions to the temple, the sacrifice of animals, the redemption of the first-born, and the payment of the seer." It might be supposed from the use of the term "pieces of silver," that the patriarchs were in possession of coined money, but in the account of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah, which we have already quoted, we are plainly told that Abraham *weighed* the money which he paid to Ephron. The shekel in those days was a weight, as it is said to be still in Persia, and its name is derived from a Hebrew word which means to weigh. "There is no sign of the existence of coins," says Jahn in his Archæology, "before the period of the Babylonian captivity." Nevertheless, the money used by the Patriarchs was current with the merchant, and it is possible that the several pieces bore some stamp or emblem, testifying to their genuineness; but this must remain a mere conjecture, as no such stamped ingots have yet been discovered, either in Nineveh or elsewhere.

Several other terms are found in the oldest books of the Bible, which have been supposed to designate some kind of money. One of these is *kesitah*, which is employed in the passage which describes the purchase by Jacob of "a parcel of a field where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor." Gen. xxxiii. 19. The same word occurs in Joshua xxiv. 32, and Job xlii. 11. In our version this word is rendered "pieces of money," but the mar-

ginal reading is *lambs*. The latter is also the meaning attached to it in the Greek Septuagint, so that the translators were in doubt as to whether lambs or pieces of money were employed on the occasions to which we have just referred. The word is, indeed, so obscure, that Rabbi Wolfsohn, one of the best Hebrew scholars of the age, in his version of the book of Job, renders the passage, "Every man presented him a *kesitah*, and every one a ring of gold,"—thus leaving the word untranslated and the problem unsolved. In modern Arabic, the word *kesitah* is, however, said to signify *something weighed*, and the fact that the Assyrians employed weights made in the form of animals, enables us to suggest as a compromise, that a *kesitah* was a portion of silver, by weight, which was supposed to be an equivalent for the value of a lamb.

As has already been intimated, no coins are extant of as early a date as the reigns of the kings of Judah and Israel. If there were, it would be pleasant to study the features of David and Solomon as thereon depicted, if indeed, they had followed the example of their heathen neighbors in having their portraits taken. A few years ago there was, however, considerable discussion about a coin which seemed to render it possible, that our wish might be gratified. It is a shekel of silver, bearing on its obverse, or principal side, the portrait of a king, with a legend or inscription, which is in part illegible, but the name of Solomon can be easily deciphered. On the reverse is a representation of a casket, or edifice of some kind, which Dr. Grässe (*Alte Numismatik*, p. 52) supposes to be the ark of the covenant. Solomon is here depicted as a young man, who bears a strong resemblance to an Indian warrior, his features are aquiline, his cheek bones high, and

> "Each particular hair doth stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Unfortunately for its historical value, this coin cannot have been struck during the lifetime of Solomon, as the inscription is in the modern or square Hebrew character, which did not come into use until more than five hundred years after the wise monarch went to sleep with his fathers. It is, nevertheless, very interesting, and as such is highly valued by its present possessor, the king of Saxony. We cannot help feeling curious as to its origin and history. Was there a Solomon among the later chieftains of Israel, who presumed to coin money? In the absence of any information on the subject, the present writer ventures to suggest, that it may have been struck by some wealthy Jew, after the dispersion of his nation, in order to keep alive the memory of the great builder of the temple.

What a treasure this coin would have proved to Joe Smith, the founder of the Mormons, if by any means it had come into his possession! How triumphantly would he have exhibited it to his deluded followers as corroborating the Book of Mormon in its asser-

tion, that the aborginies of America are of Jewish descent; for the portrait of Solomon certainly looks enough like that of an American Indian to serve as a model for the sign of a tobacconist.

It may here be mentioned, that it is not easy to fix the exact value of the coins and money terms employed in the Bible. It would have been difficult for a foreigner to understand our American currency forty years ago, when Spanish pistareens and English shillings circulated among us as freely as the issues of our national mint. In the same way the Jews, at various periods of their history, employed the weights and coins of their heathen neighbors, so that it is sometimes impossible to determine with accuracy the value, especially, of the larger sums of money mentioned in the Bible. We will have occasion to recur to this matter in a subsequent article.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Jesus was before Christ, we may say—the Blessed Babe before the Messiah. The Carpenter's Son entered the precincts of the Holy Family ere the portals of a Holy Church could open for an entrance of the Son of God, or the mighty gates of Christian Society could swing ajar, within the realms of which, "holiness was to be written on the bells of horses." He sanctified the home by His divine advent, in the beginning of His history among men, and thereby offers some ground for the fancy of those, who maintain that both Church and Commonwealth will eventually recede, like waves on the sea, back to a universal household level in God, the Father of us all, blessed forevermore.

It is from the Home, outward and upward, that all religions have sought to leaven the social masses. The Lares and the Penates have long ago become petrified in the annals of the race. The household gods have ever been the dearest idols to every people of note. How well the first apostles of the Christian system appreciated this instinct, may be seen from a reading of those Scripture records of household conversions and household baptisms at Philippi and other localities. Zaccheus, too, had been emphatically taught by the Divine Teacher, that love commenced at home and down at the hearth-stone, rather than along the noisy, dusty, and thronged street, or somewhere above our chimney-tops, and in tree-tops.

A plea for Christ in the home-circle, will likely fall somewhat coldly on this modern age of philanthropy and Churchism. But

it ought not. Those are the greatest and best people, whose homes are the happiest. The Germans are far ahead of the French abroad, because they are such at home. Where there is no family, there is no nation, either. The Indians and the Turks will not cohere in the mass, because the elements are not cemented at the base. And, we too, are inclining towards the expansive, in space and idea, rather than in the direction of the fundamental and the central. Who cannot see, at the same time, that there is a scarcity of *family life* with us? We have no families, we might almost say. Boarding-houses and hotels are exponents on our social system. Surely that is sad. Democratic as our institutions are, we might still have the "House of Hapsburg," the "Hohenzollerns," the "Bourbons," and the like—barring the royal drops of blood, to be sure. Our households are very much like dissolving views, or like shifting heaps of sand. We are tenting for a night and then break camp. The places that know us now are verily not to know us long. "Homesteads" are a curiosity among us. I know one house, that has never been under any name but one, since the days of William Penn, at which I stare long in passing. The vendue and auction are regular institutions with us, and symbolize our vandal-spirit and proclivity for profane sacrifice. We drain and empty an ancestral residence, with the same want of affection, with which we burn a pile of rubbage. The attractive force and magnetizing power of the hearth and home are fast becoming unknown and unfelt among us. Boys are "for off," as soon as they can mouth a cigar. The "governor" and "the old woman's" society are by no means congenial to the fast young man. The "West fever" attacks them fatally. The number *seven* has always been a sacred one, we know; but *three times seven* is the "holy of holies" among numerals now. So, too, is it with their fair sisters. A good many young girls can hardly abide the time to get away. Clandestine marriages are rather common occurrences. A favorite daughter may still succeed, rather respectably, in performing, "What is home without a mother," but is she so very sincere—allow us to ask—as long as she can tarry with her "cousins" a whole summer? And the divorce-traffic is very much on the rise, too. The family ties seem to be snapping asunder like frail withes, either from some process of internal decay, or in consequence of some Samsonian pressure from without; or, perhaps, from causes operating in both quarters. "There is a skeleton in every house," as the proverb has it, and great is the pleasure we take in exposing it to view. Nature is far more considerate and kind in her treatment of the individual frame-work, since she covers it over with a delicate coating of flesh and blood. It is only when dissolution would set in, that the bony form looks out. And may we not likewise infer the family-life to

be on the road to a decline, accordingly as it becomes brittle and dry-as-dust? An invalid maiden may strike some eyes as interesting, but an invalid family, we should suppose, no one to be silly enough to admire. Yet, just such an affliction has smitten the American household. With "Home, Sweet Home" echoing in our ears, we nevertheless see how large a room there is given for the mission of that foretold One, who "shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers." And in the measure as such a reformation is not effected, is the social order smitten with a curse, as was intimated by the last of the line of prophets, and as we see it fulfilled at large.

The remedy we suggest is a *household* Christ. "Restore the Penates," a devout Pagan would say. Somebody stole our domestic deity, and misfortune beset the door-sill and all across it. Christ in the Church and Christ in the State and National Constitution, we hear it said, but very little of Christ at home. Not a single family-festival day remained in New England, at one period of its history. The Puritans, like an army of Iconoclasts, demolished every holiday their eyes could espy or their hands lay hold on. Saints' Days, and even Christmas were ruthlessly eradicated. It appears by the Records of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, that a penalty of observing *this day*, or 'the like,' was a fine of five shillings. This was repealed, however. As if in explanation of such a statute, it was stated to have been enacted "to prevent the heathenish and Popish observation of days, months, and years, that they may be forgotten among the people of the Lord."

However, New England found that Pagan, or "Popish," as the observance of days might be, it had been, and continues to be, an excellent thing for the nation, the Church, and the home. And so we find them constructing a "Thanksgiving" day. Starving as their people were for some sort of such food, they just clutched it with both hands, and so "Thanksgiving Day" became a tradition among them.

Still, Governors, and even Presidents, have but poorly succeeded in the business of manufacturing holidays of any kind, if we remember, that the first such day was set up by Governor Bradford, in 1620, as Edward Winslow tells us, "Any Church festival flowing naturally out of a Christian consciousness, can beat any 'Thanksgiving Day' with the Governors of every State and the President behind it."

And in the home it is just as true as it is in the Church, that the kingdom of God does not consist in "meat and drink" alone. A turkey has some sort of a life-giving form, it is true, but it leaves no long after-taste; and pumpkin pies are brittle and readily dissolved, accordingly as they are good and "short."

Christian festival-days grow from the Christ living within the individual heart and the public conscience. But there must be an implanting of Christ, if there is to be a fruiting of the same. Christmas is the primal Christian holiday, since it is the seeding season of Christ in human flesh—His entry into the family at Bethlehem, and the race.

We believe it to be a great mistake, to shut the home-door against His advent, in the anniversary of His first visit, no matter how far ajar we throw the doors of the Church and the Christian public. We imagine Him to delight most of all, at our hearth-stones. The old tradition always makes the *Christ-Kindle* come into the family. Joseph, and Mary, and Jesus were by themselves in the cave at Bethlehem. It cannot even be proven, that the cattle surrounded them, even though the painter delights to place the ox and the ass in the scene. The Holy Family were happy in their privacy, because of the presence of the Christ-Child. How much more is He able now, to cheer our homes on the anniversary of His birth! Why must this hymn be saved for the Church alone?—

"Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

"Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand."

We humbly submit, that such devotion applies very well to the home. And when our Saviour tells us that He stands at the door and knocks, waiting to be invited in, in order to enjoy a mutual feast—that again has as easy an application for the household, as it has for the heart or the altar.

We are concerned, not to be considered as desiring to banish the *Christ-Kind* from the out-door public. We delight in seeing the market and thoroughfare crowdedly stocked with all the Christmas regalia from Nürenburg, Paris, or any other fairy-land. The more we are confronted by the emblems of the season, the happier are we with the children. Still less can we object to His signs of royalty, about the altar and in His tabernacle, among men. Let there be the largest and fullest repristination of His once infantile glory, sublimated and spiritualized, before our eyes. Let organ and choir, and pastor and people adore and wonder over the new-born king.

But for all these manifestations we see the better why there should be a Christmas at home. Enjoying the festival in the market-place, and in the sanctuary, we miss it so much the more if the *Christ-Kindle* is barred out of the homestead. Parents have no

right to go on a visit abroad, to keep Christmas, and leave their children to keep a desolate house. Christmas is a *household* holiday. It was within the narrow but warm circle of the Holy Family, that the gifts were dealt out, and no Christian father or mother is justified to transfer all the joyous associations of this family-festival from his own threshold and hearth, into the lap of strangers. "Let the children first be fed." We hate to see open stores, and open churches, and closed dwellings, at such a time. The great command, to love others as ourselves, implies all along, that we are to keep a good store of love on hand for ourselves, and our children. Worse than a heathen is he, verily, who neglects to provide for his own household, since Pagans reverenced their domestic gods. Put a stove in the house and build a warm fire, that all may feel comfortable. And just so must the household altar continue to smoke with fresh supplies of affectionate offerings, if all the members are to rally around it, and feel that home is indeed *sweet* home. The deluded Puritans could not keep alive and aglow, the spark of social and domestic cheer, and so they appointed "Thanksgiving Day" as a substitute for that better order, which they, through a mistaken zeal, had pulled up by the roots. That day serves a purpose among them. It is an artificial magnet in their homes. But it is not *our* tradition, and is not likely to become it. We have a more excellent way for "family reunions," if we will but walk therein. The encroaching spirit of a foreign ecclesiasticism had largely succeeded in rendering our sanctuary service a hollow generality on all festival occasions, and along with it came a drought in the home. A favorable reaction has set in, which has done much for our churches and congregations, during the last decade. Just let us extend our vision so as to embrace the home. A "strike" we want, for our "fires," as we made it for our "altars." A slight effort only, will be necessary to restore the *Christ-Kindle* to the household. Let but grandparents and parents give the word, the sons and daughters will promptly respond to the bidding, since here, surely, "the wish is father to the thought." It is infinitely grander than all the "Golden Weddings," the "Silver Weddings," and whatever factitious gatherings you may enumerate. Such a union "in the Lord" hath a foundation in us all, both as religious beings, on the one hand, and as followers and worshipers of Jesus Christ, on the other. They are typical, too, of a higher and eternal reunion in the great family of God in Heaven.

Whether St. Paul ever had a home, or not, he has given us, and all who come after us, the only true bond of family-union. Parents and children; husbands and wives; masters and servants—all these are to be one "*in the Lord.*" Such a spirit of union, if it is

not to be smothered entirely, calls for times and forms, on, and through which, to manifest itself and assume a body. Such times and forms cannot be set and made "to order," without robbing our households of much enjoyment that would otherwise grow out in a natural way. We make history, it is true; but history is intended to make us, too. At all events, we cannot unmake that which it has made. History has set the day for us, on which the Christ-Child entered the family at Bethlehem, and it is surely the part of wisdom, to show a deference to so sublime a fact, by endeavoring to realize it again and again, as its anniversary recurs, in such a way as to enjoy Christmas in the family all the year round.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST. EMANUEL.

From the German of Fr. Arndt.

BY L. H. S.

New Year's Day! The word has a singularly attractive sound for every sensitive and earnest spirit. What the birth-day, on which he saw the light of the world, is not only to every one, but also to his friends and relations, the beginning of the year is for all, who reckon their months and years in accordance with its divisions, a birth-day likewise—the birth-day of one and the same year and cycle of time for us all. Hence its celebration is a birth-day celebration, a festival-day full of kind wishes, presents, prayers and blessings; it has a double Janus-face, one side of which looks with praise and thankfulness back upon a completed past, while the other looks forward with prayer and solicitude upon the impenetrable future; it is a watch-tower from which the old and the new may be re-assured at the same time. And these New Year wishes and vows concern not only individuals; they have a more general influence, affecting all peoples and countries, all families and conditions, every sphere of life and calling, rulers and subjects, fathers and children, teachers and scholars, masters and servants, high and low, those in health and the sick, the joyous and the sorrowful. No day in the year is so rich in wishes as this; each wishes the other something which is in his opinion best for him, to one health, to another earthly prosperity, to a third long life, to a fourth the blessing of God. If on any day in the year all mankind alike form one great family, when selfishness is dumb and love is eloquent, it is New Year's day,—then the heart speaks and the language it employs is that of joy and kind wishes.

New Year was not always celebrated on the first of January. The civil year was formerly considered as beginning at different months. Because the Jews celebrated their New Year on the first day of the month in which the Passover took place (Exodus xii. 1, 2), the New Year in the Christian Church was for a long time begun with Easter, or with the 1st or 25th of March. Then a distinction was made, as with the later Jews, between the commencement of the civil year, which took place upon the first day of the month Tisri (September), and the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, which fell upon the first day of the Passover month, the Christians celebrating the latter with the first of Advent and the beginning of the civil year in August at some places, and in September and October at others. The celebration of the festival of New Year was assigned to January the first, in the eleventh century; Charles I. adopted the day in 1564; gradually the different Christian governments of Europe followed his example, Holland in 1575, Scotland 1600, England 1756, Peter the Great 1706.

New Year's day was not always kept as a *festival;* on the contrary, the Church for several centuries employed it as a day of mourning and penitence, delivering upon it the most frightful denunciatory and penitential sermons. The old heathen Romans were in the habit of celebrating the festival of Janus on this day, and gave it the distinction of being the principal day of their Saturnalia. They not only celebrated on it the origin of the human race and of their people, presenting to Janus those oldest and simplest offerings—bread and wine—and offering frankincense in testimony of their sacred destiny; not only did the Consuls, designated for the new year, then enter upon the duties of their office, riding in white togas upon white horses, sacred to Jupiter, to the Capitol where they offered to the god of their gods, the usual sacrifice of a white steer in memory of his victory over the giants; but the people celebrated this day also with the noisiest merriments and debaucheries of all kinds. Quite early as the day was dawning and when the cock crew, their doors and houses were hung with branches of laurel and other kinds of chaplets and with tapestry; presents were exchanged, mostly consisting of dates, dried figs, vessels of honey, and coins from the time of the kings; these were accompanied with their wishes that the new year would bring joys alike sweet and every day an increase of wealth. Visits were made; they embraced each other, mutually wishing each other a joyous and happy new year. Mummeries were enacted, the collection of debts was forbidden; eating and drinking parties were had; female dancers performed in the public

Squares, men disguised themselves as women and women as men; lewd songs were sung, and they became equally intoxicated with wine and pleasure; in short, all kinds of licentiousness and debauchery were the order of the day. The following night was also celebrated with singing, unrestrained sport and dancing; frolicsome fellows passed through the streets, knocking at the doors and arousing the sleepers from their rest.

Inasmuch as the Gentile Christians were indisposed to deprive themselves of their Saturnalia, so beloved by the people, and continued to assist in their celebration, the Christian Church during the early centuries celebrated their beginning of the year at Easter, and kept the first of January as a day of penitence and fasting by way of contrast with those wild, heathen excesses. Wherefore Ambrose says: "We fast on this day, so that the heathen may perceive, that their pleasures are condemned by our fasts;" and Augustine demands alms from Christians, instead of New Year presents, fasting instead of riotous living, edification from the Scriptures instead of from comic songs. The heathen New Year was looked upon as a Satanic feast, from which they must turn away with sadness and disgust. Even in the time of Augustine, it was called "the day of grief." The fasts held on that day were called New Year fast, and were continued until about the seventh century. In 692 a decree of the Church Council forbade all participation in the heathen sports then extant, and ordered fasting, chanting of litanies and abstinence from all manifestations of joy. The so-called "festival of fools" survived in the seventh century, being used as a satire on heathenism, or as a species of compensation for the heathen pleasures that were forbidden. It was superintended by the subdeacons for the people, and consisted of burlesque upon the religious rites of the heathen (and alas! those of the Church itself also at a later period); but this festival became so demoralizing, that, in 1444, it was forbidden by an edict from the Sorbonne. The traces of heathenism and superstition, alas! still are to be detected in our day, in the manner Sylvester night (New Year's Eve) is passed by the world, on which account New Year's day is still a day of sorrow and penitence for some earnest Christians.

Since the seventh century the first of January has been called "the festival of the Circumcision of Jesus," and the *civil* festival has hence acquired a veritable *ecclesiastical* character, so that it has really become an integral part of those festival days devoted to the mystery of redemption. It stands in intimate connection with the Christmas festival as its octave, and

is the proper continuation of the festival of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. By His manifestation in the flesh on Christmas He became *man*, but on the eighth day thereafter through the rite of circumcision He entered the people of God and became an *Israelite*. Those were eight, grand, sacred, festival days in the manger at Bethlehem! How often may Mary have gazed upon her darling babe, pondering in sacred meditation over the words and the songs of the angels; how often recalled the visit of the shepherds and their heartfelt adoration! The eighth day arrived,—since the time of Abraham it was the day with Israel for the circumcision of all new born male children. The holy family is still in Bethlehem. Who were invited to be witnesses of the religious ordinance, whether the near relatives who had come up with them to the assessment at Bethlehem; whether the pious shepherds who had already celebrated the birth of the child; who performed the prescribed ceremonies, whether the step-father Joseph or some priest accidentally present in the place,—these queries are not answered in the Holy Scriptures, because they are non-essential. It is sufficient that the ordinance, imposed, not by man but by God Himself, upon their progenitor for all his male descendants, was performed in accordance with usage in the presence of several witnesses, who participated in the joy of the Father and Mother, and offered their congratulations. Manifestly the hallowed old prayers were employed; "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, who hast hallowed us with Thy commandments and hast given us the covenant of circumcision."—"Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, Thou King of the world, who hast hallowed us with thy commandments and commanded that we should enter into the covenant of our Father Abraham; O Lord, as thou hast admitted this boy into the covenant of our Father Abraham, grant also that he may be enabled to obey the laws of Moses, to live honestly and to do good works."—"O Lord our God, the God of our fathers, strengthen this boy, preserve him to his parents, and let his name be recorded with Thy people Israel; let his father, from whose loins he has come, rejoice over him and his mother delight in the fruit of her womb." But while they were pronouncing these prayers but few of those present could suspect the deeper significance of their language, or how little necessary they were to this babe. Oh the whole transaction seems to have been so unsuited, so unnecessary for Him! Circumcision was a permanent, living testimony of the sinfulness of the human race and a symbol of purification,—it was an antetype and a prophecy of the baptism of the New Testament. Here, however, was a Child, born without spot or blemish, on whom there was nothing

needing to be free from sin and ennobled, who brought along with Him the highest nobility of the true circumcision as a boon to human nature. For which reason the religious rite could not give him anything, but could only bear witness of the divine origin and the willing obedience of His nature, which He subjected to the whole law of God from the first moment of His incarnation when He came under the law; manifestly it was not for Him or His benefit, but for us and our benefit. He is styled in the Holy Scriptures the second Adam, the head and the representative of a new, holy race; and when He was circumcised upon the eighth day *the whole human race was circumcised in His person* and included in the covenant with God. Exactly as the Scriptures declare, "if one died for all, then were all dead (2 Cor. v. 14); that as He was buried we are also buried with Him by baptism unto death (Rom. vi. 4); and that as He arose and ascended into heaven, so are we raised up and placed with Him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus (Eph. ii. 6). Wherefore St. Paul (Col. ii. 11) says, "in whom also ye are circumcised;" for He was circumcised as the first-born of His brethren in whom the people of God should be made holy, —as the head of His people in whom the members should be included. What a blessing for us who are admitted by faith into the communion of His circumcision, and to whom the benefits of this His first act—or shall we say, His first fate?—are not only appropriated and assured, but in whom an actual and essential circumcision of the heart and purification from the sins of the flesh are effected. The circumcision of the child eight days old in Bethlehem was an epitome of *His whole work of redemption.* To it belonged perfect, unreserved obedience to all the laws and ordinances of God; here He performed the first act of that obedience, which was afterwards glorified and perfected, in *filial* obedience towards His parents; in *ecclesiastical* obedience at His baptism, His attendance upon the Synagogue, His reverence for the Sabbath, His partaking of the paschal lamb and presentation of festival offerings; and finally in *civil* obedience towards the authorities constituted by God. To it belonged the shedding of His blood and His death; here He, a pure, innocent babe had already shed in a painful way the first drops of His blood. The deed at Bethlehem was already a miniature Golgotha, —the first step upon the road to martyrdom and sacrifice,—to all the depths of suffering in body and soul of His whole earthly life. Jesus was even then crucified in His tender years; for what the accursed tree and the hammer and the nails were to the man, the sharp knife and the rough manger were to the child. Jesus was born of a woman, made under the law, that is, was circumcised at the very first, so that He might redeem them

that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons (Gal. iv. 5).

Jesus through circumcision was made an *Israelite.* It was not only a religious, but also a civil rite,—a performance of a national duty; its omission was connected with expulsion or cutting off from the people (Gen. xvii. 14). Without it Jesus would not have belonged to the people of God, nor been able to participate in the ordinances and divine worship of Israel; he could have neither visited the temple nor taught in the Synagogues; have neither civil nor religious participation in the rights and privileges of the children of Abraham; have neither partaken of the paschal lamb (Ex. xii. 48), nor exercised His three-fold office in Israel. A Jew could not have believed in Him, nor recognized Him as the Messiah, but would have considered and treated Him as a a stranger, a Gentile,—yes, they would have been forced then to consider and treat Him thus, if Jesus had not, like all Israelites, been circumcised upon the eighth day and received into the covenant of Israel. If salvation to the whole was to some of the Jews (John iv. 22). Then Jesus in all respects must belong to this people and on this account circumcision was indispensable. Jesus was hence an Israelite from birth to death, which first released Him from His traditional duties as an Israelite; on account of the law He must die unto law.

The new-born child, at his circumcision as with us at baptism, was formally invested with His *name,* so Jesus then received His name, and hence the day of His circumcision was also the day on which He was named. And what a name! He was called Jesus —the name mentioned by the angels before He was conceived in His mother's womb. Angels had first uttered it. God Himself, and no mere mortal, sinful man, had given it; it is a name descended from the invisible world, from heaven, a testimonial whose genuineness was certified to by the heavenly hosts at the birth of this babe. It is true, that the Jews heard this name without any surprise; for several had already borne it before Christ, such as Joshua the son of Nun, Jeshua the son of Jehozadak—the High Priest, who led the Jews back from the Babylonian exile; Jesus the son of Sirach, and that companion of Paul, whose surname was Justus (Col. iv. 11); but in these cases it was either simply a name without any special significance attached to it, or a faint antetype of Him, who was to accomplish the redemption of the world. Bernard says, "My Jesus bears not, like these others, an empty, unfruitful name; He has not the shadow, but the substance of a great name." He is truly our *Saviour,* and He has saved His people from their sins (Matt. i. 21). This name is the epitome of all the other names He has borne, or which have been given to Him

through the gratitude or adoration of men. Our salvation rests on this name; "it is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe;" it is like precious ointment poured out; at it every knee shall bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. There is, however, sometimes another name attached in our calendars to New Year's Day, also a name of the Lord, although not peculiar to Him, because it has been borne, since His time, frequently by His disciples, and our children are still given it in baptism,—we refer to the name Emanuel. The reason for this name is given in Matt. i. 22, 23: "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying: Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His name Emanuel, which being interpreted is, 'God with us.'" Jesus could bear this name for three reasons; because God or Christ, having again come down to us men, had (1) assumed the human nature in Christ and thus united God and man in one person in Himself; had (2) become reconciled and united through Christ to us sinful men, Christ having become our Mediator; and (3), now standing upon our side, protects us from our enemies for Christ's sake. It is a significant name, designating the essential peculiarities of our Mediator and Saviour, as set forth in Is. ix. 6, Jer. xxiii. 6, Zech. vi. 12. The incarnation of Christ is the real counterpart of Jacob's ladder which reached from earth to heaven, uniting both, and upon which the angels of God ascended and descended; heaven and earth, divinity and humanity are again united together, and the angelic world becomes tributary, so that we may attain the salvation of heaven.

O precious day, New Year's Day, day of the circumcision and of the naming of Jesus Christ, how rich thou art! Thou admonishest me of the flight and transitoriness of time, and likewise showest to me, Him who is the Father of eternity, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Thou, as a beginning, pointest me to the end; yes, to the end of all things, and at the same time dost reveal Him, who is the beginning *and* the end, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Finally, thou proclaimest to me a new year; but if it is to be a blessed year, it must be enrolled among those which are called the gracious years of the Lord, and of His salvation, and I must begin, continue, and end it in the name of Jesus. How blessed a privilege to be a Christian through faith, and a partaker of the holy name of Jesus; if I am what I have been called, then I need always both law and Gospel; New Year's Day gives me both; for all the law hangs on the circumcision, and all the Gospel upon the name Jesus.

"NO SECRET, DOCTOR."

"I noticed," said Benjamin Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor—who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has always a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'" What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a kind greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful. Young wives and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands,—a loving word and kiss go very far with a woman.

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THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

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THE WIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Woman's work and woman's woe belong to the unwritten history of the world. What she does and endures are known to God, and in part to a very limited home circle. Humanly speaking, the great and good men of the Scriptures owed much of their greatness to their mothers. Then as now the mother moulded the character, more than the father. Much do we read of the fathers and sons, little of the mothers and daughters. That little we find but in passing hints, scattered here and there. We will collect the historic hints of some of these ancient worthies, and weave them into a connected story.

The wives of the Patriarchs,

SARAH, REBEKAH AND RACHEL,

are the mothers of a great nation. Perhaps we ought to include Leah in the group. Still, as she became a wife of Jacob by a trick, we will confine ourselves to these three.

For centuries after the Deluge, the descendants of Noah lingered around the sacred region of Eden. As though they still had possessed a dim hope of regaining the lost Paradise, they pressed towards its guarded gates. Alas, the bulk of the race had lost the last vestiges of Eden in their hearts! Among the very few who had not fallen into idolatry was Abraham, the son of Sarah. Amid such a universal abandoning of the true God, it was hard to maintain one's faith intact. Abraham stands out as a grand exception, the solitary believer, even among his own kindred, and for this he is called, "The Father of the Faithful."

These three Mothers of Israel were born in Ur of the Chaldees, or

Mesopotamia, the country between the rivers of Paradise, in the north of Syria. To this day this region abounds with the richness and beauty of Eden. Their education, judged from a modern point of view, was limited. Schools in our sense of the word, they had none then. Their parents were shepherds, and led a roving life, leading their herds and flocks from place to place. The girls rollicked around the doors of their tents, caressed the lambs of the flocks, and skipped after them going to pasture. We may safely assume, that neither of them ever learned to read or write. Their chief school-book was the beautiful Mesopotamian world. Daily their eyes looked upon its charming hills and vales, its trees and meadows. They fondled pretty flowers, and gave them names, strolled along the shaded banks of many a stream, listened to the rippling of their waters and to the music of their birds. At night they watched the starry heavens, and learned the names of the stars from their parents. Most likely they could name more stars and point out their respective places in the heavens than nine-tenths of the modern graduates of fashionable female seminaries.

These Chaldean girls had one advantage over their modern sisters. They were not mechanically and murderously chained down to an unbending routine of school-room study. They studied less what man wrote, and more what God wrote, in the heavens above and on the earth beneath.

These girls are early taught to work. Where people live in uncarpeted tents, and use the earth as their dining-table, and their fingers for knives and forks and spoons, there is not much house-work, little worry about sweeping, washing dishes, house-cleaning, white-washing. About wash-day, and ironing-day, and bake-day, they are in blissful ignorance. Their few spare garments are soon washed and need no ironing. How can parents train up their daughters in industrious habits, where there is so little to do? These primitive shepherds teach them to attend their sheep. Rebekah and Rachel kept their fathers' flocks. And it is not unlikely, that Sarah was a shepherdess. Thus they learned to work, and made themselves useful to their parents. To our readers, to be a shepherdess may seem a lowly occupation for a young lady; yet, in those earnest days, and in that country, children were taught not to be ashamed to tread in the footsteps of their honest and hard-working parents.

How shall these three daughters of Mesopotamia get husbands? The young men of their country and kindred are idolaters; indeed their fathers and themselves seem to be somewhat tainted with it. God provides one for each. Sarah the princess, marries her step-brother Abraham. To Rebekah he gives one from a far country. Near Hebron lives the aged Abraham. His son Isaac has arrived

at a marriageable age. Ere he dies, he makes his chief steward, Eliezer, take an oath that he will not let Isaac marry one of the idolatrous daughters of the Canaanites. How can the good old man die in peace, with the probability, that his only son should marry a heathen woman and become the father of a heathen family? To have grand *children*, who would be the enemies of God, was to him an abhorrent thought. The trusty Eliezer is sent to Mesopotamia to fetch a wife for Isaac from his kindred. A distance of four hundred and fifty miles he must travel, with his caravan of ten laden camels. He reached the gate of the city of Nahor near a well, at eventide, the time when the women came out to draw water. Eliezer prayed for direction; for he was a godly steward. Presently a beautiful damsel, "very fair to look upon," came with her water-pot to the well. It was Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel.

In the East the plan of Eliezer seems natural and wise. With us the village pump would be the last place where such an affair of the heart could be decided. There, the village well is the daily place of resort, where not only the town gossips congregate, but whither the worthiest damsels resort, morning and evening, with water-pots to fetch water. It is the fittest place for youth to form the acquaintance of ladies—the place where Isaac, Jacob and Moses found their wives. The wells were places of social intercourse. To us, it might look somewhat ungallant in Eliezer, to allow the pretty maiden to draw and carry water into the troughs for his ten camels. But this was in accordance with Eastern customs of hospitality.

In the quiet of a calm evening Isaac strolled through the field to meditate. Possibly he wished to be alone with God, to engage in meditation and prayer. He espied a caravan wending over the crest of a distant hill. After being on tip-toe during all her journey, wondering what kind of a man her future husband might prove, her eager eye caught the meditative Isaac. "What man is that walking in the field to meet us?" the maiden asked Eliezer.

"It is my master," was the reply.

Quickly and perhaps somewhat nervously, she adjusted her veil; the driver brought the camel on his knees, and she lighted. The home of Abraham must have presented a pleasing scene that evening, on the plain of Mamre, as Isaac brought Rebekah "into his mother Sarah's tent." Still Isaac mourned the death of his mother, although she had been dead several years. Her tent to him seemed sad and dreary. His evening walk in the field must have been occasioned by his mournful feeling of solitude and bereavement. God sends him one to preside over his tent-home to comfort him "after his mother's death."

Most faithfully and with rare wisdom did Eliezer perform his matrimonial mission. His suit for the bride is presented in a delicate and neat address. It is the first speech we find in the Bible.

He is solemnly in earnest; refuses to taste a morsel of food until he has presented his case. Three points he argues, and they are such points as have great weight with an oriental parent. He is Abraham's servant and is proud of it. Abraham is their kinsman, whom they knew and loved. Loved more, and to whose excellent son they would rather give their daughter in marriage, than to the son of a stranger. Among the Bedouins the cousin has the preference to the stranger in marriage, and the Druses in Syria always prefer a relative to a stranger. In the East the custom is for a man to marry his "next cousin; the right belongs to him, and she is not allowed to marry any other without his consent." 2. Abraham has grown very rich. "To Isaac hath he given all that he hath." As a proof of his master's wealth, Eliezer presented Rebekah with golden presents—"an ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold." To this day the argument of gold is of great power, in such negotiations, with Eastern fathers. Indeed more brides are bought with money than with love. The gold has doubtless its due weight on the mind of Bethuel. 3. Abraham is a religious man, and will not allow his only son to take a wife of the daughters of the Canaanites. He makes his steward promise on oath, that he will procure Isaac a Shemitic damsel to wife. Then he described his journey, how God, in answer to prayer had led him to Rebekah. "Let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken," is the reply of Bethuel.

Less smoothly runs the course of Jacob's true love. It is a hundred years after the meeting of Eliezer and Rebekah at the well. Bethuel's son Laban, has two daughters. Rebekah has two sons. They have gotten into a quarrel, and she is partly the fault of it. The older threatens to kill the younger. Jacob flees from Esau. Isaac sends him to Padan-aram to Rebekah's brother. He, too, meets his kindred at a well, meets them at noon-day, most likely at the same well where Eliezer found Rebekah. Three flocks of sheep are lying by it. And the fourth is just coming in sight, led by a "beautiful and well-favored" maiden. It is Rachel, the daughter of Laban. The maiden shepherds are not strong enough to roll the large stone from the mouth of the well. Very pleasant must it be to Jacob, to be allowed a bit of gallantry, rolling the stone from the well's-mouth. Indeed he fills the water troughs for Rachel's flock.

Rebekah waters Eliezer's camels who travels like a prince; the poor pilgrim Jacob cheerfully serves the shepherdess. It seems somewhat strange, that he should request the first three women to water their flocks and lead them away again to pasture. Perhaps he wished to meet Rachel alone at the well. Poor Jacob is a fugitive from his father's house. He is weary and footsore from a

journey of three or four weeks through a strange and inhospitable country—a journey of four hundred and fifty miles. At length he approaches the home of an uncle, meets his cousin at the well. "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept." Kissed her as a brother would a sister, and wept tears of gratitude and joy.

In haste she bears the tidings of Jacob's arrival to Laban, who receives him with the usual embrace and the kiss. Unfortunately for Jacob, he comes not with ten camels laden with presents. His fortune consists of his staff and traveling wallet. Very differently comes Jacob from Isaac through Eliezer. Comes these four hundred and fifty miles afoot, without caravan and without presents; a poor young kinsman with a good character but no wealth. With Laban, who knew how to make money and loved to get and keep it, some golden presents would have great weight.

Jacob is none of your lazy, lounging young men, who delight in idleness to sponge on their wealthy relatives. He seeks work and makes himself useful to his uncle. Laban proposes to hire him. Jacob asks Rachel for his wages and wife, who is said to have had a graceful form and beautiful countenance. Seven long years he consents to toil for her, and his love for her made them seem but a few days. "Better give her to thee than to another," said Laban to Jacob.

By stealth the wily father imposed upon Jacob his elder daughter Leah, instead of giving him Rachel. She too was a worthy maiden, but less attractive than Rachel. Among Eastern nations, especially among the Arabians, dark eyes, full of life and fire, clear and expressive, are considered the chief trait of female beauty. Now Leah was "tender-eyed" (most likely dull-eyed, blear-eyed). The disappointed son of Isaac must work seven years more for Rachel. In some parts of Arabia, from six to eight years' labor is still the cost of a wife. This was the usual price. Burkhardt relates, that he met a young man who had worked eight years, and then received the daughter of the master for his wages.

Twenty years have elapsed since Jacob's arrival in Padan-aram. All this time he served Laban faithfully. His grasping uncle and father-in-law treats him with increasing severity. Secretly he starts for the land of his fathers, taking his wives and children with him. Laban pursues his fugitive daughters, and in a seven days' rapid journey, he overtakes them in Mount Gilead, as they are approaching the borders of Canaan. It seems Laban was still in a measure given to idolatry. He kept little household images, perhaps made in human form. They were supposed to secure protection and prosperity to the family. These Rachel took with her. It seems Laban could forgive all their other offences save this. "Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods," he indignantly inquired of

Jacob. Rachel concealed them under the saddle and baggage of her camels, and denied having taken them. Steals and tells a story in the bargain. A fallen daughter of Eve, like other people. What can she want with these gods? They are covered with silver; can she have stolen them to get this? In times of trouble these images were consulted for advice. Did she take them to prevent Laban from consulting them as to the best method of overtaking Jacob? Did she take them to cure Laban of his idolatry by leaving him without his gods? Perhaps she wished to consult them herself. Then as now there were many persons, especially among females, who, without intending to be idolaters, used charms, amulets, and all manner of superstitious mummeries to guard against danger, heal the sick, and secure success in life. Indeed this Mesopotamian idolatry was kept up in Jacob's family for nearly ten years. At length when they are to appear before the Lord at Bethel, he orders them to deliver to him the strange gods, "and all their ear-rings which were in their ears." (Genesis xxxv.) The ear-rings were used as amulets or charms. Jacob buried them under an oak tree at Shechem. A solemn service was that which they held at Bethel—a thanksgiving service for deliverance from his brother Esau, and his safe return to Canaan.

Thus although Jacob had come to Mesopotamia, as a poor exile, he returned from there as a wealthy patriarch. Like Abraham and Eliezer, he came with a great caravan, and vast flocks. Now, as when he left home, he departs secretly while Laban holds a sheep-shearing feast. Rachel and Leah ride on camels, each having her waiting-maids. A great caravan it is; two bands Jacob leads across the Jordan, where twenty years before he had crossed with naught but his traveling staff.

ABOUT JESUS.

"Don't you know about Jesus?" said little Mabel, a sweet child of six years. She was visiting us and left alone with me on Sunday evening. She was tired of amusing herself with the pictures; and then, coming to the sofa, she caressed me in her winning, childlike way. "Dear uncle, I want you to tell me something about Jesus. Mamma always does on Sunday nights." I evaded the question, and talked of something else. But she would not be put off. Again and again she would ask: "Please tell me something about Jesus." Finding I did not comply, she said, at length, opening her blue eyes wide, "Why, you know about Jesus, don't you?" I did not know about Jesus, nor did I wish to. But the prattling of the dear child led me to a sense of my ignorance and guilt, and to seek, and, I trust, to find the dear Jesus, about whom little Mabel was so eager to hear.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

BY PERKIOMEN.

A venerable Bishop of the Moravian Church once remarked to us, while waiting for the train at the Depot: "These are among those portions of time which seem to be lost to us." How true, in its general application, we have accustomed ourselves to think, from that day on. The good old man has long since died, but his words are still fruiting within us. He little thought, in planting his casual remark, that it would prove partially immortal. He helped us no little in preventing all our Depot-sittings from proving, at least, 'a dead loss.' Nor do we believe that portion of time to have been marked down as a cipher in the Bishop's life, since his short sermon still continues to preach to us, however idle those moments may have seemed to him.

We purpose to take his words as a text, and enlarge upon it. Whoever goes abroad frequently, will have found, by the close of every year, that much of his time has been "lost, strayed or stolen" in the Depot. "Beware of Pick-pockets," is a familiar *caveat* that saves your money, perhaps, provided you heed it. A *Cave Horam* might prevent another order of bankruptcy. We, at all events, with a generous Railroad corporation, might place some such inscription over its arched door-way. It is possible that the traveling public would contrive a method, by which to prevent so great a loss of time.

Just look at yourself and others, when loitering about a roomy Depot, waiting for the train. Nowhere else can you see a crowd of men so busily engaged in doing nothing. All are staring, without seeing anything, after all. Such a walking over one spot all the while. You hope every minute to be off, and yet know you can't and won't. The fear that we will be left haunts us, though the cars stand very still immediately before your eyes. One and all affect an indifference and independence, and yet are anxious to talk to most any one that is but willing to be talked to. There, one man holds a daily in his hand, but glances right over it at the crowd. Another reads a card against "smoking" and "spitting on the floor," with a cigar or quid in his mouth. The men are tired of their baggage, and nevertheless guard it with a keen eye, lest some one

might relieve them of it. Now, you refuse to take the "Latest Edition" from an importunate news-boy, and right after call him back and buy one. You never mind the boot-black who volunteers close by, but soon change your opinion and want him to "shine them up." You know the little beggar-girl is an impostor in trying to come the game over you, of "Please, sir, give me a penny, to buy some bread," and yet you give her the penny. Presently a gong strikes a stampede into the whole "*she-bang*," and sets them scrambling towards the out-let, with their luggage squeezed pell-mell together, when about three-fourths of them learn, right in the middle of the jam, that it is not their train at all, and back they wend their way, befooled. Now you listen apart to some vender of notions, and really wish you had some of them at home; but then you'll only be bothered to carry them, and so you "b'lieve you don't want none." Soon you feel that you can't "stand" sitting any longer, and presently find yourself perambulating round and round, until you come to your own original quarters and squat down again. You reflect on the folly of coming to the Depot so early, and yet congratulate yourself over that fellow yonder, who comes engine-fashion at a "two-forty" rate, with a wholesale shop in his arms, all nervous to secure his ticket, and then helps his fellow-waiters to kill time. By-and-by you feel that there is no use whatever in being excited, and accordingly prepare for a calm, when suddenly you're roused by "All aboard!"—and after a few strides you find yourself spread out over two full seats, amid a barricade of packages and bundles, making melody in your heart over the familiar tune: *Nun danket alle Gott.*

Notwithstanding this trying ordeal through which we are put, in waiting for the train, we still advise, *Go early.*

Better one half-hour too soon, than one half-minute too late. "Time waits for no man"—and why should an Engine, which aims after annihilating time, and space, too? The "plaguedest" thing in life, is to be left behind. There is no remedy for such a mishap. We have seen real genteel fellows give dignity and coat-tail to the winds, and run like a dog in a hail-storm, vainly endeavoring to overcome the difficulty. The stoutest, bravest heart surrenders under such circumstances, when it would heroically starve in Paris rather than succumb before Bismark or king William. A man must "come down," then, if at no other time. Remember! However long you may patiently or impatiently wait for the train, that train will not wait for you, though the conductor be your cousin. But you need not go *too* early.

Fifteen minutes is a good margin for you, provided you are conversant with the Time-table. If you are in doubt, give yourself one half-hour play. All beyond that, is waste. "Never do to-day,

what you can do to-morrow," coupled with, "never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," affords us a rule, the observance of which brings us nicely up to time. It is the German *Eile, Weile* or the Latin *Festina lente.* The following of such a Formula lands us at the Depot in proper season and saves us much loss of time waiting for the train. A good traveler acquires a certain instinct, in this matter. There seems to be a kind of sympathy established between him and all the engines on the road. For all the world, it looks as if he had cast a magnetic charm over them, holding the gigantic machine until he is just ready. The moment he places his foot on the floor, the fire-eater betrays an uneasy sense of his presence, snorts, and moves gracefully on.

But don't you try that, unless you are "master of the situation," lest you might just see the train in the distance, which never lends much enchantment to *your* view, however much others may enjoy the scene.

Those fifteen minutes, or those thirty minutes, however, which pass in waiting for the train—must they be lost to us?

Let us say—waiting for the train affords us a good time to study:
The hurrying to and fro of mortals in the earth;
The unequal distribution of goods in this lower world;
The difference of character among mankind;
The unlike state of culture in society;
The variety of hearts in men's bodies.

I. Some great philosopher said, "The earth moves." Contradiction only provoked him. He stamped his foot and exclaimed—"It *does* move!" We believe him in the right, and are confirmed in our faith at every Railway Depot. We never yet were the only passenger on the train. What traveler ever was? No matter how many trains a day, to and from some large city—there is ever the changing, moving mass of mortals. The sea is sometimes calm and at rest—mankind is an ocean of unrest. Coming and going—the philosophy of human locomotion is to be studied to advantage, while waiting for the train. You can dwell on the terms—"Pilgrim"—"Stranger,"—"Traveler"—and such-like names as are frequently applied to men in Holy Writ—and feel their force doubly.

The vanity of the scene is apt to light up too. After a little while, they will know their places no more, nor the places them. A Depot is a kaleidoscope filled with mortals—huddled together in a picture, which picture is to be seen but once, however. Another scene appears before us, and passes forever away. Go there ever so often, you can never see the view that you once before beheld. Like a cloud that stood over us and vanished forever, so can you see all human relations alter, vary and flit before your vision. If we

wish to know, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," let us but reflect whilst waiting for the train.

II. Some folks are very rich, whereas others are very poor; and still others are neither. We think the human race falls into those three classes only. We are enrolled among the last-named company, and, as is usual, count ours the best. How to catch a glimpse at the two extremes of society, is easily learned in a Depot of some large city. Affluence and poverty come close together there, but never commingle. How lank some persons are, and how the wallets of others bulge out. That man's carriage and horses would answer for a Prince. But yonder stands a poor woman, timidly counting her little money over and over, and fearing it might not reach to carry her to her sick daughter. One fortunate Papa carries a *ten dollar toy* in his hand for his boy at home, whilst another by his side would gladly buy but two sticks of candy for his children, and cannot. What style and splendor you notice in the dress of one, and what scantiness in that of others. *Wir kennen das Ding nicht verstehen.* One woman, just passed in with an array of garments sufficient to clothe one-half dozen Magdalenes. But she won't spare a single ribbon, you may be sure. That modest, middle-aged man in the corner holds the hand of his timid daughter, who wears a faded black gown, which tells of the wife and mother's death. And by her wriggles Mrs. Shoddy's pet, done up extremely, and casts a look at the poor girl that speaks of sudden wealth, coal oil, bad breeding, and other similar unpleasant things.

Is this the normal state of society? It cannot be. The hills shall be lowered, and the valleys shall be lifted up. There must come a smoother level than we now see. From some must be taken and given to others. In the meantime let us be content—"the Lord reigneth."

III. The physiognomy of men is a book of many pages. There is something written on every man's face, whether we can always decipher it or not. You can tell something of the hand-writing of the letter within, from the outside address, even though its contents are sealed up. So too, may we see something of the style of man, from the surface appearance. Some attract, whilst others repulse. You feel as if you would know those, and not know these. Their dress and address—their walk and sitting postures—their language and air—all tells one way or another. First impressions are made, which you take as indicative of character. It is a rule by which we measure men; and although it sometimes fails, still, we will not give up the rule. A saint will and cannot feign the demon, and though a demon may imitate a saint, there is a ring, a sound, a general appearance or a specific mark, by which the genuine may be known from the sham. Though there be a prohibition against

"judging according to appearance," the context in that instance sets the *letter* and the *spirit* opposite each other. The cream will rise to the surface, and so will the scum.

"Gentlemen of the Jury,"—said General B., after his explosive fashion of oratory. "Look at my opponent! There he sits, unblushingly, before you, with a face which Almighty God has marked with every line of meanness, of malignity, and habitual falsehood."

"Gentlemen of the Jury,"—replied the modest Lawyer, "I will only ask you, at the outset, to look at my opponent. There he stands, with a face which *God*—has not marked!"

No matter, then, whether God, Satan, or man has marked a face, the facial lines are very suggestive of character, to one waiting for the train.

IV. Railroad officials are said to be impertinent and rude. Could not the same be said of many passengers? Is it not often because of the latter, that the former are as they are? The commanding, exacting and complacent air of many travelers has a tendency to excite corresponding feelings and habits in the bosom of an underling. It does us good to witness a baggage-master plant down the dandy's trunk, with a will to say—"I too am a man!"

The goods of some men are "taken up tenderly," and handled respectfully. The difference of treatment is owing very often to the conduct of their several owners.

"Do you ever rectify mistakes that occur in your line of business, if the fault is not yours?"—said a traveler, who had bought a wrong ticket, to an agent.

"We are always ready to do the fair thing," replied the official.

"I bought my ticket under a wrong impression," continued the traveler, "and shall ask it as a favor of you to change it, provided it occasions no loss to yourself or the company."

The agent handed out a new ticket, with the remark—"There is much in the manner of asking. Had you *demanded* this, I probably would have refused."

"I don't approach people in that way," said the obliged man. "I have learned not to anger the lion, whilst trying to take my hand out of his mouth."

"I see it," responded the officer, and ended the colloquy.

"I have traveled much," we heard one man say to another, who had just uttered a long-drawn complaint against the servants in hotels and the men on the lines, "and never had any difficulty with a single official. Respect begets respect in return." We believed him, and have been practicing on the rule ever since.

Conductor B. was presented with a handsome gold watch, only last month, for his gentlemanly behaviour towards the inhabitants

of the Perkiomen Branch of the Reading Road. He is a gentleman; and so are the majority of his customers. Between parties of culture, a good understanding might always be observed, thought we, while waiting for the train.

V. All men have hearts, but they differ from each other, as men's noses do. Some husbands leave their wives and some fathers their households, as dogs leave their kennels. Others take their heads and bodies on a journey, merely, and seem to leave their whole hearts back. That man just alighted from his family-carriage at the Depot, and was not ashamed to kiss his boys, little girls, and wife, right before us all. He wiped his eyes significantly, as he tried to hide himself in the crowd, on his way up to the ticket-window. And he wasn't one of our dwarf-sized men, either, but a tall, full man—a giant.

How his little woman did bend and twist her head and vision 'round the corners, to see him just a little "bit," once more! And all his children with the driver looked as sad, as if it were their father's funeral. We judged that man's heart to be just as big as his large chest would allow.

Aside of him, some men would never be suspected of having wives and little ones, were it not, that you hear them speak of the cost of house-keeping, of having spent a month at Long Branch, or of their daughters and sons at school. Then you look about and wonder whether that sharp-visaged fellow is not considerably "cutting" at home and rather scant in heart. The man is what his heart is, and from its "issues" we are very apt to judge the owner, in waiting for the train.

For recreation you may look and meditate on the "boot-blacks" who display their knees and toes through the holes in their trousers and next thing, to shoes—caring anxiously for the appearance and shine of everybody's extremities, whilst they fearfully neglect their own. They strike you as a new order of pigmy Gipsies. You wonder where they spring from—whether they ever grow larger? —what is to become of such a class by-and-by? and whether they will ever get to heaven? The "Newsboys," who want you to read every paper, but never read any one themselves, and still know all that's going on, on this and the other side of the Atlantic. They are informed, but not *formed.* The score of "traffickers," who besiege you with things new and old, at an interval of every five minutes, take your eye and attention too. Are they as poor as they seem, or is that just put on to create sympathy? The "cripples" are very numerous. Are they all *genuine* cripples? You are tempted to "feel" whether that man's arm is not simply tied up under that sleeve dangling empty down. A threshing machine may have done more harm to that one-legged unfortunate. Still he talks of having

been in war. We watched an organ-grinder, who sat with a good, sound leg doubled up under his body. He looked for all the world like a war-veteran, however. How men will resort to the tragic, in order to draw the pathos out of others!

All this and much more, men may learn while waiting for the train. Nor is it of small account to us. All thought is food for the mind, as wheat is for the stomach. Thinking is not "loafing," by any means, and your waiting for the train, after this style is not to be reckoned among "those portions of time that seem to be lost to us," as the good Bishop feared.

Nor need you only *think*. Words may prove edifying to yourself and profitable to others, as you are waiting for the train. Speak when you are appealed to for information. Don't be afraid to talk *Dutch*, if a poor German asks you a question of importance to himself. Answer freely, fully and kindly. Some kind soul will remember you, perhaps, in their evening prayer. And if not—God hears and sees all.

You may even do kind acts, too, while waiting for the train. Give an old man a seat. Show him the way to the ticket-office, and the cars. "Do unto others as you wish to be done by." Bless you! Isn't it pleasant—such a waiting for the train?

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. II.

The Daric or Dram.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Spurned of the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould."

After what has been said, concerning the almost exclusive use of silver during the earlier portions of the Israelite history, it is rather remarkable, that the first coin mentioned in the Bible should have been a Persian gold-piece. This was the Daric or *dram*, which is noticed several times in connection with the building of the second temple

Sacred history informs us, that, in the first year of Cyrus, king

of Persia, an edict was issued directing the Jews, then in captivity at Babylon, to proceed to Jerusalem, for the purpose of rebuilding the house of the Lord. In consequence of the decree, Zerubbabel, with upwards of forty thousand of his people, returned to Judea, bearing with them the sacred vessels of the first temple, which had been preserved in Babylon since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

In the second year they laid the foundations of the temple, which, after various interruptions, was now finished in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, who ordered the expenses to be defrayed out of the royal revenues. Moreover, "some of the chief of the fathers offered freely for the house of the Lord. They gave after their ability unto the treasure of the work three score and one thousand *drams* of gold, and five thousand pounds of silver, and one hundred priests' garments." Ezra ii. 68, 69.

More than half a century later, Ezra presented to the temple, in the name of the king Artaxerxes, twenty basons of gold, worth a thousand *drams* (Ezra vii. 27); and Nehemiah informs us, that, as Tirshatha (or Governor), he "gave to the treasure one thousand *drams* of gold." Neh. vii. 70.

In all these cases the Hebrew word is DARKEMONIM or ADARKONIM, which, it is now agreed, would be more accurately translated *Darics*—the name of certain coins at that time extensively circulated in Oriental countries. Some of these coins are still in existence, and the present writer has lately examined several fine specimens. One of these is in the cabinet of the National Mint at Philadelphia, where it is willingly shown to visitors. The device represents a Persian warrior, kneeling on one knee, and holding a bow and spear; while on the reverse side there is nothing but a rough, irregular *incuse square*, or punch-mark. These coins are somewhat oblong in shape, and are composed of the finest gold, generally weighing 129 grains, or about as much as the U. S. half-eagle.

Herodotus informs us, that the Daric was first struck by Darius Hystaspes, from whom, he says, it derived its name, and that this monarch executed his satrap Argandes, for venturing to issue silver coins in Egypt bearing the same device. According to Xenophon, the younger Cyrus paid his soldiers at the rate of a Daric for each month's service, and the same was done by Thimbroin, a Lacedæmonian general. The Roman author Strabo adds, that Persian kings coined no more money than they needed for their current expenses, and hence every Royal donation was made in newly-coined pieces of gold. It, therefore, becomes almost a certainty, that the "drams of gold," mentioned in the Scriptures as having been contributed by king Darius to the building of the temple, were Persian Darics.

We cannot here help remarking the highly honorable position

held by these Persian monarchs in the history of the people of God. Born and bred under the influence of Heathenism, they yet showed themselves just and generous, and some of them, at least, publicly acknowledged Jehovah to be the Lord of Heaven and earth. It will be remembered, that the prophet Isaiah recognizes Cyrus as "a shepherd of the Lord" and an "anointed" king.

The offerings, which these kings presented to the temple at Jerusalem, were probably but a trifle compared with the immense sums which they lavished on their armies, or expended in the erection of monuments, which they fondly hoped would render their fame immortal. Surely they could never have anticipated, that when their great battles were forgotten, and their very capital levelled with the ground, their gifts to the temple at Jerusalem would cause their names to be held in grateful remembrance by unnumbered generations. But is it not always so? The laurel of the conqueror must soon fade, while the palm of God's servants remains unwithered forever. "Charity never faileth," and the most lasting fame is ever founded on deeds of true beneficence.

Besides the Daric, the Persians had also a silver coin of similar appearance, which the Greeks called the SIGLOS. These pieces, of which twenty went to one gold Daric, are, however, extremely rare, and would seem never to have been extensively circulated. They are believed to have been the "shekels of silver" mentioned by Nehemiah as having constituted a part of the revenue of former governors. Neh. v. 15.

After the death of Nehemiah, the Jews were for a time destitute of a civil leader, and their condition would seem to have been truly deplorable. The government fell into the hands of the high-priests, who were, indeed, tributary to the Persian kings, but otherwise seem to have been possessed of unlimited power. Had they been so minded they might easily have re-established the pure theocracy of ancient times; but alas! "the glory had departed from Israel." The immense power vested in the high-priesthood had the effect of stirring up many aspirants, utterly unqualified for the sacred office, who stooped to every form of wickedness in order to accomplish their schemes of personal aggrandizement. Thus, for instance, we learn from Josephus, that about this time (B. C. 373) two brothers, John and Jesus, struggled fiercely for the possession of the High-priestly dignity. The claims of the latter were favored by the Persian governor Bagoses, but before he could assume his office he was murdered by his brother John. In consequence of this insult, Bagoses harassed and persecuted the Jews for seven years, and remained implacable though all possible means were employed to conciliate his favor.

It was in the midst of this wide-spread corruption, that the voice

of Malachi, the last of the Old Testament prophets, was heard, denouncing the wickedness of the priests in the most unsparing terms. "The priest's lips," he says, "should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts. But ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law; ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of Hosts." Mal. ii. 7, 8.

We cannot be surprised that, in an age when priests and people alike unblushingly revelled in the most revolting forms of crime, the voice of prophecy should have grown dumb, and that its last utterance should have been a threat to "come and smite the earth with a curse." Yet the Lord did not utterly desert His people; and "the darkest hour was just before the dawn." This will become evident in the consideration of the money of the period, which is embraced in the books of the Old Testament-Apocrypha, and which immediately precedes the era of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

ELIZABETH, LANDGRAVINE OF THURINGIA.

From the German of E. Ranke.

BY L. H. S.

The life of Saint Elizabeth—one of the most celebrated of the female Saints—although the object of much admiration and the subject of many a biography and poem, has been but poorly understood even in those particulars that have been able to stand the test of historical criticism. Indeed no proper conception can be had of it, unless the spiritual agencies and influences, prevalent during that era, are taken into due consideration. The years intervening between 1207 and 1231, constituting this era, belong to one of the most important periods of the Middle Ages.

The papal tiara was then radiant with a lustre of power and importance, greater than ever before in history. The Orient and Occident sent their princes and bishops to Rome to testify their loyalty and obedience, and these counted it as their greatest glory to consult for the welfare of the Church under the eyes of the representative of Christ, and to carry home with them his approval as their authority. Emperors and Kings were compelled to submit

to his decision even in secular matters. Of course with this increase of power there was connected the danger to the Church of secularization, although care seems to have been taken suitably to prevent such a result. Just at this time, in different parts of the Church, almost simultaneously, men of great activity appeared, who labored expressly to convert all outside of the Church, to reclaim such as had been estranged from the fold of Christ, to direct wanderers to the right path,—and all this indeed through the Gospel preached with the most ardent love of Christ. Undoubtedly stimulated by the preaching of Peter Waldo, who was inspired with Scriptural truth, they began to present the Gospel of Christ in a new form and with great vigor to the secularized Church. With extraordinary intellectual powers they pursued their calling with the power of a special stimulus, and, whilst Waldo underwent excommunication, they experienced the immeasurable advantage of receiving from the papal chair, not only approval of their labors, but also, inasmuch as they were in complete subjection to it, recognition as special executors of its ordinances.

Other events occurred of singular novelty,—the early ages seemed to be reproduced. A man, who, having been rich and fond of pleasure, suddenly renounced all to win souls to Christ, traveled through the cities of middle Italy followed by crowds of people. Whenever St. Francis approached a district, his coming was announced by the ringing of the bells, and the inhabitants with the priests at their head went out to greet him. He came barefooted, his body covered with a cloak of coarse stuff, girded at the waist with a knotted cord, his countenance furrowed with the marks of numerous fasts, but withal pleasant and kindly. When he spoke, the listening crowds were affected to the very bone and marrow with his message—proclaiming evangelical poverty, chastity and love, and followers were instantly secured for him among those of both sexes, who were open to visions and ready for the reception of the severest mortifications of the body.

And, to the north-west of this region in Southern France, where many a sect of dissenting doctrines had, within the memory of man, arisen in the fertile and industrious countries about the sources of the tributaries to the Garonne, where alongside of the honest Waldenses—determined opponents of the ruling power of the Church—lived those who kept alive the last remnants of the dark dualistic, old Manichean doctrines,—there labored a learned priest of a distinguished Castilian family, whom love for the Bishop of Osma had brought over the Pyrenees, in horror of such doctrines, with like fervent zeal for the salvation of the souls of the erring. Dominic entered into controversial disputes with the heretics, preached the doctrines of the Church to them and gathered the numerous disciples he had

secured, in an Order in which he sought to obtain the most complete consecration by imposing entire renunciation of all earthly possessions as a condition precedent to admission, even on his death-bed invoking the wrath of Almighty God upon any one, who would undertake to attaint the preaching friars with the poison of earthly possessions.

The zeal with which Dominic was inflamed for the conversion of those in error is quite readily understood, since, in accordance with the universally received doctrine of the Church, all heretics are sure of eternal damnation, and every deviation from orthodoxy was also punishable with fearful punishment even on earth. The Kingdom of heaven of Pope Innocent and his successor was terrible in its cruelty. In the old Roman Empire every violation of secular rules was punishable with banishment, in the Christian government of Rome there was no room for this,—heresy forfeited life. Some were sent by the secular authorities to the scaffold and the stake; crusades were ordered against places or governments, in which heresy had insinuated itself. Almost the whole of the life of Saint Elizabeth was passed amid the awful reflection of the flames, from the year 1209 for full twenty years forward, that ascended in the distant southwest from the burning villages and cities of the district of Toulouse. Occasionally the funeral pyres of heretics shone still nearer, and even in Germany the Inquisition, established by the Lateran Council of 1215 in consequence of apostacy from Church doctrine—which had extended from Switzerland northwards and eastwards in Germany, began to have its courts and places of public execution.

A glance, however, at the German fatherland is somewhat satisfactory so far as intellectual culture is concerned. Without dwelling upon the germs of the reconstruction of architecture, there was a development of German cultivation, which we look back upon with national pleasure. I refer to the copious production of our popular and chivalric poetry. Then our Niebelungen were sung, our Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walter von der Vogelweide in the assurance of faith, both sportively and in earnest, produced those songs replete with chivalric nobility, which, combining elegance of expression with excellence of contents, have not been equalled in later times. The people attained a higher cultivation by the help of the Church and this poetry, and it seemed as though the stone towers upon the mountains should have silenced or drowned the clatter of the hostile arms for which they had been constructed, through the harmony of better, and more humanizing agencies. Whether, indeed, this could have continued for a long time and developed still more glorious fruits, is an unsolved problem, rendered so by the perilous situation into which the Empire was then

plunged, when, after the early death of Henry VI, two Emperors were selected by the papal and imperial parties respectively, who contended with the sword against each other, until finally one was killed and a new Emperor was placed by the Pope in stead of the other. If Frederick II had succeeded in preserving an equilibrium in the German principality, torn asunder by Rome itself, good days might have followed; he failed, however, and accord with mighty Rome was even converted into opposition, so that Germany was threatened with an overthrow of everything.

Elizabeth lived during these critical times. She was the daughter of Andrew II of Hungary and his wife Gertrude, the god-child of Cardinal Hugolinus who ascended the papal chair in 1227 as Gregory IX. She was sent by her parents from Preszburg to Thuringia in her fourth year,—and here she was to remain until maturity, when she was to become the wife of Lewis (born 1200), the oldest son of the Landgrave Hermann. According to all our sources of information and the monumental remains of art, she was possessed of a pleasant exterior, very richly endowed with the most beautiful gifts of mind and spirit, and thus alike fitted by rank and endowment to exert in her place an influence at some day upon the destiny of Thuringia and Germany. Would she enjoy the beautiful songs which resound through the knightly halls of Wartburg? Would she follow, as a pattern of noble liberality, Hermann's hospitable kindness towards those who knock at his castle gates with sword in hand or the bow of the viol de gamba? Would she, with that unmistakable kindly feeling for the humbler classes that she manifested at an early age, have also a kind glance for the poor wandering musicians, who travel throughout the land and whose songs are listened to by knights, burghers, and peasants? Would her education be so prosecuted, that she would be worthy of a German princely crown, the wife of one who possessed even in his youth the knightly qualifications of beauty, strength, chastity, piety and fidelity, on account of which he became eminent later in life? Would she be able to develop her character so as to become all this, without being affected by the influence of events taking place on the other side of the Alps?

In addition to the natural cheerfulness, that constituted a part of her character, she exhibited at a very early age a decided tendency to mystical contemplation. Natural to her soul from the very first, it may have been increased by a sense of her situation in a strange land, and the news of the mysterious death of her mother by violence, who appeared to her then in her dreams and besought her intercession. We see her, while yet a delicate child, seeking the altar in the church and lying there upon her knees; she rushes in the midst of her plays to the chapel and kisses its walls; while walking in

the church-yard among the graves, she is reminded of the change from life to death that will take place also in her own case. How healthy this impulse was is evident from its connection with a kindly feeling for the poor and suffering; she gives her little prizes to the poor children, and bread and meat which is brought from the kitchen for her own use, to the beggars at the door. Her humility merits all praise; it shone in all her words and deeds,—in the unaffected submission, with which she endured the cruel judgments of the Dowager Landgravine over her insignificant unprincely manners, the malicious remarks of the Princess Agnes, who was about her own age, and the declarations of the court, who insisted that she should be sent back to her father again, because she was more fitted for the station of a maid than that of a princess. Not a word is reported, which would lead us to conclude, that there was any vanity or the seeds of vindictiveness in her soul. She endured all the reproach cast at her. She was rejoiced that her Lewis loved her and often brought her presents, when he returned from his travels. Once after an interval, in which he seemed to have neglected her and she had wept in silence on that account, he sent her from the neighborhood of Reinhardsbrunn through Walter von Argila, an honest old knight who had discovered her sorrow and revealed it to her bridegroom, a little mirror with the picture of Christ upon it; she seized it with holy joy, and pressed it with grateful thanks to her lips and heart. This persecution, however, ceased in her fourteenth year; the Landgrave Lewis, who had shown himself to be an excellent prince, after the death of his father in 1216, both in peace and war, gave her his hand in marriage in his twenty-second year. She now enjoyed personal consideration as a princess, and a series of authentic incidents exhibit to us the loving, childlike spirit she showed alongside of her husband, the zeal with which she used her situation for the benefit of the oppressed, and the deep earnestness of her struggles for the salvation of her soul.

From the time of their first betrothal, they had been accustomed to call each other brother and sister, and it is charming to find how the sister clung to the brother, how they sat together at the table, and how unwilling she was ever to be separated from him; she rode by his side on horseback and endured with him wind, rain and snow. If the distance was too great, or Lewis was engaged in war or hostile encounter, which really consumed nearly a whole year after their marriage, she looked upon the time of his absence as a time for mourning, laid aside her princely robes and awaited his return in the simple garb of a widow. But when he returned, she arrayed herself once more in her robes and welcomed him in them, with the view of showing her joy, knowing full well that a wife

should always be attractive to her lord even as regards her external appearance. A princess, free from supervision and responsible to her husband alone, she was able to carry out most liberally the deep desire of her soul to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and afflicted; beggars and others seeking relief always found her ear open to their entreaties; she personally visited the sick poor, and lying in women at their homes; she voluntarily aided in nursing them, and, on one occasion, when milk was needed, she was not ashamed to go to the stable and get it directly from the cow, exposing herself to the danger of an accident. To the children of the poor she became god-parent, rejoicing in the opportunity thus secured of being able to increase her benefactions. But no period witnessed greater proofs of her love than the years 1225 and 1226, when a famine, with a severe pestilence in its wake, grievously afflicted all Germany. Countless numbers sought the castle, where they knew they could find a friendly benefactor, and no one was driven from its threshold. She caused bread to be baked for the hungry, fed the sick from her own table, stinting herself that she might help them the more. It is said that, during the summer which her husband spent in Italy, having been summoned by the Emperor to Cremona, she took personal charge of three hundred poor persons every day. She established a hospital for the sick, who could not climb up the steep mountain, in Eisenach, in which beds and nurses were kept for twenty-eight patients, whom she visited daily and refreshed with godly conversation. She had another house set apart for poor and sick children, and these also she visited diligently, bringing with her for their amusement toys, tops, bright rings and things of like kind, always showing them such motherly care, that she was called "Mother" by all; she even concerned herself about the most wretched and deformed, pressing them to her bosom. All this was somewhat repugnant to human sensitiveness: dead, meaningless pleasures were however her detestation, and yet she endured with all patience, even with joy, the odors of the sick chambers, which her court ladies were scarcely able to endure during the warm season. As harvest was near at hand, and it was necessary to secure shoes and sickles, so that the poor could undertake the work of gathering the grain, and her funds being very low in consequence of her great benefactions—a somewhat modern but still reliable authority mentions a very large sum that she had distributed in one day, and declares that she had pledged lands and estates to secure it—she took her silk dresses and gave them, saying, "not for your adornment, but sell them so that you can purchase what is necessary, and then work; for it is written 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and 'if any would not work neither should he eat.'" And she was happy that her liberality, having

been inveighed at by the public Treasurer as extravagance, was appreciated by her husband on his return, when he gave answer to the complainants in these words: "Let her only give for Christ's sake, and do as much good to the poor as she will, even if it requires all our possessions save Wartburg and Naumburg."

We can fully appreciate these manifestations of active, Christian love, only when we recollect, that they were the acts of a person some seventeen or eighteen years old. So young and yet, with all her special love for her husband, indefatigable in her sympathies for those in distress. *This* Elizabeth will ever live in the memory of the German people and of Christendom itself, as a pattern for Christian women of all ages and conditions, lauded by every appreciating heart, beloved by those of like mind, quoted to the shame of those who, whatever be their years, have never been able to rise above the pleasures of sense to the consciousness of what constitutes a Christian calling.

And this memorial we all the more readily make, since it helps us to understand some remarkable incidents in the reliable accounts that have come down to us touching her conduct, which must excite astonishment at least in the unprejudiced reader, without his being able to obtain an explanation of the same from the historians. Or must we also express our surprise, when we learn that the young princess embraced and kissed those afflicted with contagious diseases, and placed a person afflicted with leprosy in her husband's bed, so that he might be cleansed? Shall we suppress the disgust thus excited in us and, with the old chronicles, call the Dowager Landgravine "a wicked woman," because she expressed her disapprobation of this to her son, who had just returned home? Truth compels us to acknowledge, that we are looking at something certainly not very attractive, but at an act of blind thoughtlessness and disregard of consequences. But yet it was an act admitting of perfect explanation, which is to be found in her youth: startled at the sight of the grievously sick and suffering, and occupied solely with the thought, that relief should be given promptly and on the spot, there was no suspicion of the danger that she might bring to herself and the beloved of her heart by her act; and as the memory of the words of Christ, "whatsoever ye have done unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done unto me," was vivid, it must have expressed itself in her words and conduct, so that her pious husband, open on his side to the deepest impulses of Christian sympathy, saw in the afflicted person his suffering Saviour, and turned to her with these words, "Elizabeth, my dear sister, well would it be for me, if you were to have such guests more frequently in my bed!"

That such souls no longer possessed any appreciation of the se-

cular beauty of chivalry and, above all, of chivalric poetry, that. Hermann's castle, which formerly resounded with songs and musical contests, was wholly deaf to the same—who shall complain at this decay of one of the fairest leaves in the crown of glory of the old Germans? Poetry is an ornament of life; here, however, they were struggling for the preservation of the means of subsistence for thousands, and there bloomed, in the Princess, who had devoted herself to this work, with such an assistant as the Prince, the fragrant flower of pious, modest, self-sacrificing love, standing forth as poetry incarnated in humanity. Temporal splendor had disappeared from Wartburg, but a spiritual agency of a thoroughly healthy character, for suffering humanity, took its place. I believe that I am not in error, when I assume, that the age had a similar view of the change. Walter von der Vogelweide, who did not let the opportunity slip of giving the Abbot of Tegernsee a position of infamy in German literature on account of his inhospitality, gives praise to the Landgrave Lewis, even in the beginning of the year 1227, for his gentleness and firmness, and has no word of displeasure on account of the revolution that had taken place, although he must have understood, and even recognized with sadness, that which presented obstacles to the further success of the songs of chivalry. It is, however, not evident, that the noble German singer, although he possessed a devout heart and wrote "Gottes Lob vor allem Preise gehen," approved of the new order of things at Wartburg.

[*To be concluded in the next number.*]

COUNSEL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is pleasant to enjoy the good opinion and confidence of others; and more pleasant to deserve them. Young men often lose both from a lack of the seemingly small proprieties of life. What are some of these?

1. Their conduct on the street. It is a sign of ill-manners to speak boisterously on the street. Walking with a friend, we should converse in a subdued tone of voice. Standing idly around tobacco-stores or on street-corners, always shows that there is something wrong somewhere. If any in such a loafing crowd insult a passing lady, all the rest will have to share the disgrace of the insult.

Do not loaf with the gaping loungers on the street. Move on, move on. Go somewhere, if you must be on the street; to visit a friend, to church, to transact your business. But don't stand still long anywhere on the street. Shun the drinking-place, the places of low, sinful amusement. Walk not in the counsel of the ungodly; sit not in the seat of the scornful.

In passing people on the pavement or crossing, always try and give them more than their share of room. If you are walking with a number of friends, do not walk four or six abreast. In this way you block up the whole side-walk, and do all you can to crowd the people you pass on the door-steps or over the curb-stones.

Try and notice people by kindly greeting them, and do not gad about at every body's window, shawl or bonnet. Be as respectful to the poor as to the rich, and greet them as cordially. "Charlie, don't call that poor woman bad names," we lately overheard a little girl say to her brother, who rudely shouted across the street to a poor beggar-woman, limping along with the aid of her cane. "Don't hurt her feelings," said Susie, "perhaps she cannot help that she is poor. And then she may be a good old woman. It is hard that she must crawl along the street to beg her bread." So said Susie. I stopped and looked at her face to learn who the good little girl was. To insult people because they are poor, shows a want of good breeding—indeed a want of piety.

Don't be ashamed to carry a bundle or basket on the street, whether for yourself, your mother or sister. But be ashamed to swagger or swear, or indulge in rowdy-slang. If you are so unfortunate as to chew tobacco, don't spit on the pavement but in the gutter, where that sort of stuff belongs, lest your squelching infirmities will damage the ladies' dresses. Don't smoke on the street whiffing your smoke into other people's faces. They are entitled to the pure air as God gives it to them, undefiled by your smoke. Least of all smoke a cigar on your way to church or on your return from it.

2. Behaviour at church. When you leave home for church go right on thither without stopping; when you return proceed directly on your homeward way. Do not stand around the church-door before religious services commence. Avoid the loafing brigade, blockading the church-door when the people leave the house of God. Think how low-bred a young man must be, who, instead of decently entering the place of worship, marches from one church to another, with a rowdy crew, forming a long line, staring at the congregation and making rude remarks as the people pass out. Respectable people regard this staring column filed around the church, as made up of rude young men. "How sorry I am to find

James Brown getting into bad ways," remarked Elder Jones to me lately.

"What makes you think he is getting into such ways?" said I.

"Well, last Sunday evening I saw him standing with the rowdies before the church, and staring at the people."

Thus the people will judge, and they judge correctly. Strange that this rabble brigade never invests the churches at their morning services, only when darkness helps to hide their shame.

Enter the church devoutly. Quietly repair to your seat, and offer a short prayer for yourself your pastor, and the congregation. Do not slink into back corners which are sometimes infested with undevout youth, who spend their time at church in whispering and eating nuts. Take part in the services. Bring your hymn-book with you, and help to sing. Never keep your seat during prayer. Try and follow the prayer with your whole soul. Make it your aim to remember the text and the leading points of the sermon, and pray God to bless the truth to the good of your soul. Keep your hat off until you are outside the door. Greet all the people you can when going out of the church. If you see a stranger shake hands with him, and tell him you are glad to see him there. He will think to himself: "What a nice, agreeable young man that is; who can it be?"

If you come to church with a young lady, try and sit in the same pew with her. But don't come to church simply for the sake of meeting her there. Come, in order that you may find your Saviour and worship Him there. Don't make a fool of yourself on account of a young lady. She will think more of you, if you demean yourself with Christian propriety. Beware of sacrificing your piety on the so-called altar of love.

3. Be faithful to your employer. If you are learning a trade, try and learn it well. Become a master of your craft. Try and earn every cent of wages you get. "Stolen waters are sweet," is the language of the deceitful woman, watching to ruin you. Bread that is paid for tastes sweet. Unpaid meals have death in the pot. George Peabody, when a penniless boy, after receiving bed and breakfast at a New England country Inn, offered to pay the landlord by sawing wood. And he sawed it. Such a boy deserves success. Pay as you go. Rather wear a patched suit than make debts. Try to please your employer; for thereby many a poor apprentice has become his employer's partner. Acquire a character, and a skill in your work, so as to make your services desirable. Then you can dictate your own price. Harry Duncan served a five years' apprenticeship as clerk in a certain store. During that time his winning manners and reliable character gained him a host of friends. His employer found at the end of his apprenticeship,

that Harry would take these friends with him into whatever store that might employ him. It was for his interest to retain their patronage. To do that he gave Harry a salary of $2,000, and made money by the arrangement.

4. Be courteous to everybody. Courtesy and kindness cost us nothing; they are more easily practiced than rude, insulting conduct. Govern your temper. Never write nor publish the ebullitions of your wrath. If anything must be said, give yourself time to cool off before you note it down with pen or pencil. If you are tempted into a fit of passion turn to one side and pray the Lord's prayer before you utter a word. If you cannot possibly lock up your rage long enough to do this, count twenty about as fast as the swing of a pendulum. Avoid the use of harsh language. Prune your speech from all words that have a thorn in them.

"Who is yonder young man?" once said a venerable member of my church.

"That is John Bruce," I replied.

"Is his father living?"

"Yes, and a fine father he is."

"The father of such a boy may well be proud," continued the old man. "He always touches his cap when he meets me, and has a kind remark to make. A few weeks ago he overtook me coming from the depot, and insisted on carrying my satchel—went four squares out of his way to carry it home for me. God bless the dear fellow. If he lives he will surely make his mark some day." To everybody be courteous. To your servants, your poor neighbors, to the beggar people that ask you for alms. Washington touched his hat to a darkey who saluted him with hat in hand. "Shall I allow a poor negro to excel me in politeness," he said to a friend who found fault with him? "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous" (1 Peter iii. 8).

IN the Know-Nothing times occurred the election of Judge Comstock, ex-Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and son-in-law of that sterling and eminent lawyer, the late Hon. B. Davis Noxon, of Syracuse. Soon after Judge C.'s election, Judge Gray, of the Sixth Judicial District, met Mr. N., and congratulated him on the elevation of his son-in-law to the Bench, who, after having been so long a judge in theory, had now become one in fact, and who, no doubt, would make an excellent judge. "Yes," Mr. Noxon replied, "he will—if he isn't most awfully deceived in himself!"

THE LAST GAME AND THE LAST BOTTLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Will you please visit cell No. — in the prison?" said a Christian friend to me recently. "A poor prisoner wishes to see you." I rang the door-bell. A heavy key was turned within, and the great iron door swung on its hinges, and closed again right behind me. Along the corridor of the second floor the warden led me to No. —. Again the heavy key unbars the iron door, and I enter the cell. No. — drops the half-made shoe in his hand, and eyes me shyly.

"You wish to see a minister?"

"Yes, sir."

"What brought you here?"

"I was put here for ———. My name is———. I have a wife and three children in ———. I have been here over two years; and have more than two years to remain yet. I have been a bad man, but had a poor chance to become good. I have had little schooling. Never went to any Sunday-school. My parents never took me to any church—never went themselves. Sir, I was started wrong, and now it is hard to get right. I am in great trouble. I have disgraced myself, my children, and sinned against my God. I would like to be better, but, O, it is so hard to become so, after a life of sin, when one knows so little."

On the small table, whereon stood a tin plate with the remains of a meagre dinner, lay a well-worn Bible and prayer-book. "You read in those books."

"Yes, sir, I read much but cannot understand all I read. I work awhile at the shoes, then I lay by the work and take the Bible. Then kneel down and pray."

Opening the Bible, I found that he had put a paper mark on the leaf containing the 51st Psalm. "That I read and pray often," he remarked as he saw me turning to it.

Many a question the poor man had to ask. Would I write a letter for him to his wife and children? I sat me down at the little table, with pen in hand. What did I write for him? All I will not tell thee, dear reader—only this much: "Tell my wife to go to church, and to commence a Christian life. Tell her to teach

the children to pray and to love Christ. Tell her to take them to Sunday-school and to church. Tell my wife and children that I am seeking the forgiveness of my sins and a new heart, at the cross of Christ. To Him I often pray; pray Him too, to bless my children and their mother. Tell them I wish them to pray for me, that God may give me grace to become a pious man."

Thus the poor penitent dictated—and thus I wrote with the aid of a dim light coming through a small opening in the wall towards the ceiling. How hard for those to become Christians, who are started wrong in childhood and youth. The poor man does not wish his children to enter the path his wicked feet have trod.

Here is another case. An exchange, in describing the temptations that beset the foreign residents of Hong Kong, China, gives the following report by a young man visiting that city. The young man had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and, after inquiry, learned that he might probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither; but, not seeing him, determined to wait in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the elder one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun; and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the elder shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards; and the young man, looking carelessly around the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began the beautiful lines of Phœbe Cary:

"One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's house
  Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
  Nearer wearing my crown."

At first, says the writer, these words in such a vile place made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed,

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you've been singing."

The young man said "he did not know what he had been singing;" when the elder repeated the words with tears in his eyes, and the young man said, "he had learned it in a Sunday-school in America."

"Come," said the elder, getting up—"Come, Harry, here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that, for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

The writer saw these two men leave the gambling-house together and walk away arm-in-arm, and, as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily God moves in a mysterious way." It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted and erring men, on the other side of the globe, a resolution to lead a better life!

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The latest instance of a bold attempt to lacerate the feelings of lovely woman has been put upon record by a literary man of Brooklyn, and runs thus: A gentleman of that city, well known for his mild and gentle disposition, took the cars recently to attend to some business at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The cars being nearly full, he was obliged to take a seat with a lady, as the young men say, "one of uncertain age." Not *daring* to engage in conversation with her, he remained quietly thinking, until nearing, as he thought, his destination, he ventured to remark, "Is this Elizabeth?" Instantly drawing herself up, she quickly replied, "What do you mean, Sir?" Without perceiving that she had made a mistake, he again asked, "Is this Elizabeth?" Furiously turning to him, and with half-frightened air, she screamed out, "You may think you are a gentleman, Sir, to address a lady so, but I do not wish to continue any farther talk with you."

The conversation at this point terminated by the stopping of the cars, and the conductor sang in at the door, "All out at Elizabeth!" The gentleman rose and left the cars, but not until he had heard sufficient laughter to convince him of the many perils besetting railroad traveling.

THE curious and "troublesome" style of Carlyle is said to be quite in contrast with his simple, straightforward way of talking. Hatred of sham is one of his notable characteristics. One evening, at a small literary gathering, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology," was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in not receiving our Saviour, and ended her diatribe by expressing her regret, that He had not appeared in our own time. "How delighted," said she, "we should all be to throw our doors open to Him, and listen to His divine precepts! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?"

The sturdy philosopher, thus appealed to, said, in his broad Scotch, "No, madam, I don't. I think that, had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preaching doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'TO MEET OUR SAVIOUR;" but if He had come uttering His sublime precepts, and denouncing the Pharisees, and associating with the Publicans and lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and have cried out, 'Take Him to Newgate and hang Him!'"

On another occasion, when Ernest Jones, a well-known Chartist leader, was haranguing, in his violent manner, against the established authorities, Carlyle shook his head, and told him that, "had the Chartist leaders been living in the days of Christ, He would have sent the unclean spirits into them, instead of into the swine of the Gergesenes, and so we should have happily got rid of them." This delicate allusion to the suicide of the pigs so astonished the respectable representative of the numerous family of the Joneses, that he said nothing more about Chartism that night.

THIS is Frenchy, and fresh from Paris: Just before his death, Dr. Cabarrus, the great homeopathic physician of Paris, was sent for by Mlle. Julia Barron, who was out of sorts. "What is the matter?" asked the Doctor. "Oh, I hardly know myself," she replied; "my spirits are terribly unequal. Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then I suddenly sink into the deepest melancholy." After a moment's reflection, Cabarrus said, gravely: "I am afraid there is but one way to cure you." "What is it?" she inquired, eagerly. "You must get married," he replied, with a mirthful twinkle of the eye, but still keeping a grave face. "Well," said Mlle. Barron, after a little hesitation, followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief, "perhaps you are right. Would you marry me?" "*Ma chère*," replied Cabarrus, blandly, "The doctor prescribes, but he doesn't take his own medicines."

Speaking of the tendency of the American citizen to whittle, a gentleman writes, that at the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterians, held at Albany, he observed Dr. Charles Hodge, the well-known theologian, sitting on the sofa of honor in rear of the platform, intent, during the greater part of a debate, in cutting the top of a stick into what appeared to be intended for a dog's head.

A story something of the same sort is told of a young man, who, being poor, found great difficulty in overcoming the objection of his inamorata's father to the match. One day he took his minister with him to testify to his character and urge his suit. While the minister did so, the excited youth sat nervously whittling the top of his stick. The old gentleman watched him, and at last got up and said, "No, Sir; you sha'n't have my daughter. I have watched you whittling that stick, and if you had made a man's head of it, or a dog's head, or the likeness of any mortal thing, I'd have said, 'Take the girl;' but a man that whittles a stick for fifteen minutes and makes nothing of it, ain't worth a ten-cent cuss."

The Present Life our Chilhood.—"I look upon life as a kind of childhood," said the minister. "We have important lessons to learn, discipline to undergo—a character to form, plans to make, and then, we pass away into the full manhood and enjoyment of our eternity. If we improve this, our childhood, the mystery of life will be pleasantly solved; in the meanwhile, we are in good hands, our Father in heaven cares for us."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Mercersburg Review for January begins the 18th volume of this able Quarterly. Its table of contents is:

I. Education. By Dr. J. W. Nevin.
II. The Sacramental Energies of the Church; the Higher Miracles of Grace. By Rev. P. S. Davis, A. M.
III. The Pericopes, or Selections of the Gospels and Epistles for the Church Year. By Dr. E. E. Higbee.
IV. Frederick Schleiermacher. By Alexander Harris, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
V. The Western Liturgy.
VI. The Priestly Element in the Christian Ministry. By Rev. G. L. Staley.
VII. The Infancy of Christ.
VIII. Recent Publications.

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Contents of the January number are:

I. THE REVIEW.
II. SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE. By Rev. C. A. Stork, A. M.
III. THE HISTORY OF PROTESTANT THEOLOGY. Translated by S. Sprecher, D. D.
IV. SOCRATES AND ARNOLD, OR THE ANCIENT AND MODERN TEACHER. By Rev. T. H. Robinson, D. D.
V. METHOD OF STUDYING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Prof. Edsall Ferrier, A. M.
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IX. THE CODEX SINAITICUS. By Charles Hay, D. D.
X. AMERICAN COLLEGES.
XI. BOOK OF WORSHIP.
XII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
XIII. NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February is fully equal in interest and instruction to the previous numbers of this popular monthly. It is remarkable for the range, variety, and value of its contents. Fiction and fact, religion and science, poetry and prose entertain the reader in the most pleasing style. Table of contents consists of:

I. THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY. Illustrated By Jno. R. G. Hassard.
II. THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF LORRAINE AND ALSACE. Illustrated. By Henry M. Baird.
III. A TARTAR LOVE SONG. By R. H. Stoddard.
IV. THE STORY OF A VALENTINE. By Edward Eggleston.
V. LAURIGER. By Charles J. Gage.
VI. SOMETHING ABOUT BALLOONS. Illus. By J. R. Thompson.
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XI. CONFERENCE WRONG SIDE OUT. By Gail Hamilton.
XII. WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. By George MacDonald.
XII. THE BONDAGE OF THE PULPIT. Second Article. By. W. C. Wilkinson.
XIV. ANGELIQUE ARNOLD. By Elizabeth Sill.
XV. TOPICS OF THE TIME.
XVI. THE OID CABINET.
XVII. HOME AND SOCIETY.
XVIII. BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.
XIX. ETCHINGS. "To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day." Illustrated. By Addie Ledyard.

Vol. XXII. MARCH, 1871. No. 3.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

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THE GUARDIAN.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

The family of Franklin is a very old one. For three hundred years and longer his ancestors lived in the same village of Ecton, England, and in the same house, to which belonged thirty acres of land. The greater part of this time the elder sons of the family were bred to the smith's business. Hard-working people they were, bent on making an honest living and leading an honorable life. Benjamin Franklin's father was a dyer. He was a Presbyterian or non-conformist—a class of people, who, in that day, were cruelly persecuted. As his conscience allowed him neither to be a Roman Catholic, nor a member of the Church of England, he sought religious freedom by coming to America, in 1682. He settled in Boston, where Benjamin Franklin was born, January 17th, 1706. Good Josiah Franklin had a goodly flock of children, seventeen in number, of whom Benjamin was the youngest son; indeed, the youngest in the family, except two daughters. For four generations his ancestors happened to be the youngest sons in their families, as he now was in his. English authors say, that "England owes her greatness to her youngest sons."

His family were early in the Reformation, and during the reign of Queen Mary had to suffer greatly for conscience' sake. They read their Bible by stealth. He says: "When my great grandfather read it to his family, he turned up the joint-stool upon his knees, turning over the leaves then under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice, if he saw the apparitor (the magistrate) coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In that case the stool was turned down again upon its feet, when the Bible remained concealed under it as before."

Franklin's mother was a member of the Episcopal Church. Between the Presbyterian father and the Episcopal mother, the religious training of the children now and then produced a little friction. The father was of middle stature, well-set, and very strong. He was ingenious, skilled in music, had a clear, pleasing voice, sang psalms accompanied with his violin, of an evening, to the great enjoyment of his children. Thirteen of the children sometimes sat at the table at one time. Josiah Franklin was married twice. His second wife was the mother of Benjamin. Both parents were people of good sense and sound understanding. Both enjoyed robust health, never having had any sickness, but that of which they died—the father at the age of eighty-nine years, the mother at that of eighty-five.

One may well imagine what a merry time such a flock of children would have in the Franklin home. Though in humble circumstances, people of note would often consult Josiah Franklin on important matters. To his table he would now and then invite some sensible friend or neighbor, to whose conversation the little folks intently listened. Thus they learned to pay more attention to what they could learn than to what they ate. No notice was taken whether the victuals were well or ill-dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor. The effect of it was, that even to old age Franklin could scarcely tell, a few hours after dinner, what he had dined upon.

His father was a strict Presbyterian; and tried to bring up his children in his faith. The Catechism had to be learned, some of whose dogmas, such as the eternal decrees of God, election and reprobation, the son could not understand or adopt.

At eight years of age he was put to the grammar school. All his elder brothers were apprenticed to learn different trades. Benjamin, the tenth son, is to study for the ministry. From a child he showed remarkable talent. In later life he said he could not remember the time when he was not able to read. His uncle, of the same name, encouraged him. He had volumes of sermons, which he wrote in short-hand as he heard them. These he offered to his nephew, as a stock to begin with. The grammar-student rose rapidly in his school, and his father's purse sank in proportion. His seventeen children left him no money wherewith to give Benjamin a full college course. With sorrow he changed his plan. The boy must become a mechanic, like his father. In less than a year he is sent to a school for writing and arithmetic. To a higher education he can no longer aspire. To write he learned soon, but in arithmetic he failed. In later life he mastered this branch of study, too.

Josiah Franklin had found the dyeing business very unprofitable in Boston. This led him to become a tallow-chandler and soap-

boiler. At ten years of age Benjamin is taken from school to help his father. He cut wick for the candles, filled the dipping mold for cast candles, attended the shop, ran errands, etc. A greasy, unpromising business for a boy so fond of books. No wonder that he disliked it. He longed to become a sailor. The life of a seaman had a charm for him. To voyage the ocean, and visit distant countries was the great desire of his soul. His father forbade him. Still he must make wick. Few boys in Boston had such a poor chance to rise.

At length he is apprenticed to his brother James to learn printing. During the day he set type, and at night he read such books as he could lay his hands on—"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," "Mather's Essays to do Good," etc. Sometimes he read the greater part of the night. From a child he had a passion for reading. All the little money he got was used to buy books. The above were his first library. When he had read them, he sold these books and bought others. Nearly all the books in his father's library were on theology, for which he had no great taste.

His brother started the "New England Courant" in 1720 or 1721. Before that there had been only one newspaper in America. When he started the second his friends predicted his failure, since one newspaper in their judgment would be enough for the country. How many hundred have we now?

Franklin's fondness for books occasioned his becoming a printer. After a struggle the boy, twelve years of age, consents to the new arrangement. He must serve nine years, till he is twenty-one years of age. He showed great skill in his trade. Through his acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers, he got the loan of books, some of which he read through in a single night. Through the kindness of others his stock of reading matter increased. He met with an odd volume of Addison's "Spectator," which he read over and over, with great delight.

Ere long he commenced to write poetry, some of which appeared in print. Wretched stuff, his father calls it, and through the father's censure Franklin "escaped being a poet," as he humorously remarks. He formed a literary club, with some of his young friends, in which they held debates and read compositions.

Timidly he wrote several articles for his brother's paper, and pushed them under the door of his printing-office, without a name. They were published and praised, no one knowing the author. This early practice of writing out the results of his reading helped him to form the style for which he became noted. He wrote letters after the model of the "Spectator's," then compared the two, and pruned the faults out of his own. Thus he hoped in time to be-

come a tolerable English writer, of which he was extremely ambitious.

Still he pants for more books and more time to study. His hands fell on a chance volume, recommending vegetable diet. To eat no meat would enable him to save money to buy books. "Give me half the money you pay for my board, and I will agree to board myself." This he proposed to his brother, and the proposition was accepted. He often made his meal on a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water. Eating sparingly left him a clearer and more vigorous mind for study. Besides, his little meal was soon finished, leaving him the precious time which the others consumed in walking to their boarding-house and back for study.

Unfortunately for the young apprentice he chanced to read infidel books, as some young men still foolishly read. Thereby he became a doubter in many points of religious doctrine. Some of these doubts followed him to his grave. He had a fondness for arguing, and for the sake of victory would sometimes defend points, which he did not believe himself.

There is a species of bad manners, very prevalent, which he tried hard to overcome. Many people have an overweening confidence in the absolute correctness of their own opinions. If they affirm a thing, it is always *unquestionably* or *undoubtedly* true. Everybody else must *certainly* be wrong; they *only* are in the right. With younger and ruder people, it expresses itself by: "I know better;" "You know nothing at all about it." All this is the next door to an oath. Franklin, when yet an apprentice, acquired the habit of modest diffidence. He made up his mind never to use the words *certainly* or *undoubtedly*, or any others of this kind, when he asserted anything that might be disputed. He used the expressions, *I conceive or apprehend* a thing to be so and so, *It appears to me*, or *I should think* it so or so, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *It is so, if I am not mistaken.* He says, in later life, that this habit had been of great advantage to him. "I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive assuming manner that seldom fails to disgust, and prevents us from giving or receiving information or pleasure in conversation." We advise our young readers to make a note of this counsel. There is a certain dictatorial, immodest style of speaking, which makes the society of people, otherwise respectable, repulsive and often ridiculous.

> "Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of modesty is want of sense."

Or, as Franklin renders this couplet:

"Immodest words admit but this defence,
That want of modesty is want of sense."

This modesty in advocating his views Franklin practiced to the end of his life. In the last speech he made in the Federal Convention, on the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, he differed from his colleagues with respect to some of its leading points. He said that he did not approve of it then, he was not sure that he might thereafter. "The older I grow the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die."

Franklin's brother was a hard master, self-willed and passionate. His violent blows disheartened the young philosopher. Intellectually the apprentice was master of the publisher. By reason of an alleged libel against the Government, the "boss" is imprisoned, and his paper stopped. Although still an apprentice, Benjamin Franklin is persuaded to give his name as the responsible editor and publisher. His indenture is cancelled, and a secret one drawn up, by which his brother hoped to get the profits of the paper, and the work out of his younger brother. When his passionate blows were repeated, the nominal boy proprietor tried to ignore the secret indenture, as he might. He says, in later life, in apology for his brother, "Perhaps I was too saucy and provoking." This secret arrangement between him and his brother worried him afterwards, and especially his attempt to take advantage of it. He says: "It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errors of my life." But there is no getting along with this brother. The oppressed youth is driven to desperation. Learning that he intends to leave him, the master visits every printing-house in Boston, to warn the proprietors not to employ him. He must escape some where. The future is dark. To leave the home of one's childhood and become a youthful adventurer in a strange country is a great risk. By selling some of his books he raised a little money, wherewith to pay his passage on a sloop to New York. He says: "I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket."

Failing to get employment there, he continued his journey to Philadelphia. A storm tore the rotten sails of their ship and drove it upon Long Island. It was a trying journey to him. For thirty hours he had nothing to eat or drink, save "a bottle of filthy

wine." At times he was soaked with rain, cold, and ragged, and in danger of being arrested as a runaway servant, from his forlorn appearance. He wished he had never left home.

No one would have suspected that the woe-be-gone youth, as he landed at the Market-street wharf, Philadelphia, would ever become one of the great men of the nation. He describes his arrival, "that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there" (in Philadelphia).

"I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging! I was fatigued with traveling, rowing and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty. Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with breadt I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got i,. I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none."

Ignorant of the value of money, and the names of bread, he asked for three-penny worth of any sort. He got three puffy rolls, to him surprisingly large. Being too large to carry in his pockets he put one under each arm, and ate the third, as he walked up Market street.

"Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

He wandered through Chestnut and Walnut streets, back to where he had landed, munching his loaf of bread on his walk and trying to forget Boston. Being filled with it, he gave the two remaining loaves to a woman and her child, that had come on the boat with him.

It was 9 o'clock Sunday morning. Whither should he go, with less than a dollar in his pocket? A total stranger in a city like this, with no one to care for or counsel him, the young printer might well feel lonely and forsaken. Again he walked up the street, "which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the

market. I sat down among them, and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me."

Thus his first nap in Philadelphia, he took in a Quaker meeting. At the close of the meeting he is again sent adrift on the street. He meets a young Quaker, of whom he inquires for a lodging-place. He was kindly led to the Crooked Billet, in Water street. While eating his dinner there, he was questioned as to who he was, being suspected as a youthful runaway. After dinner his drowsiness returned, and he slept till six in the evening.

Little did Miss Read think, that the awkward youth passing her door with a loaf of bread under each arm, and his pockets stuffed with shirts and stockings, would become her future husband; nor is she the only young lady, that has laughed at the first sight of her future spouse. What would we now know or care about Miss Read, had she not become the wife of the hungry printer boy?

But how happened Franklin to find his future wife? After he secured employment as a printer, he found lodging at Mr. Read's; and it was not long until the lodger became the lover of the host's daughter; and she discovered that, under the large loaves and stuffed jacket-pockets, dwelt a heart and character worthy of her affection. When he was eighteen they formed a marriage engagement.

Sir William Keith, seeing one of Franklin's letters, discovered that the youth had more than ordinary talent. He offered to start him in business, and proposed to send him on a voyage to London to purchase the necessary type. Tempting as was this proposed visit to England, he for a season sacrificed its pleasures for the sake of obeying his father, who forbade his going. At length he obtained the paternal consent and sailed for Europe. To his sorrow he found that the Governor had deceived him. Again a poor stranger in a great city, he sought employment. Being under no religious restraints, as he says, new associates led him into sin, of which he bitterly repented, after returning to habits of temperance and industry. It is the old story. Thousands of young men once virtuous, the companions of the pure and happy, accidentally make the acquaintance of a few new comrades. They are gradually charmed by new amusements, represented as harmless and innocent. The new associates soon become more attractive than the old. Ere long they are laughed at for attending church. The net is warily set, and the poor deluded souls are caught.

Franklin tried to take a firm stand in favor of a virtuous life. His fellow-journeymen were beer-drinking sots. His rebukes provoked their displeasure. By perseverance he was the means of re-

forming a number of them. During his eighteen months' absence, he wrote but once to his affianced, telling her that she was not likely to see him soon. He behaved badly towards her. Of this too, he seemed to repent, and strove to repair his error, by making her his wife. She made him a good help-mate.

He says: "We have an English proverb, '*He that would thrive must ask his wife.*' It was lucky for me, that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, &c., &c. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer (a small dish) with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver!"

His wife had bought this without his knowledge, "for the enormous sum of twenty-three shillings," because "she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

ELIZABETH, LANDGRAVINE OF THURINGIA.

From the German of E. Ranke.—(Concluded.)

BY L. H. S.

The incident in Elizabeth's life which was most serious in its consequences, the fact, that she placed herself under the guidance of a confessor, must chiefly be considered from the point of view of her youth.

In her earnest efforts after salvation, along with the readiness that great doubt comes to the humblest souls, there was indulged by the young Princess—her husband being also yet young and frequently absent from her for long periods—the wish to have some confidential person near her, who could furnish counsel and instruction in doubtful cases, and, when it was necessary, even admonition. There must have been also connected with the selection of the person to whom the high position should be given no small hopes

of gradually attaining spiritual strength. For Conrad of Marburg, according to the faithful biographer of Lewis, seems to have been a man thoroughly deserving confidence. He was learned, of pure morals, not at a loss in Holy Scripture; by his activity as papal legate in Germany—in which position he had shown himself gracious and well-disposed to good Christians, but hard and severe upon unbelievers—he had attained such a reputation, that Brother Berthold is induced to state that his virtuous life shone out as a bright star in the German lands. When it is quite readily understood, how the Landgrave Lewis, prior to entering upon his crusade in 1227, could entrust to his hands the right of appointment to all the ecclesiastical positions within his patronage,—how he had actually consented, the year before, that his Elizabeth should bind herself in obedience to Conrad. Solemnly in a church Elizabeth's promise was given and received, along with the vow, that she would never marry again in case of the death of her husband. Lewis left him free in the spiritual guidance of his wife, only reserving to himself his rights as husband. Whatever still remained in Elizabeth that was unsteady, arbitrary, or incomplete, was thus to be most certainly removed, and those priceless foundations of piety and love which she possessed were to be built upon to the advantage of her position as a Princess.

But the more powerful the personality of Conrad, the more pliant the will of Elizabeth, so much the more probable was it that he would not restrain himself from pruning the luxuriance of her benevolence. Hence we read, that he forbade the nursing of the leprous, and converted submission to the confessor into slavery of her spirit. Instead of strengthening, confirming, and directing the incomparable, pious soul which she possessed, he was able to stamp upon it an impress of the peculiar form of piety that marked his own character. Our dear Elizabeth became the obedient, spiritual daughter of the Inquisitor; the rich treasure of faith and love she possessed was subjected to the influence of a man of iron, who, shortly before, in 1223, had delivered, in the exercise of his office, a distinguished heretic of Goslar into the hands of the secular authorities at Erfurt, to be burned at the stake,—a fact unknown until the publication of Wegele's edition of the Chronicles of Nicolaus von Siegen.

It is not certain whether Conrad was a secular priest, a Dominican or Franciscan. If he was, as has been recently conjectured, a Franciscan, then the Franciscan contemplativeness and maxims of St. Elizabeth would have been obtained directly from him. But, if he was not, then it is clear, that the spiritual tendencies prevailing on that side of the mountains had exercised an influence upon her in some other way, early in life. But, if we hesitate to give

credence to the statement of the Franciscan Annals, that Elizabeth carried on a correspondence with the Saint of Assisi, and even received his robe from him as a present, because nothing is mentioned of this in the best authorities, still, when one of her maids, Eisentrud von Hörselgau, relates that her mistress had spun wool for the brothers' gowns, and when Conrad himself states, in a letter to the Pope, that Elizabeth had furnished a chapel in Eisenach with such, a connection with the Order at this period of her life seems undoubted, and even the statement in the Annals, that her first confessor was a Franciscan, named Roding, is not incredible.

Thus we see the young German Princess was surrounded with influence proceeding from Italy, and voluntarily placed under a hand strong enough to make the most of the authority given to it.

What were the results of this education under Conrad?

The maxims which he furnished Elizabeth, probably at this time, were for the most part strictly Biblical: "Keep God always in your heart, and be mindful of Him," "Be merciful to your neighbor," "Bear your cross patiently, because God has suffered for you;" we may add that they were such as Elizabeth had always labored to exemplify, but that, taken together and employed, under the direction of either Dominic or Francis, in connection with the novel requirement of voluntary poverty contained in the maxim "Bear contempt with patience," they involved results that could not be secured by a Princess, or, if secured, would make an end of her principality.

Nevertheless everything depended upon the manner of their application, and here was shown an unmistakable advance from external matters to those that were internal, from the lesser to the greater. Conrad prescribed a peculiar bodily mortification for her, in the interdiction of all varieties of food, touching whose origin, her conscience could not be perfectly clear. At first glance one is tempted to praise him on this account, and only to ask why, if the supplies for the Landgrave's table were really obtained through robbery and violence, the proper means were not employed to secure them? But the suspicion cannot be entertained, that the Prince, who once punished the Frank knights with war, because they had robbed a poor shop-keeper of his wares and his mule, would furnish his table by plunder. It was Conrad's will that Elizabeth should live upon the products of estates of the domain, and not upon contributions obtained by force from the neighbors. It thus happened that sometimes she found nothing upon the table that she could relish; she willingly and cheerfully submitted, crumbled her bread, and acted as though she were eating it. When once amid many dishes there was but one plate of small birds that seemed attractive to her palate, she took only a small piece, and divided the rest

among her sympathizing maids, to whom hunger was more oppressive than to her. Whenever the table was set, she would say to them: "O, that there were only something to eat to-day," or "O, that there were only something to drink to-day;" and when she found both, she clapped her hands and cried, "A happy thing for us, let us eat and drink to-day." Thus she conquered the temptations of the flesh with amiable cheerfulness, aided also by her husband, who said on one occasion to her obstinate maids, that he would willingly subject himself to the same regulations, if he did not fear the opposition of his subjects. But in order to make the execution of his orders really difficult, Conrad cruelly extended them to occasions, when she was a guest with others.

Another illustration of his influence upon her, as regards external observances: She had formerly been accustomed to get up at night from the side of her husband, for the purpose of prayer, kneeling by the side of the bed, for which purpose she was aroused by her maids. A pleasant picture is furnished us by Eisentrud, when she relates how she had once aroused the Landgrave instead of her mistress, and that he was not at all displeased. The Landgrave then seized his wife's hands, and besought her, for the sake of her health, to lie down again. Sometimes she arose and had herself scourged by her maids with a whip in a private chamber, so that she might pray more energetically. This practice, at first only followed on fast-days and Fridays, was very frequent, acording to Eisentrud, after she had vowed obedience to Conrad. Thenceforth, we are given to understand by this authority, that Elizabeth passed many nights, whenever her husband was away, in prayer, genuflexions, and scourgings. What importance Conrad attached to such discipline may be learned from an incident, in itself characteristic of the man, which has been preserved for us by the same authority. It was arranged once that the Princess should attend a sermon by Conrad. Just as she was ready, the Margravine of Meissen arrived at Wartburg on a visit, and through the management of her maids, it happened that the sermon was neglected. Conrad was so much enraged, that he declared he would have nothing more to do with her. The next day Elizabeth hastened to him, and begged his forgiveness, but he was only appeased after she had fallen at his feet, and had her maids stripped and scourged, who were at fault.

As an indication of an influence still more profound, exerted by Conrad upon her religious life, we have met with and grieved over a statement, which he placed at the head of the communications, in which he desired to show Pope Gregory IX. Elizabeth's worthiness to be canonized. "Even while her husband was yet living," he writes, "when I was her confessor, she used to lament that she had

ever been married, and was hence unable to complete her temporal life in the bloom of virginity." The latter portion of the sentence mitigates somewhat the surprise the former excites,—but only somewhat. If we transport ourselves into the sensations of a tender female soul, we may, to a certain extent, conceive how the thought might arise, amid the exhausting demands of married life upon body and soul, that she could give the Lord a more complete and perfect love, if these exhausting demands were not made upon her; the fact, however, that she not only indulges in such a thought, but converts it into a lamentation, which she does not hesitate to mention to a third party, to whom as well as to the Pope it may seem to vindicate the attainment of a special degree of holiness,—this fact will be looked upon by all, who recognize and honor the sanctity of Christian marriage in their own experience, as proof of an improper influence gained over her by her confessor, and as the beginning of the perversion of the soul of one of the noblest and most pious women.

We wish we were able to describe, more fully than the space allowed us will admit, the sudden change of affairs at Wartburg, the misfortunes and future life of Elizabeth, in which additional manifestations of the influence of the confessor upon her may be perceived; to describe at length, how Elizabeth, not long after her husband's return from the campaign at Cremona, discovered accidentally, one day, the badge of the crusader upon his coat, which he, in obedience to the summons of the Emperor to join an expedition against the Saracens, had received from the Bishop of Hildesheim, but had thus far concealed from her through love; how, dreading what really did occur afterwards, she was seized with great fear, and was only comforted by his loving words; how both agreed, before their separation, that their unborn child should be dedicated some day to the service of the Lord; how he set out upon the expedition on St. John's Day, 1227; how she, after he had taken a most affecting leave of their children (his five-year old Henry, and Sophie, somewhat younger), could not consent to part with him at Wartburg, but accompanied him some distance on the road, even to the borders of the land; how afterwards the mournful tidings came, during harvest, of his death, and she, beside herself with grief, on their reception gave expression to these words: "Dead! the world and all its joys are now also dead for me;" how, shortly after this affliction, disgrace and exile befell her, in that her husband's brother, craving after the position of Landgrave, drove her ignominiously from Wartburg, before she had recovered from her confinement; how there was no one at Eisenach to receive her, but that at last she secured shelter in an apartment resembling a stable, where she lived at first with her three children, who had been

mercilessly consigned to suffering along with her, and, after she had better accommodations for them, a whole winter with some of her maids.

How, like supernatural light of imperishable beauty, her modesty, piety, and godliness shone throughout all this darkness! A few hours after the incredible event had occurred, she arose from the chamber of her affliction, went to the Franciscan chapel, and begged the friars to sing a Te Deum for her, on account of the afflictions the Lord had sent. And one day during Lent, after she laid a long time on her knees before the altar praying, she fell into a fit of ecstacy at home, during which she wept and laughed in turn, and finally exclaimed: "Yes, Lord! Thou wilt be with me, and I will be with Thee; nevermore shall I be separated from Thee;" and replied to a question from Eisentrud, as to whom she was talking with: "I saw heaven open, and my sweet Lord Jesus graciously inclined His head towards me, and offered me comfort for my many sins and distresses. As long as I saw Him I was happy and laughed, but when He turned to go away I wept. Then He kindly turned His face towards me, and said: 'If you wish to be with me, I will be with thee,' and I answered what you heard."

Had heaven really been opened up to this soul? There remains, however, alongside of these rays of light, an unsolved dark enigma. When Elizabeth was so filled with burning love for God, where was her loving care of her children, the oldest of whom was the Crown Prince of the land? If, during the period of her power, she offered to thousands whatever was needed to appease their hunger, and even now was anxious that her children should obtain bodily sustenance in their necessity, where was that holy maternal defiance, that sought to secure the rights wrested from her princely son? The spiritual discipline she had undergone had robbed her of this feeling. Conrad, to whose credit it may be said that with others he took a stand afterwards against her persecutors, made no effort to contest the son's rights. The words of the gospel, "resist no evil," were made by St. Francis to be the guide of his disciples' lives in their strictly literal sense, and they were looked upon by Conrad and Elizabeth as comprehending all one's relations in the world,—the idea of vindicating the rights of the young Prince seems never to have occurred to her.

Temporal matters improved somewhat for her, when her aunt, the Abbess Mathilda of Kitzingen, invited her, with her children and maids, to her cloister, and, a little while after, her maternal uncle, Bishop Egbert of Bamberg, invited her to his castle of Pottenstein. Here she lived almost a year in circumstances suited to her rank, rejecting with indignation offers of a second marriage, until the Thuringian comrades of her husband, under the command

of Schenk Rudolph von Vargila, reached Bamberg with Lewis' bones. The depth of her love for him was displayed in striking connection with her Christian resignation. When the chest containing his remains was opened in her presence, she exclaimed: "I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast heard my entreaties that I might see the bones of my husband and weep over them. * * I would have resigned all the honors of the world to save him. * * But now I would not give a hair of my head to call him back against Thy decree." In accordance with the wish of the Bishop, she accompanied the corpse and was present at its deposition in the vault at Reinhardsbrunn. Here the bold eloquence of Rudolph succeeded in forcing the Landgrave Henry to recognize the rights of Elizabeth and those of her children. As regards the Prince he failed to do him complete justice. He became, however, reconciled to her, allowed her an annual settlement of 500 marks, with the possession of Marburg, which had been given her at her marriage, and permitted her to live at Wartburg and Kreuzburg.

But notwithstanding her life was passed here in her former poverty, the longings of her heart were fixed upon something else. She believed she could not secure the salvation of her soul, in castles nor in the enjoyment of affluence, but as a recluse, or in some such position pleasing to God. Thereupon happened that which Conrad, who had been ordered by the Pope to take her in special charge, in consequence of his communications concerning her, reports: "With many tears she entreated me for permission to go from door to door as a beggar. When I hesitated she said, 'I will do it, I will do it, you cannot prevent me.' On Good Friday, 1229, in the Franciscan chapel at Eisenach, in the presence of some cloister-brethren, she laid her hands upon the altar, and took a solemn vow, renouncing the present and the past, her own will, all the splendor of the world, and all that which the Saviour of the world orders us in the gospel to resign. When she wished to renounce her estates, I prohibited her, partly on account of what was due her husband (this is not to be understood as referring to money due, but *masses* for the repose of his soul), and partly on account of her ability, with their aid, to support the poor."

This act, the last which she performed at Wartburg,—the close of her former life and the gradually matured fruit of her spiritual development, was the prolific focus of a new epoch of her activity. In order to enjoy her self-imposed duties, she withdrew, according to Eisentrud's statement, at Conrad's command although he says that it was against his wish (these contradictory statements manifestly refer to different times) to her estate of Marburg, to the extreme border of the country, which, separated from the mountain

that gave it its name, was then a small parish belonging to the village of Upper Weimar.

Here, at a distance from court and secular life, at first still surrounded by her children and maids, she sought to attain through Conrad's directions that spiritual perfection which was the goal set before her. Rejecting a residence at the castle but followed even here, as Eisentrud declares, by her maids, she took refuge in Wehrda, a village near by. A house is still shown there, where she is said to have lived, and they tell you how she was accustomed to go thence to a church situated on a hill in the neighborhood. The fact is, that there was a castle with a species of colonnade, under whose steps she lived, striving to protect herself, with branches against the rays of the sun. Here she prepared for her little household whatever food she could obtain, and endured the heat of the summer, and the annoyances of smoke and wind with great cheerfulness. In the neighborhood of Marburg, probably in the region of the Square, west of the Elizabeth Church, there was a lowly cottage built, as many still are there, of wood and clay ;—of this she took possession. Here she lived in the grey garb of the Sisters of St. Francis, undertaking the most menial domestic duties, especially engaged in the nursing of the sick poor, in whom she recognized Christ, with a devotion and cheerfulness that caused her malevolent relatives to say "that she had soon forgotten her husband." Never satisfied with giving, she collected [the year is uncertain] all the poor from the whole neighborhood of Marburg, ordered that they should be arranged in companies in a place pointed out, and that no one should leave under penalty of punishment. Then she went through their midst and divided among them a sum equal to her annual income. After receiving this gift, those in good health departed, while the infirm remained behind. Once more she gave these money and bread, and when the evening had come and the moon shone bright and clear, she exclaimed, "Come, now, let us enjoy ourselves." Fires were then kindled, and the poor were made so happy, that they sang together, she being as cheerful as the rest. Her charities were, however, not all of a transient nature as this. Collecting all the jewelry she had formerly worn, adding her entire estates, even stinting herself in her daily meats, she succeeded in securing means for the foundation of a Hospital—the nucleus of that now existing in Marburg—which she placed in the hands of the German nobility, for fear that it might be destroyed by her relatives at some future time. Then she established one of the two great attractions of the later history of Marburg; the other resting upon the lively remembrance of what she was herself, of that spiritual efficiency which has a partial expression in the glorious Gothic church erected over her grave.

If the external conduct of the King's daughter, who had literally made herself poor for Christ's sake, made such a deep impression upon the popular memory,—if they never can forget how she devoted herself in the Hospital to nursing and washing (they still show the spring where she used to wash)—how much deeper an impression must be made at the recital of the severe labors she underwent in her struggles for her soul? Conrad, in accordance with instructions received from the Pope, became not more gentle but more severe in his treatment of Elizabeth; after she had deprived herself of her own will, this deprivation was pushed to the greatest extreme. As before mentioned, he had forbidden her to come into contact with the leprous. When he learned that she had taken a young woman, afflicted with the leprosy, into her house, made her bed, fed and washed her, he punished her with his own hand. "God pardon me," he writes, "I punished her severely." For minor violations of his command she received strokes on her cheeks, for greater severe castigations; all this she endured willingly, thinking of Christ who had suffered both, and saying once after she had been chastised: "As a bulrush in a stream is sometimes bent down and then raised up again, so is it necessary that a person should be humbled and then made glad." Particularly attractive is the account given by her maid Irmengard, "that weeping never disfigured her face, that her tears seemed to spring from a bright and joyous source." She once said herself of those whose faces were disfigured by weeping: "It seems to me as if they wished to terrify God: why cannot they give God, what they have, with joy and cheerfulness?"

It is, however, not denied, that she had learned from Conrad to be severe towards others. A young girl remarkable for her beautiful hair, having unwittingly transgressed at the table a command given her, was deprived of her hair without any hesitation; and yet the order must have been given in a kindly tone, as we see that the party punished continued attached to her family. She scourged a woman whom she heard did not go to confession, without a similar happy result.

Some of Conrad's other modes of procedure must have cut her heart more deeply than his blows. She was obliged to give up her children; then she had to surrender her maids, so that she might be advanced on the road to perfection, and then Conrad replaced them by a reformed nun and a deaf widow, who belonged to the nobility and the two made her life grievous, inasmuch as they pretended to be friendly to her, while behind her back they repeated all her little faults to Conrad, even if she gave away to a poor person more than they thought right. And all this was done, so that she might the more certainly gain a victory over impatience!!

Indeed she was patient, and possessed, in addition to it, of many other great and astonishing qualities. When she prayed her eyes sparkled. On one occasion she prayed for the recovery of a youth in his presence, at his request, so heartily and fervently, that he exclaimed: "Oh arise, I can not stand this fervent glow any longer." Her love for God was so all-absorbing, that on that account she forgot all the wealth of the earth. Once she said to her maids: "The Lord has heard my prayer—I look upon all my worldly possessions, which I once loved, as dung. May God be my judge, if my children are more to me than those of my neighbor. To God I have given them; let Him do with them what He pleases. Contempt, calumny and scorn are sources of pleasure; for I have nothing but God."

Thus was actually attained what the spiritual longing planted in her soul desired, what Conrad labored to secure, what Pope Gregory advised in his Epistolary communications! The grey sister Elizabeth, the Princess in the patched gown, standing by the bedside of the sick or washing dishes, had renounced the world, while her spirit was lost in the contemplation of heavenly regions.

But the strength of her body had gone also. During November 1231, Lewis' widow lay upon her-death bed in the 24th year of her age. After she had heard a sweet sound as though the voice of a little bird from the wall, which she hummed then to herself, she passed away, strengthened by the sacrament from the altar, as though in a gentle sleep.

A phenomenon probably unequaled; thoroughly pious, modest, cheerful, full of love to God and man. But by her death-bed we must acknowledge, that she was a sacrifice to the ecclesiastical powers of the age; torn from her family, even from her first-born —the son of an exemplary Prince and his rightful successor, torn from her fatherland which was plunged from prosperity into dismemberment. We have one saint more, but——one true Princess and Mother less!

Money Well Spent.—"The first piece of money," said a gentleman, "that I ever had I spent for a book. It was the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I well remember how pleased I was. The pictures, the reading, the blank leaves, were mine, and my name was written on one of the blank leaves at the beginning. That book laid the foundation of my library. All the pence my uncle gave me, I saved for books. Every book I bought I longed to read, and that prevented my time as well as money from being wasted; for the books which I bought I consulted older friends about, and they were worth reading; and I would say to every boy and girl, 'Do not foolishly spend all your pocket-money in other things, but lay the foundation of a good library with it.'"—*S. S. Visitor.*

THAT LINE FENCE.

Old farmer Smith came home in a miff
From his field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon, a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And the wrathful brow is clearing now,
Under the cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work
And listen to what I say;
What can I do, but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?

"I have built *my* fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,
I am tempted to make a sale!

"Why John, dear John, how you do go on!
I'm afraid it will be as they say!"
"No, no, little wife, I have learned that strife
In a lawyer's hand don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
I have heard that he said he would;
And you know long ago, the law wronged me so,
I vowed I never should.

"So what can I do, that I will not rue,
To the man across the way?"
"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
The man with a spectre gray!

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
And then you have gained a neighbor;
It would cost you more to peep in the door
Of a court, and much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's *build* him a fence,
And shame such thoughts out of the fellow."
They built up his part, and it sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good lay mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,
They opened, with interest, a letter;
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
Said the man was growing better.

—*Clyde Hawthorne.*

THE WIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Concluded.

It must have been a sad day to Jacob, when he detected Rachel in a theft. She was the ideal of his heart; the embodiment of all womanly virtues; whose charms made fourteen long years of service seem pleasingly brief, like passing holidays. Surely he can trust her. Rachel is honest. So certain is Jacob on this score, that he tells the ill-humored Laban: "With whomsoever thou findest thy gods, let him not live."

The wife of the devout, God-fearing Jacob, steals her father's image of an idol—is still a secret idolatress, after all the lessons her husband has taught her. How difficult it is to divest ourselves of the impressions and habits formed in childhood! For twenty years Jacob has earnestly wrought at Rachel's heart, trying to cure her of her early idolatry. And she has just as earnestly striven to love and worship the true God. Now, in starting out on a journey, the thought may have occurred to her: "What, if after all, Jacob's God would fail us, in a strange country! Better take our home and household images along. They can do no harm; they may do us good."

Thus the defects of early training, will here and there crop out in later life. Like the scar left by the boy's hatchet in the tender sapling. Wood grows over the mark, and the sapling becomes a tall and mighty oak. A hundred years later, a tempest sweeps over the plain, and breaks it off, where the scar deep in the wood, has left a weak spot. An able legal friend, read Volney's infidel works when a boy, intending only to remember his sound instruction, and forget his pernicious errors. The poison clave to his mind, and harassed him with doubts to the end of his life. Persons taught and trained on the path of Christ from early childhood, become so firmly rooted in it, that it requires a powerful temptation to lure them away from it.

Jacob sees the danger of allowing even the smallest vestiges of a false religion to remain in his family. Much as he loves Rachel, he loves God more. At Bethel he and his family have a thanks-

giving service, in commemoration of God's gracious deliverance from Esau. Ere they go up to Bethel, they must deliver "all the strange gods which were in their hands, and Jacob hid them under the oak which was by Shechem." This was making thorough work with this domestic reformation, and it wrought a permanent cure.

THE TRIALS OF BEAUTY.

"Beauty is a dangerous gift." This the patriarchs had to experience. Sarah, Rebekah and Rachel are praised for their natural charms. Abraham had become a powerful prince, possessing great wealth. He must have had thousands of sheep, goats and camels, and including women and children, more than a thousand servants. Then, as now, the early and latter rain sometimes failed to come, and a great drouth brought famine to the land of Canaan. Twice the famine compels Abraham to seek bread and pasture in a foreign country. Once he seeks relief in Egypt. Fearful that some of the wicked Egyptian princes might kill him in order to get Sarah, he represented himself as her brother. She being the daughter of his step-brother, this relationship in oriental language would admit of this representation, just as Abraham calls his nephew, Lot, his "brother." Still, it was not, strictly speaking, the truth, and God punished him for the wrong. Sarah is sixty-five years old. It was not long till "the princess of Pharaoh commanded her before Pharaoh, and the woman was taken into his house." Corrupt courtiers they were, seeking the favor of their king by the ruin of another. God interposed, and Sarah was returned to her spouse.

Again Abraham leaves his country, and journeys to Gerar. This time, too, he trembles for his life, and tells "Abimelech, the king," that Sarah is his sister. And the king takes her to wife. In a dream God warns the king, and he penitently returns Sarah to Abraham, reproving him for tempting him to sin. This time Sarah is ninety years of age. Tell me, ye fair readers of the "Guardian," what think ye can be the natural charms of a lady of ninety years? Over this question many an infidel scoffer has jested at the expense of the Scriptures. In certain climates, and with certain healthful habits of life, ladies retain the fair complexion and features of youth till old age. Sarah came from a country whose women are noted for a fresh and clear complexion, which in Egypt was considered a very rare female endowment. Moreover, at that time the life of man was twice its present length, when a woman of sixty was still in the prime of life.

Isaac, too, must suffer with famine. He seeks bread in Gerar, in the south country, taking Rebekah with him. "She is my sister," he said to the king, "for he feared to say, she is my wife, lest, said he, the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah; for she

was fair to look upon." The king is a better man than Isaac supposed, and rebukes the patriarch for telling an untruth.

This trouble of the patriarchs, by reason of their attractive wives, gives us a sad picture of the state of society in that day. Where is there a prince or king now, in the civilized world, who would even be suspected of molesting a private family in this way? A sad glimpse, too, it gives us of the moral imperfections of these good men of old. Showing as, in many other cases, that the Bible gives us the history of men and women, who are of like passions with ordinary mortals, subject to like infirmities and defects, equally in need of the grace and pardon of God, in order to be saved.

PATRIARCHAL SORROW.

Many sorrows affect these mothers of great people. God promises a son to Sarah. Yet she remains childless, even to old age. Her slave bears Ishmael. Will not God accept him as the promised seed? Hagar becoming a mother, taunts her mistress. Strife and bitter jealousies enter the family, and the bondwoman, with her child, is banished from the family. Whence shall the promised son come now? God appears to their comfort. Sarai's name is changed into Sarah—*The princess.* Angels visit her tent, and eat at her table, and bring her the promise of a son. The idea of becoming a mother in her old age provokes her to laugh, for which she receives an angelic rebuke.

Isaac is born, when the shadows of old age are falling on her. How her soul exults and praises God. The sweet babe, the prattling boy, the blooming youth, how he wound and rooted himself into the mother's heart, as she spoke to him of God, and prayed with him, and breathed into his soul the sweet and pure breath of her maternal heart.

One day Abraham comes into the tent. His face looks sad and careworn. A hard duty hath God laid upon his heart. Shall he tell it to Sarah? The wife ought to know the husband's secrets. Yes? If she knows how to keep them. And he should know hers? Yes, between man and wife there will be no secrets, if both are what they ought to be; none save such as Abraham kept from pity for his wife.

Why then does Abraham not let Sarah into the dread secret of Isaac's sacrifice? How can he? After waiting so long for her boy, and he being such an angelic youth, and now to have him bound hand and foot, and killed in sacrifice, at God's command, and the father to apply the deadly knife! How can he break poor Sarah's heart, by telling her the bloody news? How very naturally and humanly he acts—a pious nature he shows—in keeping it

from Sarah. This reminds us of the sorrows of Mary—whose maternal soul was pierced through with a sword.

Surely, as he turns away from his tent with Isaac and two young men carrying the "claved wood," Abraham breathes a blessing upon Sarah, looking after them, wondering what all this meant. A beautiful touch of affectionate connubial wisdom is this silence of Abraham, bearing the burden of his sorrow alone, to save the poor mother of Isaac from its crushing blow.

But does not this simply defer the dreaded duty? What if he returns without Isaac? Then surely the horrid news must be broken to her! Alas! Many a sorrowing Sarah insists on knowing the worst of the story—she must know it at once, and know it all. Herein she acts unwisely. Little by little, and with a prayerful, gentle hand lay the burdens of her already over-burdened heart. Is it not unkind, showing indeed an unfaithful state of heart to keep aught from her? Nay, verily. Great was the sorrow of our Lord's disciples, greatest the sorrow of the women of Galilee, who clustered around the sorrowful mother of Jesus, when His crucifixion was approaching. Surely He will conceal nothing from these tried, loving followers! Least of all from her who thus far bore Him on her heart! Will He not? "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." (John xviii. 12.) Sarah durst not know the secret of this mission. "God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt-offering"—He may provide a remedy for Sarah's sorrow.

Abraham returns to Mamre from Moriah, bringing Isaac with him. Surely his heart must have hummed praises to God as he rode over the twenty-five miles homeward. For a three-fold sorrow had weighed on his soul. That he must lose the son of his old age, and to have too long deferred hope disappointed in the end; that he must fall by his father's hand; that he will have to report the bloody deed to Sarah. Many a time have I seen a broken-hearted mother, leaning on the arm of her husband, at the grave of her child. Firmly stood the father, sobbing out his bitter tears. But for his arm she would sink to the earth. By the help of God, Abraham holds up Sarah—the husband upholds the wife. He too feels the stroke, feels it for himself and her, but God has given him stronger nerves, formed him in a stouter mould, although her faith may be as strong as his. A touching scene are parents at the grave of a child, the strong arm of the father upholding the sinking mother.

Think of the little group at Abraham's tent, after his return. Now he can tell Sarah the whole story—how he had to obey God, had already bound the trembling boy and laid him on the altar, and seized the sacrificial knife to slay his child, when God in mer-

cy interposed. Surely she must have clasped Isaac to her grateful bosom, whilst she shudderingly thought of the transaction.

Favoritism in families is always productive of mischief. Without intending to harm any, the mother inclines more kindly to some one of her children than to the rest. Jacob must get Joseph a coat of many colors. Joseph may deserve it, but his getting it will excite his brothers to jealousy and even to murder. Isaac and Rebekah have arrived at old age. He is blind and in his dotage. They have two sons, twins, born to them twenty years after their marriage, when Isaac is sixty years of age. The sons are of very different appearances and dispositions. Esau is "rough, ruddy and hairy." Jacob seems to have been gentle, smooth, tender, feminine. Naturally enough, Esau became a hunter, delighting in the wild sports of the chase. Jacob became a shepherd and herdsman, indulging his peaceful, quiet temper and taste in pastoral life. Isaac loved the brusk, masculine Esau, Rebekah's favorite is the gentle Jacob. The sons are twenty-five years of age. Ere he dies, Isaac must give his boys the paternal blessing. With the patriarchs this had the force of inspired prediction, and secured certain blessings and gifts. Esau being the elder, and his father's favorite, is to receive the chief and first blessing, to whose seed Canaan and the promise of the Messiah would thereby be given. Rebekah cannot endure this. Through her advice, Jacob disguises himself as Esau before his father, and secures the blessing by means of a trick.

Like a stain on a snow-white garment, is the sin of a child of God—the sin of a godly matron like Rebekah. To take advantage of the blindness of Isaac, and practice deceit in connection with a solemn religious act, one would little expect from the daughter of Bethuel. "Isaac trembled very exceedingly" when he discovered the deception, which is not surprising. And Esau "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry;" he "lifted up his voice and wept." The fury of the injured brother soon thirsted for the blood of Jacob. To save his life he is sent to Padan-aram. As a modest, Mesopotamian maiden, how lovely and attractive is Rebekah. A loving and devoted wife she seems to have been. Very sad is this deed of falsehood, in her old age throwing a cloud over the sunny joys of a long life. The sun of Isaac and Rebekah, setting in a cloud, by reason of this first and last great error of her life. What tempted her to sin? Evidently her eagerness to run ahead of Providence.

When David brought up the ark from Baale of Judah, he set it upon a new cart, driven by Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab. Good and careful drivers, but over anxious to help God to do His work. As the wagon rumbled over the rough hills of Ju-

dah, it shook the ark. Uzzah put forth his hand, to keep it from falling, whereby the anger of God was kindled, that he "smote him there for his error." What need has God of man's feeble hand to keep His ark from falling? Least of all, has He need of a deception. Do evil that good may come. The end sanctifies the means. You may lie, rob, steal, deceive, if thereby you can serve the cause of Christ. This is Jesuitism, found in the Protestant no less than in the Catholic Church. Get up a church-lottery to pay a church debt; a church-fair, with games of chance, and tricks to deceive, which in principle are gambling; overreach in your business, and palm off on your customers inferior goods for superior prices, with the intention of giving largely of your profits to Christ's needy cause—away with your lying and defrauding for God's sake.

Rachel, too, hath her sorrows. Not without a pang does she witness the injustice which Jacob receives at the hand of Laban, and how sadly she leaves the house of her childhood by stealth, as a fugitive. Deeply must she have sympathized with the terror of Jacob, on the dreadful night at Mahanaim. Had not Jacob wronged Esau, and he still knows and remembers the wrong, and is tormented by a sense of guilt? Surely much godly sorrow must he have mingled with the night-long wrestling with God's angel. In his greatest danger, as he sees Esau, with his four hundred men approaching, his tender heart goes out toward Rachel and her lovely boy. For the safety of his wives and children, he put them in the rear of his long train—"*Rachel and Joseph hindermost,*" the farthest from danger. Through what an agony must she have passed during these days of terror.

PATRIARCHAL HOMES.

Think not that these ancient dames lived like barbarians. Of course the roving habits of the pastoral lords deprived them of much that we would deem desirable. They lived not in princely palaces. Black tents, covered with skins, were their abodes. A large number of tents were needed for the whole family, and the servants. The wife had her own separate dwelling, which she arranges according to her taste. Isaac brought his bride into *Sarah's tent* (Gen. xxiv. 57). Rachel and Leah each had her own tent (Gen. xxxi. 33). All that belonged to the wife was kept in her tent, even the saddle and baggage of her camel, when traveling (Gen. xxxi. 34). These curtained-dwellings could be ornamented and furnished according to the means and taste of the owner. Usually, the number and quality of tents were an index of a man's wealth (Gen. xiii. 5). Their style of living required but little furniture, and less work at sweeping and house-cleaning. The latter seems to be a modern invention, and peculiarly American.

Although socially ranking among the highest classes, having many servants at their command, these women knew how to "bake a loaf of bread," and were not ashamed to bake it. With her own hands Sarah bakes the cakes upon the hearth, for her angel-guests. The wives of the most powerful Sheikhs of Arabia, bake the bread, make the coffee, and superintend the preparation of their meals. Their daughters wash the clothes, spin flax and wool, and with veiled faces bear pitchers of water on their heads, from the limpid fountain. With her own hands the intriguing Rebekah prepared the savory venison which Jacob brought to his father.

Are these worthy matrons of old behind or ahead of the times? We need scarcely wonder, with habits of life that gave them an abundance of fresh air and healthful exercise, that they were seldom sick, and retained the bloom and blessing of vigorous health to a great age. The mothers and daughters of the nineteenth century might learn useful lessons about the laws of health from these sisters of old.

Lest I might be charged with affirming that whereof I know nothing, I will let Harriet Beecher Stowe speak on this subject:

"The universal cry now about the ill health of young American girls is the fruit of some three generations of neglect of physical exercise and undue stimulus of brain and nerves. Young girls are now universally *born* delicate. The woman who enfeebles her muscular system by sedentary occupation, and overstimulates her brain and nervous system, when she becomes a mother, perpetuates these evils to her offspring. They cannot study without their eyes fail, or they have the headache—they cannot get up their muslins, or sweep a room, or pack a trunk, without bringing on a backache. They go to a concert or lecture, and must lie by all the next day from exertion. If they skate, they are sure to strain some muscle; or if they fall and strike the knee or hit an ankle a blow, that a healthy girl would forget in five minutes, terminates in some mysterious lameness which confines our poor sybils for months.

The young American girl of our times is a creature who has not a particle of vitality to spare,—no reserved stock of force to draw upon in cases of family exigency. She is exquisitely strung, she is cultivated, she is refined; but she is too nervous, too wiry, too sensitive,—she burns away too fast; only the easiest of circumstances, the most watchful of care and nursing can keep her within the limits of comfortable health. And yet this is the creature who must undertake family life in a country where it is next to an absolute impossibility to have *permanent* domestics.

In fact we in America have so far got out of the way of a womanhood that has any vigor of outline or opulence of physical proportions, that, when we see a woman, made as a woman ought to be,

she strikes us as a monster. Our willowy girls are afraid of nothing so much as growing stout, and if a young lady begins to round into proportions like the women in Titian's and Giorgione's pictures, she is distressed above measure, and begins to make secret inquiries into reducing diet, and to cling desperately to the strongest corset-lacing as her only hope.

From the time she is seven years old, the first thought of the school-girl, when she rises in the morning, is to eat her breakfast and be off to school. She has barely time to complete her toilet and take her morning meal before her school begins. She returns at noon with just time to eat her dinner, and the afternoon session begins. She comes home at night with books, slate and lessons enough to occupy her evening. What time is there for teaching her any household work, for teaching her to cut, or fit, or sew, or to inspire her with any taste for domestic duties? Her arms have no exercise, her chest, and lungs, and all the complex system of muscles, which are to be perfected by quick and active movement, are compressed while she bends over book, and slate, and drawing-board; while the ever-active brain is kept all the while going at the top of its speed. She grows up spare, thin and delicate, and while the Irish girl, who sweeps the parlors, rubs the silver and irons the muslins is developing a finely-rounded arm and bust, the American girl has a pair of bones at her sides, and a bust composed of cotton padding, the work of a skillful dress-maker."

Possibly Mrs. Stowe's picture is somewhat over-colored. Her "American girl" may be mainly a New England growth. Withal there is much truth in what she says, and the truth we commend to the earnest attention of all whom it may concern.

Our Hands.—The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of the will, its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hands are twenty-nine bones, in the mechanism of which result strength, mobility, and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the whole power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and, accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.

ANNO DOMINI.

BY PERKIOMEN.

"*Anno Domini*" is a 'confession of Christian faith' in short-hand. Any expert stenographer would most likely decipher and interpret it to mean: "*I believe in Jesus Christ His only-begotten Son Our Lord.*" As the narrow cell of a grain of mustard seed compresses within its walls a future tree, of infinitely larger proportions—the trunk and branches, leaves, blossoms, fruit and all—so does our '*Anno Domini*' condense, as in a nutshell, our individual and National faith. It is a Christian people's way of saying, what the Apostles express in the more measured language of Dogma. It looks on the escutcheon of Christendom, very much like the '*E Pluribus Unum*,' on the ægis of the Union. We regard the '*Anno Domini*' as an œcumenical intuition of Christian nations, bearing upon itself all the marks, and fulfilling all the conditions of a genuine Creed—'everywhere—always, and by all.' It is Christianity photographed in a *focus*, and worn near the heart of the multitude.

'*Anno Domini*' is a body of circumstantial evidence in favor of the incarnation of the Son of God. The advent of Jesus Christ is presented in an epigram as it were. Without design and unconsciously, a chain of testimony is forged from age to age, year after year, daily, and at every turn in life; by friends, indifferent ones, and foes; in matters of weighty and trivial import—all of which proves far more satisfactorily than any series of direct and positive facts can establish, the birth of Jesus Christ—because there is not the least room left for a cabal of conspiracy to form. Letters of friendship, business and commerce; legal instruments of writing; the public sheets that drop from the printing-press, like leaves from the trees in a forest, all the transactions among civilized people, that are in anywise deserving of a dating, are made to come under a familiar '*Anno Domini.*' We need not look far abroad, then, for the "evidences of Christianity," since all things 'crown Him Lord of all,' right by us. It is for us a faint revealing of that great day of universal homage, still coming nearer, when 'every knee shall bow and every tongue confess' before Him. A very loud testimony is uttered in behalf of the advent of Jesus in our '*Anno Domini.*' '*Anno Domini*' is the name of a volume which the skeptic is constantly stereotyping against himself.

We are wont to charge men with teaching and believing in theory, what they ignore and confute in practice. There is room for such an accusation, doubtless, in numberless instances. But may not its converse, likewise, be said to hold? Do not infidels and skeptics deny Christianity as a Creed, whereas they admit it as a controlling factor both in their own lives and in that of the civilized world? Why do they not sometimes adopt the chronology of the Chinese, or that of the Israelites, just to show the solidity of their doubt? An occasional protest, expressing itself in this way, we would regard as somewhat consistent. But, no! They write '*Anno Domini*' as smoothly and as invariably as Christian hands do. Over and under their own hands and signatures they bear witness to the great epoch-making fact of the birth of the Son of God. How readily their 'fine gold becomes dim,' we may all see, so long as the mere shadow of our '*Anno Domini*' can tarnish the brilliancy of their argument.

'*Anno Domini*' is a symbol of the 'new creation in Christ Jesus.' The 'year of the world' was at once supplanted by the 'acceptable year of the Lord.' The ancient cycle of time, *before Christ*, had been consummated and shelved, as a superannuated order, and the door opened for a new era to dawn upon us. From this period onward, all ages shall be gauged by the Christian standard. The 'year of our Lord' becomes the measure of time now. Behold, all things become new! History falls under our '*Anno Domini.*' The birth of our children; the demise of mortals; the dates of facts—everything that is noted at all, is *so* noted. The numerals change as if by magic, from year to year, but the starting point is never lost sight of. The familiar number—1870—changes into 1871; as water blushed to wine once, under the hands of Christ, so is He virtually Lord of time as He is Lord of eternity, and is approximating the actual, according to the power whereof He is subduing all things unto Himself—'the new heavens and the new earth.' Not outside, but '*Anno Domini*' is history moving already—and the road's end will be the consummation of Christ's kingdom. As long as we behold the finger-board and follow in the way of its pointing, we are marching nearer to the city of the great King.

'*Anno Domini*' illustrates the fixidity of Christ, amid a sea of changes. Since the advent of the Son of God, this phrase is made to stand as sponsor to the doings of men. It is ever the one and same phrase, no matter when, what, or how human actions transpire. Days, weeks, months and years succeed each other; even centuries close their long open doors, but all time, with its greater or lesser divisions, is ever yet '*Anno Domini.*' 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' The rock in the sea stands undisturbed amid the endless race of waves. They dash upon it and fall back to be seen no more. So peers the 'Rock of Ages' above the panorama of the

world's history, ever young and undying. Only that which may be said to exist *in the Lord* can partake of His permanency; all else is but a vain show. As men and things are embraced in His love, are they possessed of eternal life, even as all time will be swallowed up! '*Anno Domini*' at last.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

When Lord Lindsey was traveling in Egypt he found a mummy, the inscription on which showed that it was two thousand years old. Unwrapping it, he found in one of its hands a tiny root. He brought the root to England and planted it, when lo! it bloomed and produced a beautiful flower. The following beautiful stanzas by MRS. S. H. BRADFORD, were suggested by this interesting incident:

Two thousand years ago, a flower
  Bloomed lightly in a far off land.
Two thousand years ago, its seed
  Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
  That man had lived, and loved, and died;
And even in that far-off time,
  The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went:
  The dead had kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
  While life was hidden in that shell.

The shriveled hand is robbed, at last:
  The seed is buried in the earth,
When lo! the life, long hidden there,
  Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
  From such a seed, when planted low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
  And died—two thousand years ago!

And will not He who watched the seed
  And kept the life within the shell
When those He loved are laid to rest,
  Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
  Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleep two thousand years,
  Yet, all this buried dust shall rise!

Just such a face as greets you now,
  Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far will rise
  To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
  When called to leave this vale of tears:
For in my flesh shall I see God,
  Even though I sleep—two thousand years!

THAT GREAT GIFT.

BY S. P. H.

Shakspeare, in his beautiful drama of the "Tempest," vividly portrays, under the guise of an imaginary character, the counterpart of one whose existence is but too real, and with that intimate acquaintance with every maze of the human heart, so characteristic of him, he, at the same time, there illustrates one of its saddest traits.

Prospero, Duke of Milan, having been secretly exiled from his dukedom, and transported to a distant island, finds thereon a savage and deformed brute, Caliban. Taking pity on his horrible wretchedness and meaningless gabble, Prospero essays to tame his turbulent spirit, teaches him the use of speech, and gives him intelligible expression to his purposes and will. For this he receives but an ill return, and, compelled to arrest the wretch in the attempt to commit a vile crime, Prospero *tells* him:

"Abhorred Slave:
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known."

To this reminder of the services of Prospero, Caliban, in whom is blended the sensuality of the brute, with the sullen revenge and base ingratitude of the human, bitterly retorts:

"You have taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, *I know how to curse:* the red plague aid you
For learning me your language."

Ah! how much of woe there is in that reply! Not sorrow, not penitence, nor hope, but abject woe. For Caliban the gift is nothing, for he perverts it to a false use. Having been taught language,

his profit on't is to curse. All gloom and darkness there! No sunlight, no silvery cloud, no moral warmth! Saddest yet, this gift of language becomes a curse to himself, in that it brings with it many another gift likewise to be debased; in that it is made the echo of his own curses to revert on his own ears with deadly and damning force. It might have been to him the interpreter of the kind words, and the vehicle of the better thoughts of men. Yet does it fail in its purpose. With Caliban it is transformed into the bearer of the fiercest maledictions. Beyond all, this gift might have brought him a knowledge of something divine and deathless, of a hope of something to be realized in Immortality, of that Holy Physician, whose words are as balm to the wounded and helpless, and whose name is worthy of praise and adoration. Did Caliban apprehend in his prize these glorious truths and privileges? Nay, in the bitterness of his soul the gift did profit him that he knew how to "curse." As little as fine clothing could add to his physical deformity did this gift add to his moral deformity. Has not the "immortal bard" here drawn a living, real character?

God never created a "Caliban." Yet has he an existence, is amongst us, is moving in the midst of us, casting over us the vicious slime of his foul breath. Into the highways and byways of life, into the palace and into the hut does he force his presence to utter his calumniations. He has been taught a language which he perverts and sinks to his own miry level. There are such of human creatures, "whose natures are so debased and embittered, that everything received into them becomes debased and embittered—for everything must assimilate to the soul that receives it." Perhaps none of all the gifts of God have been so abused as this great "gift of speech."

The slanderer, whose poisonous sting inflicts the ill-healing wound, and whose aspersions ruthlessly blot purity and virtue, has this gift. The mischief-maker—whose ear is ever on the watch for the unguarded word—that word as harmless as unguarded, evanescent as the spark that flies into the air—but for him is made the swift source of hatred and rancor. The seducer—concealing his treachery in honeyed words and guileful pretence of love carrying ruin to his victim, as did the asp, hidden in the leaves, bear to Cleopatra. The blasphemer—who has been taught the awful name of God, by whose impious irreverence and mockery but his own doom is declared. The infidel—armed with all the strength of his rhetoric, commending in glowing terms the cup of unbelief to the young lip, and with his polished steel severing himself and many a poor soul from that written promise, "He that believeth in me." All these have this gift, and their profit on't is that they "know how to curse"—to curse themselves, their fellow-men, the world

and their God. And when the great Judge shall come, clothed in justice and righteousness, where shall these stand? Aye, and an awful truth it is, the very gift which might have been in verity a gift, then must be the expression of their own just accusation and condemnation.

All men are taught language. What is their profit on it? It may be the language of derision. Do they use it to scoff at truth, purity and goodness, or to make falsehood, baseness and treachery despicable? It may be the language of eloquence. Do they use it to engender sectional hatred, and to estrange men's affections, or do they woo them to that which is noble and good, and teach them right and justice? Do they preach a Christless religion, or standing on Calvary's Hill, are they inspired by its theme? It may be of logic. Do they with it lure men's reason to false assumptions and their own ideals, or do they make it the beacon to guide to truth and its source and life-principle—God! It may be the language of the market-place, the counting-house, or the work-shop. Is it their profit on it that they know how to deceive and defraud? They are taught the language of every-day life. Does it abound with kind or bitter, good or evil words? Is it the language of her who,

> "When she spake,
> Sweete words, like dropping honey she did shed:
> And 'twixt the perles and rubies softly brake
> A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemed to make?"

Yes! there is indeed another language than that that did profit Caliban. It speaks to us with a forcible appeal by the lilies of the field, by the birds of the air, by the radiant hosts of the starry sky, and by all the varied and beauteous objects of God's universe. It finds expression in a spirit of forbearance of fellow-infirmities, and toleration of humanity's imperfections. It finds expression in that it disarms malice, subdues temper, turns revenge to kindness, and paves the darkened path with gems and sunlight. It finds expression in the word of hope, of encouragement, of sympathy, and of consolation. It finds expression in carrying a genial temper into the busy bustle of life, into the social circle, and even into the calm and silent retreats of solitude. It finds expression in an honest eagerness to pluck out from amongst the many thorns the sweet-scented rose, and distil from it the aroma of a contented and kindly disposition. It found its most lovely expression in that sorrowful life that drew its first breath in the manger at Bethlehem, in the end to win on the Cross a triumphant and glorious victory over death—this language of LOVE.

Have we learned this language? If so, then, unlike Caliban, our profit on it is that we know how to BLESS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The March number of this monthly contains eighteen articles on the following subjects. Weather Telegrams and Storm Forecasts; King Gambrinus and his Subjects; Will She Ride or Walk; In a Garret; Lucy Peer; Homeward; The Ancient Fenians; Victor Emmanuel's Queen; Life in the Cannibal Islands; Wilfred Cumbermede; The Celestials in the Sunday School; The Outcast; Topics of the Time; The Old Cabinet; Beyond the Seas; Home and Society; Books and Authors; At Home; Etchings. Three of the articles are handsomely illustrated.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, [illegible] of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXII. APRIL, 1871. No. 4.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII. — APRIL, 1871. — No. 4.

THE BEREAVEMENTS OF THE PATRIARCHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest."

One day I approached the gateway of the great Mosque at Hebron, if possible to enter and stand by the dust of the patriarchs resting within. A surly Turkish guard on the steps turned me mutteringly away, and pointed to a small hole in the wall, through which I might get a peep at the tomb of Abraham. It was his cruel way to taunt the Christian "Infidel," for the hole revealed nothing. Within these walls repose the patriarchs, and the wives of two of them.

Abraham had for many years lived in the neighboring plain, or little valley of Mamre. Here Sarah died in "Kirjath-arba, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan." She is the only woman of whose age, death and burial we have a full description in the Bible. Even Mary, the mother of Jesus, enters into rest, we know not when or where. True, Sarah is the mother of a great race, and deserves all this detailed account of her death. But is not Mary the mother of a greater?

Her age was one hundred and twenty-seven years. At ninety she gave birth to Isaac. At thirty-seven he mourns his mother's death. Thereafter he seeks and sends for one to comfort him in his bereavement and take Sarah's place. It was a long life these two godly people lived together, since their marriage in Mesopotamia. Mutual joys and trials endear and strengthen the ties of wedded life. The longer it lasts, the sorer the parting in the end. In

the dreary shade of old age, it is hard for those to sunder and walk the weary way alone, who have leaned and mutually depended on each other, through the long and changeful years of their pilgrimage.

Sarah died in her own tent, of what disease we know not. Learned Jews say that she died from sorrow, when she heard of the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham leaves his tent and sits on the ground aside her corpse. Hither he "came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her." Imagine the gray-bearded patriarch with furrowed face and waning strength, thus sitting and sobbing out his grief over all that remained of his best earthly friend.

No wonder he felt that he was "a stranger and a sojourner." She, whose absence heretofore was painful, whose presence a source of joy, he seeks to remove "out of his sight." Alas, thus death deforms and dissolves the loveliest forms, and makes them painful to behold! Whither shall he lay her? Where Hebron now stands, on a steep hill-side overhanging a narrow valley, was a plot of ground. The Hethites or Hittites then owned this city. Ephron, a wealthy man among them, owned this field. At the gate of the city, where all business of this sort was transacted, he bought the field for $250.00. Not with the idolatrous Canaanites would Abraham allow himself or Sarah to be buried. In death, as in life, these two must remain united—must live together with the people of their own nation. In a place honestly bought, shaded with trees, undisturbed by heathenish howlings, their sacred dust must rest. There he laid the form of her, once a lovely maiden, a youthful, loving wife, the devoted mother of his son; who mingled his tears with those of his aged father around her bier. It was the first death in his family. In heart and spirit he had been bereft of Isaac, who was given back to him. Now he actually meets the sorrow-giving stroke; must bury the help-meet of his long life.

On this hill-side of Hebron's vale, the patriarchs bought their first property in the Land of Promise, and that was a grave. Here we have the first Bible instance of property and of a purchase of land, of silver as a medium of purchase and a standard of weight; the first record of mourning for the dead and of burial.

It is probable that Rebekah died before Isaac; most likely, too, before Jacob's return. His supposed "few days" of absence became twenty years. She was greatly distressed about Esau marrying an idolatress. The fear that Jacob might marry one of the daughters of Heth made her "weary of life." The meek, afflicted Isaac, tottering with the infirmities of age, must follow her dust to the field of Macpelah, at Hebron, and see her laid aside of his father and mother. And by her side he orders his remains to be

laid. When Jacob was about dying in Egypt, he gave command to bring his body thither, saying: "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

Rachel died on a journey. Like his grand-father, Abraham, Jacob, on his return from Padan Aram, stopped at Shechem and Bethel to worship God. From Bethel he journeyed southward towards Hebron (Mamre) where the aged Isaac was still living. When Joseph was born, Rachel said: "The Lord shall add to me another son." When there was but a little way to Bethlehem (perhaps a mile distant) this second son was given to her, and in bearing him she died. "Give me children, else I die," she exclaimed in her barrenness. Now, in receiving them she dies. Is it a wonder, that up to old age, Jacob regarded this son with peculiar tenderness and favor? The child was given him at a great price—it cost him the life of his Rachel. A blessed truth lies hidden in this sacrificial mystery of child-bearing, where the mother meekly dies that she may give life to an immortal being. Prophetically it proclaims the sweet, yet sad story of Another, whose death brought "life and immortality to light."

> "Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
> The tale of the Holy and true;
> He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
> Lives on in the world anew.
> His seed prevails and is filling the earth
> As the stars fill the skies above;
> He taught us to yield up the love of life,
> For the sake of the life of love.
> His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
> The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain."

When the Philistines had taken the ark of the Lord, and Eli and his sons had been killed, the daughter-in-law of the aged priest gave birth to a son, just as she heard the sad news, and expired. As she was about dying, she called her new-born child Ichabod (Alas, the glory, or the glory has departed). And she said, The glory is departed from Israel; for the ark of God is taken. The dying Rachel calls her child Benoni (the son of my sorrow). Afterwards Jacob named him Benjamin (the son of my right hand). "And Rachel died, and was buried on the way to Ephrath (Ephratah), which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

It was a sad pause the caravan of Jacob made at Ephratah, to bury his dead. She, whom he loved so tenderly, that seven long years of labor "seemed to him but a few days for the love he bore to her," dies in the prime of life, when traveling through a strange

country. A mournful group stood around her dust as they gently laid it to rest. Among all these mourners, no heart is more painfully crushed than that of Jacob. To him a great light has expired. Henceforth earth's pathway will seem darker and drearier than before. Drearier than if he had never had a Rachel? Nay, verily,

> "Better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

From this sorrow he never fully recovered. It cast its shadow over his whole after-life. Even on his dying bed, he calls up this melancholy scene at Bethlehem, and describes it to Rachel's godly son.

"And, as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem" (Gen. xlviii. 7). This story, falling from the lips of the dying father, must have touched a tender chord in the heart of Joseph.

About a mile from Bethlehem, some fifty paces to the right of the road from Jerusalem thither, stands a small stone building with plastered wall and an arched, dome-like white-washed roof. We dismount on the green sward, and walk down the gently sloping hill-side to the building; for few Christian pilgrims pass here without reverently pausing a few moments at Rachel's grave. Here Jacob set up a "pillar" (monument) to mark the place where he had laid her. Since then Jews, Christians and Mohammedans have vied to show their reverence for it. The present building, looking like a small mosque, was put here by the latter. Inside is an oblong monument, built of brick, and stuccoed. Underneath reposes the dust of Rachel. Not a tree shades the surrounding grounds, dotted with many graves of departed Moslems, whose dying wish demanded a resting-place near this sacred spot.

Strange, that Jacob should allow Rachel to remain here alone, whilst he buried Leah, with Sarah and Rebekah at Hebron. Strange, too, that he himself should be willing to be buried apart from her. She dies, almost in sight of home, within twenty miles of Mamre, where the aged Isaac awaited the family of his long-absent son with eager expectations. Her death and burial here consecrate Bethlehem to become the birth-place of Israel's first two kings, and of Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. Her tomb for nearly two thousand years served as a mute sentinel to the place, which was "not the least of the thousands of Israel." And when the brutal Herod slaughtered the innocent children of Bethlehem, in search of the child Jesus, Rachel seems to turn in her

grave from grief. Then Jeremiah's prophecy (Jer. xxxi. 15) was fulfilled: "A voice was heard in Rama, lamentation and bitter weeping: Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children because they were not."

Thus the departed are represented as tenderly sympathizing with the living in their bereavements. Though dead, Rachel enters into the sorrows of Jacob. When he loses Joseph, and they at length take Benjamin from him, "she refuses to be comforted." And now, when many a Bethlehemite mother sits heart-broken aside of her martyr-babe, she has Rachel as a companion in sorrow.

How like the sorrows that are felt now, were those of the patriarchs! No needless parade of grief, no labored exhibition of sobbing sorrow before the gaping crowd, but the subdued, silent woe of sincere hearts. The sacred writers do not get up a "scene" for stage effect. These deaths and burials are all so natural, so touchingly simple. Into Sarah's tent Abraham comes to mourn and to weep for her. The keen sorrow of Jacob is silent. The deepest sorrow is speechless. Blessed are they who mourn over the good departed; for they sorrow not as those without hope.

"There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere."

"WHAT HAS IT DONE FOR YOU?"

The other day, Mr. Bradlaugh was lecturing in a village in the north of England; and at the close, he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer, and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—" "Oh! but that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; but had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. III.

Alexander the Great and his Successors.

"So Alexander reigned twelve years, and then died. And his servants bare rule, every one in his place. And after his death they all put crowns upon themselves; so did their sons after them many years; and evils were multiplied in the earth. And there came out of them a wicked root, Antiochus surnamed Epiphanes, son of Antiochus the king, who had been an hostage at Rome, and he reigned in the one hundred and thirty and seventh year of the kingdom of the Greeks." 1 Maccabees i. 7–10.

We have now arrived at the period of Jewish history, which is included in the books of the Old Testament Apocrypha. In this connection, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret, that these books have, of late, received so little attention. Though as Protestants we, of course, decline to acknowledge their canonical authority, they are yet, as Luther says, "useful and necessary to be read;" for apart from the gems of truth and wisdom that glitter on almost every page, we cannot otherwise obtain a complete view of God's dealings with His chosen people. We, therefore, earnestly advise our youthful friends to read the Apocryphal books, which may be found in most Family Bibles, except those recently printed, occupying their proper historical position between the Old and New Testaments, though generally printed in smaller type than the inspired books of the Sacred Scriptures.

The year B. C. 336 has been termed, one of those "pivots of history," on which the destinies of nations turn. In that year Alexander, afterwards surnamed "the Great," succeeded his father Philip as king of Macedon, and Darius III, ascended the throne of Persia. The history of the rivalry of these great monarchs, and of the final overthrow of the Persian powers at Arbela, is known to every student, and we must, therefore, limit ourselves to such facts as have a direct bearing on our subject.

As Alexander lived immediately after the completion of the Old Testament canon, the only references to him are, of course, prophetical. These are found in the book of Daniel, where he is necessarily spoken of in connection with his successors, though some of

the traits of "the first mighty king" are given with great distinctness. "The he-goat by which he is typified," says Dr. Wm Smith, "suggests the idea of speed and strength; and the marvellous extent and rapidity of his progress are brought forward as the characteristics of his power, which was directed by the strongest personal impetuosity. He ruled with great dominion, and there was none that could deliver out of his hand." Dan. viii. 6, 7.

The author of the Apocryphal book of Maccabees gives us a concise account of the achievements of the great Macedonian conqueror. "He made many wars, and took many strongholds, and went through to the ends of the earth and took spoils of many nations, insomuch that the earth was quiet before him." Mac. i. 2, 3. Nevertheless, the Jews remained loyal to the king of Persia until after the fatal battle of Arbela, and consequently incurred the enmity of his great antagonist. According to the Jewish historian Josephus, Alexander, after he had taken Gaza, marched with a great army towards Jerusalem for the purpose of utterly destroying it; but the High-Priest, Jaddua (Neh. xii. 22), knowing the folly of any attempt at resistance, went to meet him with a great procession, all dressed in white robes, and humbly begged him to accept the submission of the Jewish people. When the king beheld the High-Priest, he is said to have recognized him as a man whom he had beheld in a dream, and becoming reconciled with the Jews, he at once went to Jerusalem and sacrificed in the temple. Whether this story be true, or not, it is certain that Alexander conferred great privileges upon the Jews, and that they had great reason to mourn his early death.

During the reign of Alexander a new currency was introduced into Judea, according to what is known as the Attic standard. The shekel, of the intrinsic value of about 58 cents, was for a time supplanted by the stater, worth 64 cents, showing that silver had become more plentiful, and had consequently slightly depreciated in value. The talent of gold, on the other hand, which had formerly been reckoned at 3000 shekels or $17,400, was now deprived of nearly half of its value, and came to be worth 1500 staters, or about $9,600; while the talent of silver, which was always worth one-tenth as much as that of gold, of course, decreased in value in the same proportion.

In the hope of consolidating his gigantic empire, Alexander reserved to himself the right of coining money, and pieces bearing his name, therefore, became exceedingly plentiful. Indeed, they are by no means rare even now, and hardly a year passes in Oriental countries without the discovery of some additional specimens. They exist in gold, silver, and bronze, and generally bear on the *obverse* a head of Hercules, Pallas, or some other god or goddess

while the device on the *reverse* represents the Genius of Victory, Jupiter holding an eagle, or some other mythologic figure. The name and titles of Alexander, with the initials indicating the place of coinage, generally appear on the *reverse* of these coins, of which some are still extant that were struck at Joppa, in Judea, and at Sycamina in Samaria. The gold-pieces, especially, are very beautiful, and would do credit to the most eminent die-sinkers of the present day.

Alexander died B. C. 323, in the thirty-third year of his age, and his empire at once fell to pieces like a rope of sand. His generals seized the provinces which had been committed to their care, and in this way Seleucius became king of Syria and Ptolemy of Egypt, while Judea appears to have been from the first an apple of discord between them. We have neither time nor patience for an account of the long contests between the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies, which continued for several generations, and was at last compromised by the marriage of the son of the king of Egypt to the daughter of the king of Syria. After divers murders, and other hardly less heinous crimes, Antiochus IV, surnamed Epiphanes, a son of this "marriage of convenience" ascended the throne. Epiphanes means "illustrious," but as it was a title assumed by himself, to which he had no manner of right, it was often rendered by the people Epimanes, which signifies *a madman.* There seems to have been no limit to the cruelty, with which this "illustrious" madman treated the Jewish nation. He fell upon Jerusalem with an army on the Sabbath-day, when he knew the Jews would make no resistance, and slaughtered them by thousands. The law of Moses was burned wherever found, the rite of circumcision abolished by royal decree, and the temple at Jerusalem dedicated, or rather desecrated, to the service of Jupiter Olympus. It was then that the Lord raised up champions for His people in the persons of Mattathias and his five sons, generally called the Maccabees, who were the first to establish a distinctively Jewish coinage, which we will have occasion to describe in our next article.

We have not space to consider at length the money of the successors of Alexander, which, of course, circulated extensively in Bible lands, and may have been still in use at the time of Christ. It generally bears the head of the reigning monarch, and on the *reverse* an eagle or the horn of plenty. It is interesting to study on these coins the features of kings, who lived and died more than twenty centuries ago, and it is generally easy to tell, by the lineaments of their face, whether the originals were of European or of Asiatic origin. Moreover, certain dynasties manifest a strong family likeness, as for instance, the kings bearing the name of Antiochus, who must have looked very much like the Jews, whom they

so cruelly persecuted. Their features were strongly aquiline, and one of them, especially, was popularly called Grypus, which means "hooked nose."

One of the most remarkable of the coins of this period, which probably circulated in Palestine, is a gold-piece of Ptolemy Philadelphus II, king of Egypt (B. C. 285–247), during whose reign the Holy Scriptures were for the first time translated from Hebrew into Greek. It represents on one side the portraits of his father and mother, Ptolemy Soter and his wife Bernice, while on the other side we have Philadelphus and his wife Arsinoe—if indeed she could be called his wife—with faces wreathed in smiles, and looking, as Hudibras has it,

> "Amorous, and fond, and billing,
> Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."*

Thus did this wicked king unblushingly blazon the shame of his incestuous marriage for the execration of all subsequent generations.

While we thus ponder over the money of early ages, we are forcibly reminded of certain lines of the genial poet, Thomas Hood, which, however, have special reference to the money of Great Britain:

> "How widely its agencies vary—
> To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
> As even its minted coins express,
> Now stamped with an image of Good Queen Bess,
> And now of Bloody Mary."

Nevertheless, it is not "money," but "the love of money," which is "the root of all evil." Money, in itself considered, can no more injure the soul, than the dead king, whose image it may chance to bear, can harm the body; and it is only when we grow greedy, and make it an idol, that it becomes a canker and a curse. There is an old song on this subject, which teaches a valuable lesson; but which, we fear, is but seldom sung:

> "When life is full of health and glee,
> Work thou as busy as a bee!
> And take this gentle hint from me—
> Be careful of your money!
> Be careful of your money, boys—
> Be careful of your money;
> You'll find it true, that friends are few
> When you are short of money!

* The marriage of Philip, King of Spain, with Mary, Queen of England, was very unfortunate. On their shillings, coined in 1555, the faces are placed opposite, and pretty near to each other.

But do not shut sweet Mercy's doors
When Sorrow pleads or Want implores;
To help to heal misfortune's sores,
Be careful of your money!
Be careful of your money, boys—
Be careful of your money;
To help the poor who seek your door,
Be careful of your money!"

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY MARY.

"Who giveth songs in the night," Job xxxv. 10.

"And in the night His song shall be with me," Psalm xlii. 8.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night," Psalm lxxvii. 6.

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God," Acts xvi. 25.

Is music ever so sweet as when borne through the night air to the restless ones, who toss on wakeful pillows? Faint, sweet tones that would not be heard in the din of the day, are then soothing and refreshing beyond measure. Thus it is, that when sickness and affliction overshadow the soul, when earthly hopes and comforts fail, Christ the Beloved draws near and becomes exceedingly precious. Oh! what pinions are given to the spirit when

"His voice, like the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard in the valley of death!"

How many thousand rills of comfort the Good Shepherd provides for His sheep in all times and places! We are never led into a "dry and thirsty land" wherein *no* water can be found.

Blessed be poesy! He who has bright, sparkling thoughts, and can give expression to them, holds many a cup of cold water to poor, parched lips. And if this gift is consecrated to Him, who first gave it, and hallowed by the heaven-born motive "in the name of a disciple," "he shall in no wise lose his reward." Such a cup of cold water; such a song in the night, the following simple little poem proved to be when the writer of this was sick, more than a year ago. How many dark hours this little star has brightened since then cannot be told. It was found on a scrap of "The Sunday School Times," picked up almost by accident:

Mercersburg, Pa.

LEANING ON THEE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Leaning on Thee, my Lord,
Trusting Thy gracious Word,
Feeling Thy love assured,
I cannot fear.

Over my drooping head,
Thick may the clouds be spread,
Yet have I nought to dread,
While Thou art near.

Weakness my strength may be,
Trials may weary me,
Leaning through all on Thee,
Saviour so dear.

I know that I shall stand
Victor at Thy right hand,
And in the promised land
All shall be clear.

All the sweet hopes that died,
All the vain thoughts denied,
Fires that purified,
Understood there.

So, though the rain may fall,
So, though the thunder call,
Though the wild storm appal,
I shall not fear.

Jesus, Thine arm is strong;
Jesus, Thou art my song;
Jesus has loved me long,
I'll never fear.

Therefore my joyful feet
Find every pathway sweet,
Since to the golden street,
Onward they wear.

Sometimes the heart must ache;
Sometimes the will must break;
Pain borne for Thy sweet sake,
Jesus, is dear.

Jesus, my love, my Lord,
Trusting Thy precious Word,
Feeling Thy grace assured,
Heaven is near.

Norfolk, Va.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Franklin enjoyed the advantages of a religious training. His parents were godly people. They laid great stress upon a strict observance of the sacraments and ordinances of the Church. They had him baptized the day he was born, showing by this early baptism how strongly they believed in the efficacy of this holy sacrament. They both regularly attended public worship, and tried to conduct their family in a Christian way. Franklin says:

"My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the dissenting (Presbyterian) way. But I was scarce fifteen, when after doubting by turns several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of the revelation itself. . . . I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others."

Some of his free-thinking converts having wronged him greatly, and indeed feeling constrained to admit that he himself had grievously wronged others, which at times gave him great trouble, he says he "began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful." He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, thoroughly infidel, whose teachings he afterwards came to mistrust. Although without faith, "The kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me through this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situation I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, free from any *willful* gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion."

Like many other so-called strong-minded people, Franklin lays more stress on the knowledge of God's mysteries than on simple, child-like faith. "I had been religiously educated a Presbyterian, though some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as *the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, &c.*, appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day."

He had a keen eye to detect flaws in different creeds. Some, he says, "serve principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to

one another. Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia." This minister used to visit and urge him to attend his church. Franklin disliked his sermons, and hence refused to attend, because, as he said, the preacher's aim was rather to make us Presbyterians than *good citizens.* Once he took for his text a verse in Phil. iv., "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, &c." Franklin was pleased with the text, and expected a sermon on the duties of morality. His divisions were: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the sacraments. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. All very good in their place, but they were not in the text, and Franklin saw it with disgust, and no more attended his preaching.

Before this Franklin had composed a small liturgy, or form of prayer for private use, entitled "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion." Thereafter he used this instead of going to church, and says of it: "My conduct might be blameable, but I leave it without attempting further to excuse it."

He felt the need of redemption from sin, but had a life-long weakness of trying to become his own Redeemer. Vice is an evil, a disgrace, a wrong. Virtue is useful, honorable, right. It pays. Therefore we must cultivate purity of heart and life. Thus thought Franklin. He was a Pharisee of the strictest sect, without knowing it. About faith in Christ, and of the doctrines of Revelation, he seemed to have very little concern. It was works, the practice of virtue, that he strove to attain and commend. He says: "I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my attention was taken up, and care employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction, that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping." "Can we keep all these things perfectly? By no means. On the contrary we daily increase our debt." Heidelberg Catechism.

Many a one with such an experience would at once have fled to Christ for deliverance. Franklin sought salvation in works. He formed a list of the following virtues, which he resolved to practice:

"1. Temperance.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. Order.—Let all things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. Frugality.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

6. Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. Moderation.—Avoid extremes. Forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. Cleanliness.—Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. Tranquility.—Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. Chastity.

13. Humility.—Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

He made a little book, in which he had a page for each of these virtues. Each page was ruled with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. A black spot marked the day on which a fault was committed.

To master this table of virtues, he undertook one at a time, beginning with temperance, at the head of the list. "In the first week, my great guard was to avoid every, the least, offence against temperance; leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Proceeding thus to the last, I could get through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And, like him who having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and having accomplished the first, proceeds to the second; so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots; till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination."

In his book he had several mottoes. One from the Proverbs of Solomon, speaking of wisdom:

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Prefixed to the tables of examination in his little book, was the following prayer, for daily use:

"O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to Thy other children, as the only return in my power for Thy continual favors to me."

This prayer would suit any ancient or modern pagan. It is not addressed to God, but to a virtue—Goodness. Thus the benighted ancients deified the elements and virtues of Nature. Is it not sadly strange, that this learned man, one thousand eight hundred years after the birth of Christ, should, in point of religion, be no farther than Socrates was, almost two thousand three hundred years before! He will know nothing of Christ, as the Saviour of sinners. Franklin must be his own Saviour; must lift himself heavenward by pulling at his boot-straps. His table of virtues, as moral maxims, are excellent, so far as they go. The only trouble is, that no mortal can acquire and observe them without faith in Christ, and receiving through Him a spiritual regeneration. The last, or thirteenth, is a melancholy evidence of unbelief. To rank the Son of God with even the wisest and humblest of pagan philosophers, is blasphemy. He tries to patch the old thread-bare garment of man's fallen nature, instead of at once securing the new spotless robe of a blood-bought righteousness.

Another prayer which he sometimes used were six lines from one of Thomson's poems:

"Father of light and life, Thou Good Supreme!" &c.

The twenty-four hours of the day he mapped out into certain divisions of duty. From 5 to 7 A. M., the great question was: What good shall I do this day?——Rise, wash, and address Powerful Goodness! Contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast.

From 8 to 11 A. M., Work.

From 12 to 1, Read, or look over my accounts and dine.

From 2 to 5 P. M., Work.

From 6 to 9 in the evening: the Question, What good have I done to-day. Put things in their places. Supper. Music, or diversion, or conversation. Examination of the day.

From 10 in the evening to 4 in the morning: Sleep.

He followed up this plan for a while. Then went through only one course in his book, instead of four, in a year. Then only through one in several years. At length he quit it altogether. He says, a journeyman printer might be able to carry out this scheme, but not a man who must voyage on business, mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own homes. Though

he never arrived at perfection—of course not—he thinks the effort made him a better and happier man than he otherwise should have been.

The greatest difficulty Franklin had was not so much with his book as with his sinful heart. He thinks his scheme "was not wholly without religion." But it was simply a religion of nature, which will suit a Jew, Moslem, Chinese, Hindoo—anybody. Indeed, great and good a man as Franklin was, in his way, he was a scholarly, virtuous pagan. At first he had but twelve virtues in his book, till a Quaker friend kindly told him that he was generally thought proud. Then, to cure himself of pride, he added *Humility* to his list, with Jesus and Socrates as models of this virtue. But for the hint of his friend, Jesus would have found no place in his "Art of Virtue;" and then only as a wise human being, worthy to be classed with a heathen philosopher. So did a certain Emperor of heathen Rome; among the many gods in the Pantheon, Christ received a niche.

Franklin saw the diseases of a fallen race, but mistook the remedy. He seemed to consider the Christian religion inadequate for its healing. For years his investigating mind vainly searches for some all-healing moral balm. He thinks there is great occasion for raising a new party—"*A United Party of Virtue*, by forming the virtuous and good of all nations into a regular body, to be governed by suitable, good, and wise rulers." Its creed is to be:

1. "That there is one God, who made all things. 2. That He governs the world by His providence. 3. That He ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving. 4. But that the most acceptable service to God, is doing good to man. 5. That the soul is immortal. 6. And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."

Although this new creed of the great American philosopher, lacks the sweet name of Jesus, without whom there can be no true saving religion, he thinks it "contains the essentials of every known religion, and is free of everything that might shock the professors of any religion." Here, as in many other cases, we see how that "not many wise men after the flesh are called."

In 1734, a young Presbyterian minister, named Hemphill, arrived in Philadelphia. He had a good voice, a pleasing delivery, and preached without notes. He dwelt much on the value and importance of virtue and good works. Franklin was greatly pleased with his sermons, whilst many members of Hemphill's congregation, aided by other ministers, arraigned him before his Synod for heresy. Franklin wrote articles and pamphlets in defence of his favorite, who was a poor writer himself. At length Hemphill's enemies detected him in preaching one of Dr. Foster's

sermons. Franklin would rather have him preach other preachers' good sermons, than "bad ones of his own manufacture." Afterwards Hemphill confessed to his philosophic hearer, that none of the sermons he had preached were his own—that with his good memory he could repeat any sermon after reading it once. The clerical plagiarist left the city, and Franklin the congregation.

In 1739 Whitefield arrived in Philadelphia. "Enormous multitudes" assembled to hear him. Franklin was among his first hearers. Like a true philosopher, he watched "the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them they were naturally *half beasts and half devils.*" Soon a wonderful moral improvement appeared in the manners of the inhabitants.

Whitefield and Franklin became personal friends. The latter admired the powers of the orator, and esteemed him as a perfectly honest man. He says, Whitefield "used sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides, and lasted to his death."

Whitefield extended his preaching tour to Georgia. The poverty and degradation of the people there, led him to start the project of founding an "Orphan house." He returned north and preached on the subject, for the purpose of securing the necessary means. Franklin said Georgia was not a suitable place for such an institution. Better build it in Philadelphia, and bring your orphans hither. Whitefield adhered to his plan, and Franklin refused to help him. One day he attended one of his services. Towards the end of the sermon, Whitefield appealed to the congregation to help him in his project for the fatherless. Franklin says: "I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had, in my pocket, a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold (a coin worth $3.00). As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all." A friend of his, opposed to this project, designedly left his money at home, fearful lest Whitefield's oratory might lead his judgment captive. Toward the close of the sermon, he was so carried away, that he asked a neighbor standing near, to lend him some money for the collection. It happened to be a Quaker, who replied: "At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now; for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

Upon one of his arrivals from England, Whitefield wrote to

Franklin that he was coming to Philadelphia, and knew not where he could lodge, as a certain friend with whom he usually lodged had left the city. "You know my house," replied Franklin. "If you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome."

Whitefield replied, that "he would gratefully accept the invitation, and that if he (Franklin) made that kind offer for Christ's sake, he should not miss his reward."

"Don't let me be mistaken" (misunderstood), said Franklin. "It was not for *Christ's* sake, but for *your sake.*" Another evidence how totally this otherwise good and useful man lacked faith in Christ.

Afterwards the Rev. Gilbert Tennent became the pastor of Whitefield's disciples. He applied to Franklin for help and counsel to build a church. He advised him first to apply to all those, who he knew would give him something; next, to those whom he regarded as uncertain; and lastly, he should not pass by those who, he was sure, would give him nothing. For with some of them he might be mistaken.

When he published his newspaper in Philadelphia, he severely berated some merchants for their dishonest business transactions. As he was dependent on this class of people for business patronage, they expected to muzzle his pen. A committee, appointed at a public meeting of merchants, called on him. "Here we have been patronizing and supporting you, and this is our reward," said the enraged merchants. "You must change this mode of doing, or we will show you, that the merchants are a power you may not trifle with. Without our patronage where would you stand?"

"Gentlemen of the Merchants' Committee," said the hard-working printer at his case. "I am as you see, very busy now, but call at my house this evening for dinner. I shall consider the matter over with you in a friendly manner." Surely, Old Ben is frightened, thought the committee. They came at the hour appointed for dinner, and found nothing on the table but mush and a pitcher of milk; and poor mush at that, made of ill-ground corn.

The proud merchants watched the healthy printer making a hearty meal out of the mush and milk; not accustomed to such coarse fare, they disdained to taste it. Rising from the table Franklin politely addressed them thus: "He that can live comfortably on such food can live without your patronage. I shall cease to attack those practices when you cease to practice them, and not before. Gentlemen, good night." Henceforth Franklin had no more trouble with the merchants, who left him, wiser if not better men.

When Tom Paine wrote his work against the Bible, he sent a part of the manuscript to Franklin for his inspection. The following is his reply:

DEAR SIR:—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and favors particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good will be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consist of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it?* I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *profession* to it; but simply subscribe, yours, B. FRANKLIN.

When Franklin was a member of the Convention for forming a Constitution of the United States, this body seemed to make no progress for four or five weeks. To what extent he was a Christian,

toward the close of his life, is known to the great Searcher of hearts. In his own way he had faith in the efficacy of prayer, which the following speech before this Convention shows:

"In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence, we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity; and have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see of this truth, *that God governs in the affairs of men;* and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages; and, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I, therefore, beg leave to move, that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning, before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

Only three or four members voted for Franklin's motion. Franklin was human, of which he always had a painful sense. His many virtues we cordially commend to our readers. His life teaches the pleasing lesson, that, in America, worth and not wealth, is the badge of true distinction; that the poorest boy in the nation, if he is industrious and strives to be virtuous and intelligent, can rise to fame, and become a blessing to human kind. That even an industrious boy, and natural genius, needs the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse him from his sins and save his soul. It is said, that five weeks before his death, he expressed "*a cold approbation of the system of morals of Jesus of Nazareth.*" Dear reader, whatever this may have been worth, I beseech thee take up the cross, and become a disciple of Christ, ere death knocks at thy door.

It is said, twenty thousand people attended Franklin's funeral. He lies buried by the side of his wife, in Christ church grave-yard,

Philadelphia. The following epitaph he wrote for himself before he was twenty-one years old:

"The Body of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms;
But the work shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition,
Revised and corrected,
by
The Author."

THE HAPPIEST MAN ON THIS SIDE OF THE WATER.

BY THE EDITOR.

The name of Amos Lawrence has become a household word in New England. Wherein was he great and good, and how did he become so?

In 1786 he was born in Groton, Massachusetts. His father was a man of limited means; yet in comfortable circumstances; worth about $4000. On a small New England farm he strove to make an honest livelihood for his family. A flock of healthy, happy children daily surrounded his board. He had been an officer in the American Revolution. His beaver hat was pierced by a ball in the battle of Bunker Hill. The hat became a family heirloom. Many an evening group of messmates and fellow-soldiers did the old man gather around his hearth, to whose thrilling stories the children listened with intense interest.

It was before the common school system had been introduced. The district-school house was but a short distance from the Lawrence home. The schoolmaster boarded among the parents of the scholars—the most of the time with Samuel Lawrence, the father of Amos.

Amos Lawrence was a delicate child. Often he was kept out of school by sickness, when he would while away his time at home with his books and tools. In the spring and summer he made many a pop-gun and squirt with pen-knife and jack-knife out of elder wood. In later life he said: "I like the plan of boys ac-

quiring a taste for tools, and of their taking pains to learn their use." The art may become valuable to them, besides being conducive to health. Referring to these early days on his father's farm, he wrote in later life: "The beautiful images of early life come up in these bright moonlight nights, the like of which I used to enjoy in the fields below our old mansion, where I was sent to watch the cattle. Then I studied astronomy to more account than ever afterwards; for the heavens were impressive teachers of the goodness of that Father, who is ever near to each one of His children."

Of course, we could not expect this New England boy, or any other boy, to be an angel. His bad natural heart gave him early trouble, but he fought the evil bravely.

"More than fifty years ago your father and I were school children together. I attended then at the old meeting-house, or North Barn, as it was called by way of derision, where I once remember being in great tribulation at having lost my spelling-book on the way. It was afterwards restored to me by Captain Richardson, who found it under his pear tree, where I had been without leave, on my way to school, and with the other children helped myself to fruit."

This he wrote to an old schoolmate. Afterwards he became a student at the Groton Academy. His health being too delicate for farm work, he was placed in a small store in a neighboring village. A few months later he entered a store in his native town. His employer, through a mistaken kindness, offered his clerks strong drink at certain hours of each day. Finding that the desire for liquor increased as the hour approached, Amos Lawrence solemnly vowed not to taste another drop. He bore the ridicule of his comrades with courageous patience. Out of five boys then in the store, he was the only one that did not become a drunkard. He had not been one month in the store until he saw that restraint upon his appetite was necessary to prevent the slavery which destroyed many around him. "Many and many of the farmers, mechanics, and apprentices of that day, have filled drunkards' graves, and have left destitute families and friends."

He served an apprenticeship of seven years. The young man of twenty-one, must now look out for himself. His mind naturally turns to Boston. Thither he rides with his father's horse and chaise, a kind neighbor serving as driver, to whom he gives two dollars; leaving him eighteen dollars. This was all he was then worth.

He took lodgings in the family of a widow. For his own sake and that of others, he proposed that very evening, after supper, all the boarders remaining in the sitting-room, should keep quiet for at least one hour, so as to give to those who wished to read or study, an opportunity to do so without being disturbed. Some, unwilling to submit to this arrangement, spent their evenings at theatres and

other places of amusement. In after life every one of these "became bankrupt, not only in fortune, but in reputation," while the majority of those who spent the hour in reading, acquired a good character, and some "became ornaments of society."

After serving as a clerk for a short season, he commenced business for himself. His small store soon expanded into large and lucrative dimensions. He made about $1500 the first year, and more than $4000 the second. He says: "Probably, had I made $4000 the first year, I should have failed the second or third year. I practiced a system of rigid economy, and never allowed myself to spend a fourpence for unnecessary objects until I had acquired it."

Many a time was Amos Lawrence tempted to enter the wrong path. Thanks to his religious training, he saw the danger, and guarded against it. In life, as with a railroad train, an inch or two can switch the wrong way as effectually as ten feet. "Take this for your motto, at the commencement of your journey," he says, "that the difference of going *just right*, or a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough, at the end of life." This saved him, and will save all who heed it, from many a sorrow and temptation.

He adopted strict rules of business. From the start his motto was: "Business before friends." He never allowed a bill to remain unsettled over the Sabbath—"thus keeping the business *before* me, instead of allowing it to *drive* me." He never put off an important duty till to-morrow. "I may not be here to-morrow to do it," he used to say.

He was married twice. In selecting a wife he showed his good sense no less than in matters of business. He says, "good sense and good principles" in a wife are infinitely more important than "the elegant accomplishments of a fashionable education." "Take care that fancy does not beguile you of your understanding in making your choice of a wife; a mere picture is not all that is needful in the up and down hills of life. The arrangements of the household and sick room have more in them to fasten upon the heart, than all the beauties and honors of mere gala days, however successfully shown off. Be careful when you pick, to get a heart, a soul, and a body; not a show of a body that has mere vitality." Thus he advises a young friend.

On a visit to Washington, he was brought to mingle with the society of the National Capital, which gave him an inside view of some of its gay frivolities. Although a married man, he saw through the intrigues of matrimonial brokers. He writes: "It used to be said that Washington and the Springs were the places for matrimonial speculations. I feel a natural dislike to a lady being brought out as an extraordinary affair, having all perfections and having

refused *forty-nine* offers, and still being on the carpet. It shows that she is either very silly herself, or has very silly friends, or both. Good strong common-sense is worth more than forty-nine offers, with any quantity of slaves, or bank notes, or lands, without it."

He became one of the most prominent domestic manufacturers in this country. The business of his firm extended to the ends of the earth, and he was its leading spirit. But he never allowed his duties to encroach upon the claims of his family and home. It never unfitted him for home enjoyments. These endearments had the first place in his heart, and not gold. For two weeks he watched day and night by the bed-side of a sick child, without leaving it once to see after his vast business affairs. His evenings were spent at home. Very rarely could the most urgent call take him from his happy domestic circle in the evening. Wherein the good man differed greatly from many fathers and sons of our time—might we not add, many mothers and daughters, too?

He commenced his life as a husband and head of a family, by introducing regular morning and evening worship at home. Morning and evening he read the Bible and prayed with them—using oftentimes a prayer-book.

A newly-married friend he urges to erect a family altar when he enters his home for the first time. "What time is so good as the present time, on the first evening of possession of this paradise on earth (a house and home of your own, with such a wife) to make that offering to the Father of mercies, which ascends to His throne as sweet incense from His children?"

His views of religion were cheerful and liberal. He complains to his son of the New England opposition to the observance of Christmas; of its opposition to the religious festivals, simply because they were observed with so much pomp by the Catholic Church. In this, as well as in many other things, they were as unreasonable as though they had said they would not eat bread because the Roman Catholics do. I hope and trust the time is not far distant, when Christmas will be observed by the descendants of the Puritans, with all suitable respect, as the first and highest holiday of Christians; combining all the feelings and views of New England Thanksgiving, with all the other feelings appropriate to it.

He possessed the good qualities of Puritan piety, without its defects. A gentle, tender-hearted father, commending religion to his children by entering into their mirthful sports, and gratifying their desire for cheerful amusements. But piety needs discipline and earnest drilling in youth. The children of the wealthy are in great danger. "Papa is rich, therefore I need not work; not learn to cook and bake, nor learn a trade, or prepare myself for business.

We have lots of money, and can live without laboring. Wait till I am of age; won't I have a fine time with father's money?"

Certainly you will have a fine time, wasting your goods in riotous living. Soon you will come to rags and ruin, the associate of swine. Were I allowed to mention names, could I not point this argument by citing young men and young ladies I know of? And poor outcasts, now old, who thus acted the fool when young?

When Abbot was a millionaire he wrote the following to his youngest son, twelve years old:

"*My Dear Son:* I give you this little (blank) book, that you may write in it how much money you receive, and how you use it. It is of much importance, in forming your early character, to have correct habits, and a strict regard to truth in all you do. For this purpose I advise you never to cheat yourself by making a false entry in this book. If you spend money for an object you would not willingly have known, you will be more likely to avoid doing the same thing again if you call it by its right name *here*, remembering always that there is ONE who cannot be deceived, and that He requires His children to render an account of all their doings, at last. I pray God so to guide and direct you, that when your stewardship here is ended, He may say to you that the talents entrusted to your care have been faithfully employed."

This eminent New Englander was human, and in all humane things felt and took a warm interest. In common with his fellow-beings, he had his infirmities, against which he battled all his life long. He was of a nervous temperament, and impulsive; when irritated, his excited heart boiled right over, through his lips. Sometimes he spoke unguardedly; but by rigid, careful watching he curbed his inflammatory spirit. His growing lucrative business occasionally tempted him to neglect more important matters. Once he says, that for two years past he had added much to his worldly possessions, but feels distressed that he had allowed himself to become over-engaged in business. His cares occupy his thoughts, waking or sleeping. "The quiet and comfort of home are broken in upon by the anxieties arising from losses and mischances." Even his communion with God, in prayer, is endangered by the demands of business. He sees the danger, and bravely battles against it, as every Christian man of business must do, if he would escape making shipwreck with his soul.

One would scarcely suspect that a person of such increasing activity could have been an invalid during more than twenty years of his later life. Repeatedly he was brought to the verge of the grave, and amid great suffering expected soon to enter into rest. Yet all this while this sufferer distributed his benefactions, and pushed forward his extensive business mainly thereby to get the means where-

with to do good. Though possessing great wealth, he lived in a simple, frugal style. He was opposed to the expensive and luxurious gaieties of fashionable life. It is wicked, he believed, to spend the means which a favoring Providence gives us, needlessly upon ourselves, while there is so much sin and sorrow to be relieved and cured. Rational, cheerful enjoyments he accorded and encouraged. Even on Sundays he and his family must be cheerful in their religious privileges.

When his health began to fail, he acquired the habit of horseback riding. His wife nursed him with tenderest care. What would our gormandizing men and women of wealth say to a mode of life like the following:—"My own wants are next to nothing, as I live on the most simple food,—crusts and coffee for breakfast; crusts and champagne for dinner, with never more than three ounces of chicken, or two ounces of tender beef, without any vegetables, together eight ounces; coarse wheat-meal crusts, and two or three ounces of meat, in the twenty-four hours,—beginning hungry and leaving off more hungry. I have not sat at table with my family for fifteen years, nor eaten a full meal during that time, and am now more hale and hearty than during that whole period."

For a number of years he kept scales, with which he carefully weighed every morsel of food he ate, in order to keep within the prescribed bounds. With all this rigid, abstemious mode of life, which his delicate health required, Amos Lawrence was one of the most cheerful and contented men in this country. His letters and journal abound with expressions of gratitude to God for His mercy toward him.

Few men have enjoyed their riches as much as Amos Lawrence. In early life he resolved that he would be "his own executor"—would settle up his estate as it accumulated, during his lifetime, by disbursing it for charitable purposes. For the last ten or fifteen years of his life he gave all his revenue to God. "The good there is in riches," he says, "lies not altogether in their use, like the woman's box of ointment; if it be not broken, and the contents poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, in His distressed members, they lose their worth; the covetous man may, therefore, truly write upon his rusting heaps, *These are good for nothing.* He is not rich who *lays up* much, but he who *lays out* much. I will, therefore, be richer by charitably laying out, while the worldling will be poorer by his covetous hoarding up. Possession, *possession*, is the devil, as the old Frenchman at ———, said to George Cabot. This devil I would try to cast out; you will, therefore, please send me $1200, which may do something for the comfort of those who have seen better days." Thus he writes to one of his partners.

He early adopted a plan of systematic giving, and in due time

taught his children to do the same. "Your wants may be brought within a very moderate compass; and I hope you will never feel yourself at liberty to waste on yourself such means as, by system and right principles, may be beneficially applied to the good of those around you." Sterling advice this is, from a wealthy father to his son, which advice I do most prayerfully commend to all parents and children that read the GUARDIAN, be they rich or poor.

Lawrence had his own way of doing good. There were many persons and families, for whom he felt under the same obligations to provide, as for his own family. He kept two rooms in his house, sometimes three, wherein to receive and arrange useful articles as gifts for the benefit of others. There he spent many an hour in putting up packages and addressing them to the proper persons. Usually his coachman would help him. Many an attack of illness was brought on by overwork in these rooms. Some of these bundles ("small haycocks" he was pleased to call them) grew to large dimensions. For a college professor he sends "a barrel and a bundle of books, with broadcloth and pantaloon stuff, with odds and ends, for poor students, when they go out to keep school in the winter," To another under-paid professor, he sent a "dressing-grown, vest, hat, slippers, jack-knife, scissors, pins, neck-handkerchief, pantaloons, cloth coat, books," &c.

In riding out he would stop at some book store, and pack a lot of religious books in his coach, which he scattered among needy persons as he passed along. Among the gifts he daily sent away is often found "a barrel of books." He kept an account of every package to whom sent, and the articles contained, noting them at cost prices. Besides his large donations to colleges, asylums, and benevolent societies of various kinds, he relieved many ministers of different denominations, in their pecuniary straits. For one he cancels a note of $500; $100 he sends to a sick man, on a cold morning, and "tells the poor fellow to keep in good heart, for our merciful Father afflicts in love, and trusts that his sorrows will prove a stepping-stone to the mansions of bliss." "How is old father F——? Does he need any warm outside coat?" He sends Dr. Moses Stuart a heavy overcoat, which the grateful man of God says he would not exchange for a lump of California gold. An old debt of $500 is paid him, and he at once invests the money for the benefit of his debtor's poor sister.

He is an ardent friend of the young, and is evermore devising schemes to interest and benefit them. Now he sends large packages of books to some Female Seminary, then to some College or Theological Seminary, usually attended with expressions of kindness and wholesome counsel. The apprentices of Boston had formed a Library Association. To these hard working boys he sends a lot of books and a letter.

"*My Young Friends:*—It cheers and comforts me to learn of your well-doing, and encourages me to offer a word of counsel, as prosperity is often more dangerous in its time than adversity. Now is your seed-time. See to it that it is good; for 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' The integrity, intelligence, and elevated bearing of Boston mechanics have been, and are, a property for each citizen, of great value; inasmuch as the good name of our beloved city is a common property, that every citizen has an interest in, and should help to preserve. At your time of life, habits are formed that grow with your years. Avoid rum and tobacco, in all forms, unless prescribed as a medicine; and I will promise you better contracts, heavier purses, happier families, and a more youthful and vigorous old age, by thus avoiding the beginning of evil. God speed you, my young friends, in all your works."

Will not his sons be spoiled by the prospects of a rich inheritance? Amos Lawrence sees the danger. They must learn to work; learn the value of time, and of correct business habits, of money and character. "I would rather see you on a farm, or studying any profession, than pursuing trade," he tells his son. "No man can acquire valuable influence or character, unless he labor to increase human improvement and happiness. Whatever be a man's fortune, if he is an idler, he can find no real comfort."

The word philanthropist is greatly abused in our day. It is by many applied to a class of unchristian sentimentalists, who affect to be the highest type of reformers. People who sneer at the Bible, or if they have the semblance of respect for revealed truth, will have nothing to do with the Church of Christ. Amos Lawrence was a member of the Church for over forty years. Always attended public worship, unless providentially prevented. Communed regularly at the Lord's table, sometimes weeps as if his heart would break, during the solemn service. I tell you, this happy New Englander will have none of your Concord philosophy, none of your Theodore Parker poison. A child of God he is who finds the power of godliness in his form, and literally does what his hands find to do with his might. An old pocket-book found after his death, bears the inscription, written by his own hand: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" A very good motto for a pocket-book. Well may he call himself "the happiest man in America," sufferer as he was.

He is intensely conscientious. His nephew, Franklin Pierce, becomes a candidate for the Presidency. He esteems his nephew much, but his convictions more, and casts his vote against him; would have done it to his brother. He is greatly annoyed by unworthy applicants for charity. Here, too, conscience and enlightened judgment control his actions and not indiscriminate sympathy.

A certain woman berates him soundly for refusing her request for charity, for the time being. A Lowell lady asks for the loan of $300 to start a boarding-house; refused. A woman of sixty, has lost her sons and wants help. N. T. wants aid to study, or something else. "Mr. F., with a great share of hair on his face, gold ring and chains, wants to travel for his health; has a wife and child." These three in twenty-four hours, and all sent away empty. Chiefly the last one, for he rarely employed a clerk or an apprentice, or helped any person "who wore a ring." He despises the dandy and the demagogue. For an overworked minister he sends $50, without being asked for it, with the request that he go from home to recruit his health. G. M. calls to sell a lot of sermons, which he said he published to do good. "He seems to me a *wooden nutmeg* fellow," and he, too, can't fool Lawrence. At length these helter-skelter applications became so numerous, that his ill-health compelled him to see only those persons whom competent judges deem worthy of admittance. From January 1, 1829, till his death in 1852, he gave the sum of $639,000 for charitable objects.

Amos Lawrence had a family burying-place in the Boston Mount Auburn Cemetery. From time to time he bought burial lots around his own, and presented them to ministers of various churches;—as he said, "it became an object with him to gather around him in death those whom he had loved and honored in life." One of these, in accepting the gift said: "It is soothing to me to anticipate that my grave will be so near your own." Here all now lie snugly around their friend.

Much more might be said of this influential and useful Christian. But the story has already grown too long on my hands. I commend his example to all our readers. Not because he was rich, but because he made such good use of what God gave him. The chief end of man is not to get rich, as some seem to believe. Rather to use such gifts of body, mind, spirit and property, as God may bestow upon us for the good of others and His glory. By honesty and industry, try to acquire, as much as you can, whereby you may serve God and your fellow-beings. Look at this boy at school, who, then already, "is anxious to be manly, like the manly boys." When a youth in Boston, he will never consent to even pass through a certain quarter of the city, because the devil lurks there to destroy souls. This man, whose praise is universal, is packing gifts for the poor in his charity room, and he has a package of toys, candies and trinkets for every child in the family of poor missionaries, and penning friendly notes to them in the bargain. I love him ardently.

What are you doing for yourselves, for others, for Christ, dear readers? Begin life right; with God, in His Church. Be careful

in selecting a trade or business; then learn it well and stick to it. Be strictly honest, industrious, and religious, then people will trust, and God will prosper you. Should you get a family of your own, take Christ in as a member of it from the start. Consecrate your home by daily prayer. Choose your companions carefully. Whether you have much or little, use what you have to do good.

Lawrence was not ashamed to join the Church when young, and he continued steadfast in the faith unto the end. He was a *working* Christian, did good as he had opportunity. May God bless the story of Amos Lawrence to all our readers.

THE LEADERS AND DISCIPLES OF FASHION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and thirty?"

"These remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto." SHAKSPEARE.

A charming scene do Christian communities present on the Lord's day. Thread-bare and soiled working garments give place to clean and fine clothing; the best that the people can command. The streets of our cities and villages present a cheerful and often gay appearance. Rural people wend their quiet way to their country churches, in their Sunday suits—the best they have. All this I aver is a pleasing sight, which angels must surely behold with delight. Is it not a result of the Christian religion, this becoming outward adorning of the body, on the day and in the house of God? A strange incongruity would it be for people, as a rule, to appear before the Lord in their work-day clothes; the men in their shirt-sleeves, and greasy pantaloons and hands more greasy still; the ladies just from the wash-tub, sleeves rolled up, frocks tucked up, hair dishevelled from weeks of neglect, half concealed by a bleached calico sun-bonnet, unwashed faces, marked by contact with sooty pots; a pretty-looking Christian congregation would they make, in sooth! Aye, the proprieties of dress help to make the Lord's day pleasant and impressive.

But the bounds of propriety are not always observed. In so-called fashionable churches the giddy and gay become the show-windows of expensive milliner trappings, endowed with locomotion. An American authoress says: "The contemplation of one of our

fashionable churches, at the hour when its fair occupants pour forth, gives one a great deal of surprise. The toilet there displayed might have been in good keeping among showy Parisian women in an opera house; but even their original inventors would have been shocked at the idea of carrying them into a church. The rawness of our American mind as to the subject of propriety in dress is nowhere more shown than in the fact, that no apparent distinction is made between church and opera house in the adaptation of attire. Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious women, sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes their utterance of the Litany and the acts of prostrate devotion in the service seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with hair frizzed till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, mounting over all some pert little hat, with a red or green feather standing saucily upright in front, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante;* and if she came there for a game of croquet, or a tableau party, would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done,—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life, into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy."

It is all just so. After this gifted lady says it, I trust one less gifted and less versed in matters of female attire, can commend her strictures without seeming to meddle with things too high for him.

Thoughtful people are often surprised that those who invent and control the fashions have so little regard for convenience and comfort. Think of the awkward looks of a young man strapped in pantaloons, almost as tight as his skin, giving him the appearance of stilts in breeches; a tight, short coat, reaching a little below the waist, and a stove-pipe hat of immoderate height, which every passing breeze bears into the gutter, unless carefully held with his hand! Surely such a style has neither good taste nor comfort to commend it. And the ladies' dresses, with trails, which require as many waiting maids to help them comfortably through the world, as the queens of England and France used to have. A trail is not without grace, and not without mud, when swept over slushy pavements and street-crossings. Whence come all these fantastic fashions? It would seem from France.

"It is the great misfortune of the civilized world at the present hour, that the state of morals in France is apparently at the very lowest ebb, and, consequently, the leadership of fashion is entirely in the hands of a class of women who could not be admitted into good society in any country. Women who can never have the

name of wife,—who know none of the ties of family,—these are the dictators whose dress and equipage and appointments give the law, first to France, and through France to the civilized world. This is the reason why the fashions have such an utter disregard of all those laws of prudence and economy which regulate the expenditure of families. They are made by women whose sole and only hold on life is personal attractiveness, and with whom to keep this up at any cost is a desperate necessity. Thus it goes in France; and in England virtuous and domestic princesses and peeresses must take obediently what has been decreed by their rulers in the demi-mode of France; and we in America have leaders of fashion, who make it their pride and glory to turn New York into Paris, and to keep even step with everything that is going on there. So the whole world of womankind is marching under the command of these leaders."

Well, then, how would you have us dress? I hear a pert little vixen exclaim. In the white caps, and tight sleeves, and outlandish bonnets of our grandmothers? Turn nuns and Quakers?

Bless me, my pretty soul, no. Look just as tidy and pretty as you can. Only don't put all your time, strength and money on your dress. In Timothy's time, some Christian women followed heathen leaders of fashion. I hope you will not get out of humor with me for quoting Paul's advice to Timothy on this subject,—"That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

Scribner's Monthly. The number of this monthly for April, contains the following articles:

1) Life in the Cannibal Islands, by J. C. Bates; 2) In the Park, by E. H. C., 3) A Breakfast with Alexander Dumas, by John Bigelow; 4) A Gentleman's Prerogative, by Ellice Woodruffe; 5) Children who work, by Julia A. Holmes; 6) Thorwaldsen's Sacred Marbles, by William Wells; 7 An April Violet, by Mary E. C. Weyth: 8) Discovery of Antique Silver; 9) The Fly, by L. M. Peterselia; 10)Lucky Peer (concluded), by Hans Christian Andersen; 11) The Martyr Church of Madagascar, by R. W. Howard; 12) Florida Roses, by Elizabeth C. Kinney; 13) The Anthracite Problem, by Edward Crapsey; 14) A Horoscope, by W. C. Wilkinson; 15) Wilfrid Cumbermede, by George MacDonald; 16) Topics of the Time; 17) The Old Cabinet; 18) Home and Society; 19) Culture and Progress Abroad; 20) Culture and Progress at Home; 21) Etchings, by Marian Douglas.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

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THE GUARDIAN.

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THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

From the German of Souchon.

BY L. H. S.

Immediately after His baptism, before He entered upon His public ministry, Jesus laid the foundation of the salvation of the world in the wilderness, when He withstood the artful attacks of the Devil. This event contains the germ of the future saving activity of the Lord. We may assume that the Lord communicated, what happened between Him and the prince of this world, to His disciples in the forty days which intervened between His resurrection and ascension, when He conversed with them about the kingdom of God, in order that they might rightly understand what they had seen with their eyes and know what they should have chiefly to guard against while in His service. For the same purpose the Holy Spirit has given us an account of this through the Evangelists; whilst we reflect upon the circumstances connected with Christ's temptation, He would enlighten us concerning the points in which He was tempted and the effects of His victory.

In proportion as the humanity of Jesus was developed, was He also elevated to the consciousness of the fullness of the Godhead that dwelt in Him, and to the knowledge of the mission, given Him by His heavenly Father, to destroy the works of the Devil upon the earth and to transform the earth into the kingdom of heaven; He received the seal of the divine Sonship and the consecration to His mediatorial office, when at the baptism, which was conferred upon Him by the Herald of the approaching kingdom of heaven, the Spirit of God descended upon Him, and a voice from heaven said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This very Spirit then led Him into the wilderness, not far from Jericho, where, as to the first Adam in Paradise, temptation by the Devil was ordered by God for His authentication.

The only-begotten Son of God was liable to be tempted just as Adam was, because He bore the same human nature in which Adam had been created. It is true that the eternal Word, belonging to the very essence of God, was united with this nature in one person; but the incarnation of the Word had taken place in accordance with a decree of the free love of God in such a manner, that the human nature in the person of Jesus Christ had not yet entered upon the full and complete exercise of the attributes and powers which the divine nature, with which it was united, comprehended in itself. It was not enough that Jesus had voluntarily renounced the exercise of divine power in all things that pertained to the work of redemption, during the days of His flesh; still His human nature, although not begotten by a sinful man but possessing its primitive righteousness, because it was born of a woman, was not endowed with the power which Adam possessed. Jesus took upon Him the form of a servant, assumed human nature, already degraded and weakened by sin, and lived upon earth as a man exposed to the hostile forces of nature, to death and the powers of hell, and hence the temptation must have been more powerful to Him than it had been to the first Adam.

The possibility of the fall thus existed in the *human* nature of Jesus, in and by itself considered, the same as in the nature of Adam. But, as in Jesus the elements of humanity were indissolubly united to the essence of Deity, it is, on the other hand, inconceivable that a defeat, as was the case at the beginning of the human race, could take place. God had not annihilated fallen man, nor did He wish to begin the work of creation anew and to form a new man, who could have been again overcome by Satan; He wished to redeem sinful men, wherefore He sent His Son into the world, whose contest with the Powers of darkness must end in victory.

The impossibility of a fall—involved in the very nature of the God-man, detracts in no degree from the meritoriousness of the victory. The contest was not a mere show. Jesus, having voluntarily thrown aside His divinity, stood there in the heat of the contest as a man. Hence no Christian dare say that Jesus, because His nature was divine, was not an exemplar for Him. In truth as Jesus was not able to sin, because He was in the Father and the Father in Him, so will the believer, who is in Christ, be likewise preserved amid all temptations and trials from lapsing into sin. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in Him: and He cannot sin, because He is born of God." Jesus prevailed, because He was the Son of God, and never could be separated from the fellowship of the Father; we also should have assurance that we are, and ever shall remain God's children through Christ.

The victory is also the fruit of this faith in the certainty of victory: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The temptation began immediately after Jesus had received, at His baptism, the Holy Spirit without measure. Just as in our own souls such a change of conditions often takes place, that, at the moment of richest outpouring of the Spirit, a period of barrenness sets in, so it happened to Him, who was in all things like His brethren. Here, as at the close of His life from Gethsemane forwards until He cried, "It is finished,"—in both these decisive points of His life when He, as the Mediator between God and man was to perfect the work of reconciling God and redeeming man without the assistance of the Father—He saw Himself forsaken by His God. The fasting in the wilderness took place at this time, when His human spirit was deprived of the light of the divine Spirit and was enveloped in darkness. Similarly, as the taste for food and drink disappears with us in times of grief, Jesus fasted forty days and forty nights, and this fasting belongs also to those meritorious deeds that He performed for the expiation of our sins: it stands in contrast with the sinful and fatal eating of our first parents in Paradise.

This forty days' fast, impossible under ordinary circumstances, allows us to glance at the proper circumstances of the whole occurrence. It is not possible that the temptation was one simply to the soul of the Saviour, in such a manner that an internal struggle might be represented poetically as something that happened from without, because then the wicked thoughts, by which Christ was troubled, would have had their source in His heart, and He could not have been the Saviour of sinners if He had been Himself afflicted with sin. The temptation of Christ was an occurrence from without, although it did not so lay within the limits of the visible world, that it could have been observed by earthly eyes. When Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, the nether world, with all its powers bursting forth, was disclosed to Him, and this with the other incidents of the story—the setting Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and the taking Him up into an exceeding high mountain, where all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them were shown Him—indicate a supernatural transaction, a movement no longer restrained by the laws which govern matter, and a supersensuous vision. The first engagement in the great campaign was fought in the spirit world, which Christ was afterwards to finish in the visible world against the human instruments of Satan. In like manner, after the victory was fully secured by His death, the first triumph was celebrated in the invisible world, when Jesus descended into Hades;—and as the contest was made visible in the after portion of His life, so the triumph will be hereafter manifested and fully shown at His second coming to judgment.

Our High Priest "was in all points tempted like as we, yet without sin," that is, He was not tempted by any indwelling sin, as might be the case with us. When the Tempter approached Him in person, he found no more wicked desire in Him than in the first man, with whom he employed the serpent as his agent,—found nothing that he could excite, as he constantly does with us through his invisible messengers, or the children of unbelief. The temptation came to Him, as to the first man, wholly from without. Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin; that is, He was tempted without sin finding in Him any wicked desire as its root. The attractions of the possible deviation are presented to His soul with all their charms, but He is not affected by any desire for them, which Satan supposed he could excite, and which exists in us naturally. He had no longing for them, so that the demands made on Him by Satan could be converted into internal demands of passion on the will, or He would have been obliged in that case to resist a desire excited in Him, as we are constantly compelled to do. The contest continued for forty days, and, even in the last most powerful assault of Satan, was wholly confined to that which was from without. There was a contest between Christ and the Devil, resembling that between Michael and the Dragon which John saw, and the contest was at no time converted into one of Christ with Himself—an inner contest between flesh and spirit. Adam fell, because he surrendered without a struggle and suffered himself to be captivated by the delusive picture of pleasure presented to his soul: Christ conquered, because He resisted without vacillation, and did not suffer the cunning representations of the enemy to disturb His pure mind. Satanic appetites were not His naturally, nor could they ever be so.

The Devil endeavored to accomplish his object—the destruction of the work of reconciliation and mediation at its very inception—in three ways. First, he wished to entice Christ to desist wholly from His divine office on account of the sufferings and privations that were connected with it, and to employ His divine power for His own self-gratification instead of emptying Himself of it in order to assume the punishment of the sins of mankind: "If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Next, he wished Him to carry on His Messianic work in an improper manner—to authenticate Himself as a great Prophet and King, sent by God, through a miracle calculated only to provoke astonishment and to bewilder the senses, and thus to meet the expectations of the people, who were hoping to be elevated to external prosperity by the Messiah, by becoming a worldly Messiah after the mind of the Jews: "If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee: and in

their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Finally, he wished to tempt Him to leave the path of humility, meekness and patience, and to found by the employment of unholy means a worldly kingdom full of unreconciled and unredeemed men, thus becoming in fact Antichrist, the very antithesis of the Messiah: "All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." But Christ rejected all these temptations, because He held firmly, in faith and obedience, to the promises as to the law of God.

By this first decisive act of the Saviour, whose whole life was spent in vicarious suffering and obedience, the foundation was laid for the reconciliation of God with man, and for the acquisition of the kingdom of heaven by us. Here the Man Christ Jesus fulfilled the will of God—that by assuming our guilt and punishment He should break down the wall of separation between God and man, deprive the Devil of his power over man led astray by him, and by the perfect obedience which He accomplished, secure an entrance for man into everlasting glory. He began immediately, in this first contact with the Prince of the world, to devote Himself to His work.

By this first decisive act of the Saviour, the foundation was laid for our reconciliation with God, for our acquisition of the kingdom of God, and as a necessary consequence for the actual upbuilding of this kingdom among fallen humanity after the same should be made possible by the offering of Christ. The immediate consequence, the first reward of His victory was that His human nature began now to be thoroughly penetrated by the divine, with which it was united in one person, and that He was gradually elevated to that position where, also as man, He participated wholly and uninterruptedly in the exercise of divine power. Then the Lamb was worthy to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing: and now when the Lord sends His Holy Spirit to us, when He leads men to faith through this Spirit in the Church by means of the word and the sacraments, preserves His Church in the faith and as king protects and governs it; when He wins from the Dragon, with whom Michael now contends victoriously, and who has lost through Him his right to the possession of the kingdoms of this earth, step by step, slowly but surely, the territory upon which the same still stands,—snatching from him single souls who even belonged to him at their very birth, and nations who still serve him in blindness, and thus executes judgment upon the Prince of this world,—He but records the development of that power which He first wrested from him in the victory in the wilderness. The calling and assembling of His disciples in the days of His flesh, and the miracles that He began to perform immediately, were in truth consequences of this victory.

Finally by that first decisive act, the overthrow of Satan, his angels and emissaries into the fiery abyss, and the completion of the kingdom of God on earth was secured and made certain. The conclusion of the account—"Behold, angels came and ministered unto Him"—shows this, an incident that sets forth typically and prophetically the communion between heaven and earth, which will be completed at the day of judgment. A like typical and prophetic indication of the final consequences of His work belongs to the first miracle, that Christ immediately afterwards performed at the marriage in Cana. The marriage points to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and the conversion of water into wine to the impending glorification of all things earthly.

The contest still goes on. In the temptation of Christ the Church can find the outlines of its work in the service of the Lord clearly set forth.

Christianity lapses from Christ and departs from His kingdom, when it considers earthly possessions and bodily comfort as the highest good, when it tempts the creature with the satisfying of his lusts, and takes care only for food, health, and life. Christianity decays and is changed into a carcase, around which the eagles gather, when it endeavors to build up the kingdom of God, not from within outwards by conversion through the preaching of the Gospel, but by a display of external splendor, or, priding itself upon the spiritual gifts bestowed upon it, aims only at impressions upon the senses, and represents the kingdom of God as something already fixed in mere forms which may be employed externally without any manifestation of power, without any inner struggles of penitence. Christianity becomes antichristian, when it disdains to answer the form of a servant, when it fears to prosecute God's work in decided opposition to every thing that is ungodly, shunning the cross and its inevitable accompaniments, when it seeks by compromising with a worldly spirit, by accumulating earthly pleasures, to create for itself an external position of power in union with the ruling powers of the world that are under the influence of Satan. If the Church thinks to convert the world into the kingdom of God in this way, so that she can govern it outwardly, she places the spiritual power dwelling in her at the service of Satan and gains the world only to the service of Antichrist.

Each separate believer will be assaulted by the Devil, who, although overcome by Christ, still hopes to vanquish His followers. We prevail by holding fast to the joyous assurance, which we obtain from Christ's victory, that our guilt is extinguished through Him, that we belong in Christ to God's kingdom of grace, and that the Prince of this world hath no more power over us. We conquer only for His sake who has loved us.

SOME NORTHERN GEOGRAPHICAL PERISCOPICS.

BY PERKIOMEN.

(1)

The country, abounding most in burning mountains (Volcanoes) and hot springs (Geysers), is, singularly enough, called *Iceland!* But when we learn, that it derives its name from the great masses of ice, which float in the ocean that bounds its shores, we see it to be no misnomer after all. It, like many places and persons, besides, is called after its surroundings.

Far stranger than its name, however, is the character of its inhabitants. Not a stupid and inactive people are the Icelanders, as their cold climate would lead us to think. Geographers and travelers speak of them as an honest, well-intentioned, industrious, intelligent, faithful and obliging race. The men catch fish, prepare leather and cloth, work in gold and silver, and engage in several mechanical trades, besides. The women are good housewives, prepare the fish, sew and spin. They have an uncommonly strong attachment to their native country, and think themselves happy above all others. No matter what advantages should be offered, "an Icelander seldom settles at Copenhagen," or elsewhere—nowhere beyond his ice-bound *Faderland.*

The Icelanders are a serious people, and are religiously inclined. Christianity gained a permanent foothold on that slippery theatre in the year, *one thousand*, they say. It seems to tell on their hearts and lives too. They never pass a river, or any other dangerous place, without previously taking off their hats, and imploring the Divine protection; and when the danger is passed, they invariably engage in a thanksgiving service. (Query:—Might the general observance of such a custom, over the United States, serve to prevent the occurring of accidents to any extent—or, not?)

Were all this not so well substantiated, some of us might indeed be pardoned for doubting, whether hearts so warm and tender, could be found in a latitude so hard and frigid.

Let us see, finally, how the Lord's Prayer sounds so far up North:—*Fader vor som est i Himulum; I Halgad warde thitt nama. Til-komme thitt Rikie. Skie thitt vilie so som i himmalam so ogh po Jordanne. Wort dachlicha Brodh gif os i dagh. Ogh forlat os nora skulda, so som ogh vi forlate them os Skildighe are Ogh in led os ikkie i Frestalsan. Utam frels os ifra ondo. Amen.*

(2)

The coldest inhabited country in the world is *Greenland!* Just think of the anomaly—an area almost continually covered with ice and snow, to be yclept "Greenland." Sorrel, angelica, wild tansey, and scurvy grass are about the only plants that approach the green. Small junipers, stinted willows and crippled birch are its trees. Its flowers, ah!—there are none. Who would not feel like pitying them, were any thus standing 'out in the cold?'

And yet there are people there—'of more value than many flowers.' A light and nimble-footed people dwell there; using their hands with skill and dexterity. They are lively, good-humored and friendly. Nor are they without God and without Christ in Greenland. A Moravian Missionary, after forty years' work, and returning to England, reports: "In all Greenland there is but one station, in the neighborhood of which there are heathen. With this single exception, all the inhabitants of Greenland now profess Christianity." Its discovery dates from the ninth century, at which period too, the first Christian Monarch of Norway sent them the Gospel. Down to 1406 the intercourse was continued. Then we lose sight of Greenland, until 1720, when Norway again sent a missionary. In 1765, perhaps, the Moravians commenced their happy work. Now we have the favorable report already given. But what shall we do with the Hymn:—"From Greenland's icy mountains?"—if it be, as stated.

The name *Lapland* has always sounded strangely to our ear. The inhabitants were first called 'Lappes' by the Swedes, because they were originally a clan of *exiles* or *fugitives* from Finland. Others say, the term means 'Sorcerers.' They call themselves *Same;* and their country *Same-Ednam.* Cold enough, to be sure, as may be expected in so northern a climate. Snow and ice cover the whole country, the greater part of the year. And yet they have two months summer, during which brief period the heat is excessive. Just think of musquitoes, almost up at the North Pole! Mr. Acerbi says: "The sea was perfectly calm, and I do not remember having ever suffered greater heat in my life, than in this journey." Those Laplanders manage to live, however. Why, they sometimes have buckwheat cakes and reindeer steak! No fears of starving on such fare. Like all other people, they clothe themselves according to the season. We cannot fancy their sleeping arrangements, however. At night they lie down stark naked, and place upright sticks around their bodies, which enclosure they actually call a bed. For fear there might be a little too much ventilation in their dormitory quarters, they stick their feet into a fur bag. It is from this custom, that there are foot-muffs in America, we suggest (?). Every Laplander always carries about his person

three things—a knife, a spoon, and a drinking cup. (We advise every and all others, not to forget to take the drinking cup on their travels, or not drink until they get home—This only as an Episode.) Before and after meals, they make a short prayer; and as soon as they are done eating, each gives the other his hand. We do almost after the same manner, only that some of us *don't* pray, either before or after eating, and instead of shaking hands, we shake our tongues right smart at our host and hostess, on our way home. A young man must not marry, until he has taken and killed a reindeer. It shows that he can now provide for a family. The courtship is almost wholly done by *proxy*. The parents act as middle-parties—a thing no young people can warmly approve of. You cannot make a soldier out of a Laplander. They are opposed to war. Though they are a brave people, too. The fury of the raging sea does not alarm them, and they will skate along the edges of tremendous precipices with astonishing intrepidity.

They are converts to Christianity, through the labors of the Danish and Norwegian Missionaries; but they will, in part, cling to their ancient superstitions. They have great faith in what is styled the "Runic drum," by which they pretend to learn the will of the gods of their forefathers. So they hold fast to idolatry and Christianity alike. This is after all no singular anomaly, since among every people and in every heart, there is danger of falling into unbelief, on the one hand, and into superstition, on the other. Grace alone can rightly direct us.

Every people enjoys some staple production, which affords the country a trade and livelihood. The Laplanders supply the Norwegians and Swedes and others with skins and furs. Ermines, sables, martens, squirrels, foxes (black, white and variegated); bears, lynxes, and wolves—all these animals are common among them, whilst they are a rarity and treasure abroad. Their traffic consists of articles of extreme fineness, and brings a large revenue. It is strange that the balance of trade should weigh in their favor, and that even we should be dependent on the Laplanders in the article of furs.

Norway signifies the Northern Way. Nature is kind to the Norwegians, notwithstanding the fierce frigid climate that environs their country. In Summer, they can read and write at midnight, by the light of the sky, and at certain seasons the sun shines continually. During mid-winter, however, there is only a faint glimmering of light at noon. But in the midst of their darkness, the sky is so serene, and the moon and the *aurora borealis* so bright, that they fish and work on in the open air. Even frost and snow and ice praise their great Creator, and afford the Norwegians an advantage, as they facilitate conveyance of goods and persons.

Norway abounds in birds. There the eagles congregate—those eagles that carry children cruelly away. But they too are caught sometimes, as they dart on fishes with such force, that, unable to extricate their talons, they are dragged under and drowned. Sea-monsters are only to be seen in Norwegian Seas. Think of a creature with a head as large as a hogshead, and a body, a mile and a half in circumference. Yes, we say, think of it—for it is not likely you will ever *see* it.

But that Norwegian *Maelstrom* is a dreadful vortex. A furious current runs between some off Islands, contrary to the motion of the tide, in a circular stream. Only twice in twenty-four hours, the motion ceases for an hour. Then it moves faster and faster, until its swiftness and roar become tremendous. If a ship comes near it, it is immediately swallowed and carried to the bottom, where it is dashed to pieces against the rocky floor. By and by, only the fragments come sadly up and float mournfully on, scarcely to be known as parts of a noble ship. These dangerous waters reach out twelve miles from the centre of the whirlpool. Whales, and other fishes, when caught, show signs of impending danger, by howling hideously and struggling desperately to escape. The Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients were not entirely fabulous then, it seems. Why, we know of vortexes, *not* in Norway, into which men and women are drawn, only to come forth a total wreck.

In Norway, we see strong, robust and brave people. They harden themselves by carrying their breasts and necks bare. They prolong their lives surprisingly. A Norwegian of a hundred years is not considered finished, by any means. In 1733, four couples were married, and danced before the king, whose ages exceeded 800 years. Would such a dance prove a feat or a freak—which?

Every Norwegian is an artizan, and supplies his family with all its necessaries by his own hand. They are all hatters, shoemakers, tailors, tanners, weavers, carpenters, smiths, joiners, and the like. You are reminded of a "Jack of all trades."

We were taught to think well of the *Swedes*. Sweden, with its mountains—some 6000 feet high above the level of the sea; its vast forests; its lakes almost without number, presents a pleasing diversity of romance, beauty and terror. The Canal of Trolhaetta may justly be considered characteristic of the Swedish nation. It does not belie their reputation for grand enterprises and mechanical inventions. The Swedes are tall, well-formed, capable of enduring the greatest fatigues, grave, industrious, sincere, brave and hospitable. But alas!—there is no country in the world where the women do so much work as in Sweden. They manage the plough, thresh out the grain, row on the water, serve as bricklayers, carry

burdens, and do all the common drudgeries of husbandry. Ridiculous!—we shan't say another word about them, unless it be what a late writer says below:—

"THE COMING WOMAN."

"If the woman's party should by any cause fail in this country, there is at least one spot on the globe where disappointed ambition and dying hopes may be resuscitated. In Sweden to-day the great work seems quietly, though rapidly going on, and already in banking-houses, postal and telegraph departments, the fair sex are numerously employed; and at Gottenburg a college of medicine has been opened for ladies over seventeen years of age. With this is connected a full course of clinical and anatomical lectures, and the institution, in short, offers a full and complete preparation for medical life. And, what is significant, the male sex do not disgrace themselves by ungallant conduct to their medical competitors. At this rate it is much to be feared lest Sweden carry off the palm from the United States in the race for the 'coming woman.'"—(*Phil. Press*).

I cannot say *Russia*, without feeling chilly—"*Es grüsselt mer!*" The cold in St. Petersburg, by Fahrenheit's scale, is, during the months of December, January, and February, usually from 10 to 15 or 20 degrees below zero; that is from 46 to 52 degrees below the freezing point. It is such, that, when a person walks out in that severe weather, the cold makes his eyes water, and freezes in little icicles on the eye-lashes. These hang to the beard of the peasants like solid lumps of ice. Drivers have been known to have frozen to death in their posture on loaded wagons. Water thrown up into the air by an engine, has fallen down perfectly dry and turned into ice.

Still, the Russians know how to foreclose the frost. The houses and garments are more than a match for their ugly weather-king. They seldom complain of cold. (That seems strange!)

But "it's an ill wind that blows no one any good." The Russians, too, have an advantage from the severity of their climate. They preserve their provisions by frost, and not by means of salt, sugar, or the process of 'canning.' Good housewives kill their poultry, in the month of October, and lay them up, with coatings of snow between. They thus sandwich all their summer raising, and use them as occasion demands. They are consequently spared the cost of maintaining them alive, for several months, and the *post mortem* expense and trouble is not worth mentioning. It is curious to see the vast stacks of whole hogs, sheep, fish and other animals piled up in market, for sale.

The Russians can teach our cooks a lesson in cooking too. The method of thawing frozen provisions in Russia is by immerging them in cold water. Heat is too sudden and violent an agent. It causes a fermentation, and putrefaction, indeed. Thaw the frozen lump in cold water, and the flesh or vegetables is as fresh as if just brought from the slaughter-house or garden; but pour hot water over it, and it turns tasteless and rancid. (The married ladies, and those soon to be married, will just please make a note of this item.)

An artificial curiosity in Russia is the *Ice-Palace.* The Empress Anne caused it to be built, on the banks of the Neva, in 1740. It is constructed of huge quadrats of ice, hewn in the manner of freestone. It is 52 feet in length; 16 in breadth, and 20 in height; the walls are three feet thick. In the several apartments were tables, chairs, beds, and all kinds of household furniture, of ice. In front of the palace, besides pyramids and statues, stood six cannons, carrying balls of six pounds weight, and two mortars of ice. From one of the former, as a trial, an iron ball, with only a quarter of a pound of powder, was fired off; the ball went through a two-inch board at sixty paces, whilst the piece of ice-artillery, with its carriage, remained uninjured by the explosion. At night the illumination of the ice-palace had an astonishingly grand effect.

In the cabinet at St. Petersburg, is a rhinoceros, dug up on the side of the river Valni, with its skin, and the hair upon it, entire. The Russians are very fond of bells. These ring and jingle in every quarter. The snow and cold creates a *penchänt* for bells, even with us. The great bell at Moscow weighs 432,000 pounds, and is the king of bells.

The Russians like their country. How well it is, that Providence makes all and every people, feel that 'there is no place like home, if it is never so *cold.*'

They are an ingenious and imitative people. The meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and delicate works of mechanism. To copy with one hand, what has demanded the joint labors of the best workmen in France or England, is nothing for many a Russian serf. A barrenness of invention in matters of art, but great readiness and correctness of imitation is a characteristic mark of nations, with whom the arts are in their infancy.

Russia has a town which is called the "Archangel." St. Petersburg and Moscow are the cities, however. A melancholy interest hangs around the latter, because of the fire, which was built by their own hands, in 1812, in order to save it from falling into the hands of their French invaders, and which almost totally destroyed it. In less than an hour, the whole extent of the capital for miles, seemed a sheet of flame. The immense tract was a sea of fire; the sky

was hidden by an avalanche of impending smoke, and the streets were choked up with human bodies, and the carcases of dead horses. For once, indeed, the congealing climate of this Northland, must have given way, for a brief spell, to a heat, as great as that of the torrid zone.

But we have been up North long enough. We hope none of our readers have found the journey across these pages so hard and cold, as to be over-glad for the end they have reached. We may, by way of compensating them for this congealing trip, wander about a more moderate region, hereafter; or, even warm and thaw them again by a journey 'down South.'

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. IV.

The Money of the Maccabees.

There is no more interesting portion of Jewish history than that, which includes the wars of the Maccabees, and the establishment of the Asmonean dynasty. As, however, our space and theme alike admonish us merely to state salient facts, in the briefest manner, we must again refer the reader to the Apocrypha, and the works of the Jewish historian Josephus.

A tyrant may, for a long time, pursue his career of cruelty unchecked; but at the moment, when he least expects it, his despised subjects will be sure to rise against the oppressor, under the leadership of some unexpected champion, and then

> "'Twere better that his guilty path
> Should cross the whelp-robbed tigress' wrath,
> Than their untold despair."

Hence, it has been well said, that, in the history of nations, as well as in that of individuals, "the darkest hour is just before the dawn;" and surely this truth was abundantly illustrated in the

history of God's chosen people. "And what more shall I say? for time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jepthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets." Hebrews xi. 32.

As we have already seen, Antiochus Epiphanes did all in his power to induce the Jews to forsake the worship of Jehovah. In furtherance of this object, one of his emissaries, named Apelles, came to Modin, a small town near Joppa, where dwelt Mattathias, a priest of the course of Joarib (1 Chr. xxiv. 7), and therefore of the highest rank, and probably the legitimate heir of the high-priestly dignity. With many fair promises Apelles sought to induce Mattathias to sacrifice to idols, but the aged priest indignantly repelled his offers, and when a renegade Jew came to sacrifice at the heathen altar, slew him in presence of the whole assembly. Then he also killed Apelles, in self-defence, and fled into the mountains with his five sons, who were to become the heroes of one of the most desperate conflicts the world has ever known.

Mattathias soon gathered around him a considerable number of Jews, who had been goaded to desperation by the tyranny of Antiochus, and was successful in several conflicts with the Syrian army; but, being aged and infirm, was unable to endure the fatigues of active service, and died in a short time (B. C. 167), having first appointed as his successor his third son Judas, in whom he had discovered military genius of the very highest order.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the origin of the word Maccabee—a title which was at first applied only to Judas, but afterwards to all the sons of Mattathias and their immediate descendants. Some have supposed it to be composed of the letters M. C. B. I., the initials of the Hebrew text *Mi Chamoka Baalim Jehovah*, "Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah?" (Exodus vi. 11), which letters are said to have been displayed on the standard of Judas.

It is, however, more probable, that the word Maccabee is derived from the Hebrew word *makkabah*, which signifies, *the hammer*. It will not be forgotten that Charles Martel of France, derived his surname, which also means, the hammer, from the bravery which he displayed in crushing the armies of the Moslems.

We have not leisure to follow the varying fortunes of the Maccabean struggle, which continued for twenty-six years, during the reign of five successive Syrian kings, and was only brought to a conclusion by the acknowledgment of the independence of Judea. "Such a triumph of a petty province over a great empire," says Hales, "is hardly to be equalled in the history of nations." 1 Mac. xiii. 36--40.

About the year B. C. 139, Antiochus Sidetes VIIth granted to Simon, the last survivor of the Maccabean brothers, the right of coining money. He says, in his decree, or treaty, "I give thee leave also to coin money, for thy country with thine own stamp." 1 Mac. xvi. 6.

A considerable number of pieces of money coined by Simon, the Maccabee, are still in existence, and are not very difficult to obtain, though it occasionally requires a sharp eye to distinguish the genuine from counterfeits. The most important of these pieces is

The Shekel.

The shekel, as we have seen, is the oldest money-term in the Bible, but Simon appears to have been the first to issue a coin of that name. The illustration at the head of this article gives us a correct idea of its general appearance. On one side is a representation of "the pot of manna," or, more probably, of a chalice, such as were used in the temple service, with the legend, in Samaritan character, "Shekel of Israel," and a numeral denoting the year of Simon's reign. The reverse represents "Aaron's rod that budded," or, according to modern writers, a triple lily, or hyacinth —a favorite emblem of Israel's prosperity. Hosea xiv. 5. The inscription signifies, "Jerusalem the Holy."

In the last century these shekels were extensively counterfeited by a firm in Gorlitz, in Germany, whence they were shipped to Palestine and sold to tourists as genuine, at the very doors of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. These counterfeits seem, however, to have been made, from a vague description, by an artist who had never seen a genuine specimen, and may consequently be instantly detected. It is enough to say, that while the genuine shekel is hardly as large as an American twenty-five cent piece, the counterfeit is about as large as half-a-dollar. There is, however, another counterfeit, issued about fifty years ago, by a German named Becker, which is an almost perfect imitation of the genuine, and can only be distinguished by its greater artistic beauty.

In the fourth year of his reign, Simon coined shekels of copper, which were evidently intended to pass current at their face value. This can only have occurred at a time of great political danger, when the national treasury was empty, such as that when "Antiochus broke all his former covenants," and sent an army into Judea, which was defeated by the sons of Simon, Judas and John. 1 Mac. xvi. 2—9.

The intrinsic value of the Maccabean shekel has been variously estimated; but Col. Snowden, who fixes it at 58 cents, cannot be far out of the way. It must, however, not be forgotten, that silver was at that period ten times as valuable as it is at present, and that a

shekel would, therefore, probably buy as much as five dollars and eighty cents would now.

These shekels of silver acquire a special interest from the fact, that thirty of them were paid to Judas Iscariot for the betrayal of our Saviour. In the original, indeed, no particular coins are named, and the word used is correctly translated "pieces of silver" (Matth. xxvi. 15); but the fact that contributions to the sanctuary were paid in shekels, and would, therefore, naturally be the money in the sacerdotal treasury, renders it almost certain that the "price of blood" consisted of silver-shekels.

Moreover, on this supposition only can we understand the prophecies of the Old Testament as having been literally fulfilled. The price of a slave, as we have seen, was thirty shekels; and surely Christ, in this respect as in all others, "took upon himself the form of a servant." Phil. ii. 7.

It was to shekels, also, that the Prophet Zechariah referred, when he said, speaking of the betrayal of Christ: "They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, Cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was prized at of them." Zechariah xi. 12, 13.

The treason of Judas would almost seem to have left a taint upon the money, which was employed in that infamous transaction. When the writer recently examined one of these pieces, he could hardly repress a thrill of horror at the thought, that possibly this may have been one of the very "pieces of silver" for which the son of perdition betrayed his blessed Lord.

THE BEKAH OR HALF-SHEKEL.

The word *bekah* literally signifies *a division;* but it was employed as a money-term as early as the Exodus, though it would seem not to have been in general use; for Moses, after recording that every man contributed a bekah towards the erection of the tabernacle, proceeds to explain, that "a bekah is half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary." Exod. xxxviii. 26.

This was the sum, which each Israelite was required to pay annually as "atonement money"—"the rich shall not give more, nor the poor less than half a shekel, when they give an offering to the Lord to make an atonement for your souls." Exodus xxx. 15.

Half-shekel pieces of each of the years of Simon's reign are still extant, but exceedingly rare; or, as a Frenchman once said in describing a specimen, in a catalogue of his coins, they are "very unique." Those of the first three years resemble the shekel pieces, which we have already described; but those of the fourth year, which exist only in copper, are entirely different, the device consist-

ing of two bunches of leaves and a citron between them, with the legend *Shenath arba Chatzi*, "In the fourth year—one-half." The reverse represents a palm tree, with two baskets of fruit beneath it. The inscription signifies, "The Redemption of Zion," a watchword which was no doubt intended to rouse the patriotism of the people in an hour of danger.

There are several smaller copper coins which date from the reign of Simon, but they bear a general resemblance to the preceding, and are not particularly interesting.

Many beautiful pieces, which until recently were believed to have been issued by Simon, the Maccabee, are now ascribed to Simon, the son of Gioras, or Simon Bar-cochab, who were prominent leaders in the later revolts of the Jews against the Roman power.

The coinage of the later Maccabean princes cannot, strictly speaking, be included in the Money of the Bible. It is not, however, destitute of interest, as it plainly shows how the Jews again suffered themselves to be gradually led astray through the influence of their heathen neighbors. Not one of these coins—if we except a doubtful piece, said to have been issued by Alexander Janneus during a quarrel with the Pharisees—bears a portrait of the ruler of the country; thus showing how literally the Jews at that time construed the second commandment, as forbidding the representation of any living thing. After a while, however, distinctively Grecian emblems began to appear, and sometimes inscriptions in both Hebrew and Greek occur on the same coin. In these cases the same ruler is called High-Priest in Hebrew, and King in Greek, which manifests a disgraceful, double-dealing policy, that would never have been adopted by the illustrious founders of the Maccabean dynasty.

Israel was never strong but in the favor of Jehovah, and when He withdrew His protecting arm they became an easy prey to their Heathen enemies. By imitating the heathen, and seeking to efface the peculiarities of their own nation, the rulers of Israel undermined the faith of the people, and thus hastened the downfall of their nation. Nevertheless, all these things were necessary to prepare the way, negatively at least, for the coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Culture and Sensitiveness.—The savage knows little of the keen anguish to which the cultured mind and sensitive heart are liable; and the more debased the moral character, the more benumbed are the stings of conscience, which give to the pure-minded such exquisite pain.

WHAT BOOKS TO BUY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The 'Guardian' warns us not to buy or read bad books. Doubtless the most of your readers wish to heed the warning. But the question naturally arises: What books shall we read? Please name them. Give us a list. I wish to start a family library in my little home, but not being posted on such matters, I am fearful of getting some worthless books."

Thus inquires a young friend, with a pleasant little family growing up around him. For his benefit, and that of all other readers of the "Guardian," with or without families, we give the following advice:

First of all, see to it that you have a Bible, hymn-book, and prayer-book, and be sure that you regularly and devoutly use them. I know of no English prayer-book equal to Harbaugh's Golden Censer. Besides these, the following are excellent to begin with: Harbaugh's Lives of the Fathers; Model Woman, and Life of Schlatter, by the same; Nevin's Biblical Antiquities; Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis; Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; Stevenson's Praying and Working; Smiles' Self-Help; Spare Hours, by John Brown; Davis' Young Parson. This list will cost from $20.00 to $25.00. If the purse can bear a heavier list, we would add: Harbaugh's Poems; Russell's Creed and Customs; Robinson's Calmet; Conybeare and Howson's Life and Epistles of Paul (2 vols.); Schaff's Person of Christ; Thomson's Land and the Book (2 vols.); Stanley's History of the Jews (2 vols). This will add $25.00 to the bill.

If there is more money to spare, then buy: Barnes' Notes on the New Testament (11 vols.); Plutarch's Lives; Shakspeare (in 1 vol.); Cowper's Poems; Mrs. Hemans' Poems; Rollin's History; New American Cyclopedia. The last will add $75.00 to the bill. The whole making a substantial library, containing more wheat and less chaff than many a library, which cost $1000.

THE chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY THE EDITOR.

I recently attended a concert; where, does not matter to the reader. Many sweet voices discoursed charming music—music most difficult to render. It was rendered by a score or two of amateur singers. For many months they had studied and practiced Haydn's Creation. Now they charm a large and delighted audience with this classic composition. God be praised for music. Its humanizing influence was felt by the ancients. Did not the lyre of Orpheus charm even the trees of the forest, till their tops waved to and fro as before the sweep of a tempest? And when his beloved Eurydice died, he followed her spirit to the world of the lost, where the music of his lyre suspended the tortures of the lost, and won back his beloved, on condition that he should not look around at her till he had reached the upper world. Poor man, to keep his eyes from the idol of his heart was too much for him, and he lost her the second time. With the magic touch of his lyre he civilized the rude Thracians.

"When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took an harp, and played with his hand. Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." Thus mused I, listening to these singers, warbling the grand story of the creation. Wondering at its marvellous effect on the audience. Setting the heavy heels of many a winter boot, hammering on the uncarpeted floor, and hands, huge or handsome, clapped lustily. As for me, I gratefully drank at this stream of melody, according to my limited musical capacity. When most stirred by it flashes, of delightful thoughts flitted across my mind, like sheet lightning over the sky, on a calm summer evening. O, for a mental photographer to take their impressions ere they forever vanish. Now and then an intense desire to preach seized hold of me. An ill-defined ideal of a preacher flitted before my mind; which ideal, I then felt that I had never attained. My sermons for the following Sunday had been prepared. Alas, this concert made sad havoc with them; disclosing their defects in painful colors, declaring them unfit to be addressed to immortal souls. O, that I could just now ascend the pulpit, under the present inspiration! I would pour out my soul within me unto the hearts of the congregation. Thus yearned my weak heart. Thus it always yearns when touched by the gentle wand of music.

"Bring me a minstrel," said Elisha. "And it came to pass when the minstrel played that the hand of the Lord came upon him," and he prophesied (2 Kings, iii. 5.)

During these pleasing reveries one's eyes now and then fall on things that interrupt the charm. There is the leader, at his stand, speaking with the motion of his head and hands, without uttering a word; giving tone and tune to the whole complex performance. Waving his hands, now hither, now thither, which each of the singers understands full well. Much study and practice has it required to enable all these many performers to obey the leader's movements, without committing a single mistake. How efficient and pleasant would a pastor's labor be, if all his members were taught and drilled, so that each would keep time and tone, according to his counsel and guidance!

At a concert one some time meets people ill-suited for such a place. Aside of me sits a young man with an open book—containing Haydn's Creation; simply the music, without the words. He seems to read music readily, and follows the singers, page after page, to the end. He came hither to learn and enjoy. A sensible youth, who tries to make himself master of this grand composition.

In front of me sits an unknown young couple—a foppish youth and a flirt, her frizzled hair, gay dress, haughty swing of the head, her staring at the people, incessant giggling and unlady-like behavior made her the most perceptible of the two, and painfully perceptible to a large part of the audience. Possibly she thought the rest of the audience very "green" to listen so attentively and to behave so politely. I will venture the prediction that dozens of the people in the hall that evening, will hereafter recognize her on the streets as the rude girl at the concert, though they may not know her name. Was it rude in me to think of the dead flies in the apothecary's ointment, which cause it to send forth a stinking savor?

What a blessing is the gift of song! A boon measurably within the reach of most people, if properly cultivated. A great pity it is that some of the best voices are lost to the cause of religious and social improvement. Many a time have I stepped to my study window to listen to some youthful street vender, and enjoy his ringing clarion voice, on the tune "fre-esh oysters," "shad-oh." I have heard auctioneers, whose voice, if cultivated, might have made them first class vocalists. The free use of the voice in the open air, gives it clearness, scope, and volume. Still with joy do I remember the darkie chimney-sweeps, perched on high, rolling out their simple melodies, heard at the neighboring farm-houses for miles around. To us country boys the sweeping of the chimney was a sort of country concert in mid-air, which always secured a hearty

welcome to the dark-visaged visitor. While his song lasted, nor stick of wood, nor pail of water could one bring. The moment he began every youngster came scampering from orchard, barn-yard or wood-shed to enjoy the music.

Every young man and lady, who has this gift,—and few have it not—should cultivate and use it, in the home-circle, in the Sunday-school, in the public worship of the congregation. Music is a hand-maid of religion. The ballads of a nation mould the people more than its laws. In the middle ages the minstrel was a minister of religion, law, and love. Such the minstrel ought still to be. Who can resist the most unpalatable truth, if presented through the medium of song? When Music is the rod, it is easy to kiss it. Let melody smite me; it shall be a kindness: let her reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.

It is related that a lady who had fallen into a state of deep religious despondency, verging on despair, and whom every means of grace and every effort of Christian counsel and encouragement had failed to relieve or comfort, by the advice of Christian friends went to hear Jenny Lind sing in the "Messiah." When she heard uttered, with an indescribable effect of which she had never dreamed before, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden," new light broke in upon her gloomy spirit, from the Divine promises and the Divine compassion. And what she had never been able to see before, now she clearly saw—that Christ was as ready to save her as to save others. The arms of her faith now embraced Him who gave Himself for her, and she rejoiced in the full assurance of faith in the Redeemer.

It is said last summer, that the Superintendent of an Insane Asylum in New York, invited the celebrated vocalist, Miss Kellog, to sing for the inmates. They were taken into a large hall, some of them raving like wild beasts. The sweet singer, in a soft, clear voice, sang some simple ballads and hymns, accompanied with her guitar, in the midst of them. A few notes from her wonderful voice were sufficient to call order out of the wildest confusion. In a moment all was hushed, and except the voice of the cantatrice, the hall was silent as the house of death. After the first song, they gathered about her like children, wondering apparently what angel from heaven had dropped down so suddenly and unexpectedly among them. They examined her minutely and literally, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; for one desired to be allowed to see the pretty little boot, with which she "she beat time to her music." This was submitted to, and not only this, but every article of dress and jewelry about her person, she suffered to be freely overhauled. She was turned about by these crazy ladies like a merchant's lay figure,

much to her amusement, and little, apparently, to her annoyance. Even when they proposed to kiss her, she not only submitted gracefully, but tremulous, not with fear, but genuine emotion, she returned the greeting in each instance. Thus David's harp subdued the evil spirit of Saul.

The Lexington, Kentucky, Press says: On Sunday last, as the venerable Chief Justice Robertson, stricken by the hand of death, lay almost insensible to the world which he seemed fast leaving forever, while the gigantic brain which, for so many years, had throbbed grandly for the inspiration of genius, barely fluttered with the consciousness of life, he expressed a desire to hear Miss Cary sing the ballad of the "Old Folks at Home," as if the strains of his favorite melody would have power to call back his soul from the portals of the grave which he was so fast nearing.

The wish was at once communicated to Miss Cary, who willingly consented to anything in her power to rouse the ebbing current of life in one, who, as a statesman or jurist, has known but few rivals during the course of a long and eventful life. On reaching the residence of Judge Robertson, Miss Cary was at once ushered into the chamber where so much of intellect and learning were fast flickering out into the darkness of the unknown hereafter, and without accompaniment of any kind, raised her rich contralto voice in the touching words, "Way down upon the Suwanee River," but before she had sung three lines, broke down, in the intensity of her emotion.

Calming herself, she again essayed the ballad, and, while the venerable and stricken man lay drinking in her glorious melody, poured out her whole soul in the simple utterances which gave so much pleasure to one whose giant intellect, had, in days agone, fascinated the most talented in the land. When she had ceased, Judge Robertson could scarcely express his gratification by signs, yet signified a desire that Miss Cary should sing for him "Home, Sweet Home." Twice did the gifted artist attempt to comply with his request, but her emotion was too great, and, choked with feeling, she was compelled to leave the room. The whole incident was one of the most touching and affecting episodes that ever marked the death-bed of departing greatness.

THE SURE WAY.—If we would proceed rapidly in the strait and narrow way, run in the way of God's commandments, and reach the heights of the celestial Canaan, our "feet must be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

THE COATED TONGUE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Good morning, Mr. Blank."

"Good morning, Doctor."

"Well, how are you this morning?" quoth the sage Dr. "Slept pretty well last night? How is your appetite?" Putting on his glasses, sagely he proceeds:

"*Show me your tongue, please?* Ah! yes! still coated."

The tongue settles the matter; shows what is going on in the system; is an index of the disease. It is a singular provision of nature, to have the unseen disorders of the body write their complaints on this little organ of speech.

The soul's disorders, too, are often read from the tongue. It acts as a sort of safety-valve to the mind. What would many people do with their overburdened minds, surcharged with a mass of unripe notions, were it not for this method of their escape. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and when that abundance happens to be foolish stuff, it claims its quality through the tongue. The soul's physician can frequently detect the character of the patient, by a similar method. Called to minister counsel and comfort to some troubled spirit, he might well say: "Show me your tongue, please." How have you been using it? In prayer, worship, words of gentleness, kindness and love? Or of scandal, profanity, impurity, lying? In sorrow or in joy, goodness or badness, the heart demands utterance; and the utterance comes through the tongue. Silence is a great virtue, but one of difficult attainment. David tried it when sorrowful, until his soul heaved with the tumult within. "My sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue."

A very little organ is the tongue, yet what a power hath it wielded, and still doth wield! It is seldom seen by any body, save by the Doctors, in search of its naughty revelations. But felt it is all the world over. A marvellously active member it is. Never wearying in its ceaseless motions. From the little child, trying to jabber its dawning ideas to its loquacious grandmother, the tongue wags evermore, and never complains of hard work. It is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The Apostle James must have felt the fangs

of some venomous tongues—"spit-fires" of speech. He calls it hard names: A fire, a world of iniquity; it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and is set on fire by hell. Beasts can be tamed, but "the tongue can no man tame." An unruly evil, full of deadly poison. With it, we bless God; with it, we curse men.

The wicked, who has not God in his thoughts, has mischief and vanity under his tongue, where the serpent hath its deadly venom. (Psalm x. 7.) A true citizen of Zion "backbiteth not with his tongue." (Ps. xv. 3.) He that would live long and happily, must "keep his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile." (Ps. xxxiv. 12, 13.) The tongue of the wicked hath a keen edge; it is "sharp as a razor" (Ps. lii. 2); "sharp as a sword." (Ps. lvii. 4.) The Scriptures speak of a "lying tongue," "a tongue of flattery," "a false tongue," "a froward tongue," "a naughty tongue," "a perverse tongue," "a backbiting tongue." Truly, this organ of human speech, so powerful for good, must be capable of great evil, when wielded by a wicked heart.

It is likewise mentioned in terms of praise. The "tongue is filled with singing," when under the power of religion. "The tongue of the just is as choice silver." "The tongue of the wise is health." "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life."

The tongue is a medium of communication like the telegraphic wire. At one end is the mind and heart. No one outside can know what is there thought and felt, until the tongue frames it all into words.

The discerning and prudent can decipher the messages sent from the soul over the tongue, just as accurately as the operator in his little room, interprets the rapid ticking of the telegraphic instrument by the ear.

I happen to fall in company with a clerical brother; a good and useful man. He is brimful of talk, and talks well, but talks all about himself. He is in a delightful humor, and pleased with matters in general; but matters in general all revolve around him. Last Monday a legal friend expressed himself highly pleased with his sermon on the previous Sunday. And really he had bestowed very little thought upon it; but then it just shows how incorrectly we often judge of our productions. By the way, remarks this friend, I lately lost an excellent member of my church. His funeral was very solemn. During my sermon there was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation It—the sermon—produced quite a talk in the community. The afflicted family requested a copy for publication.

"Have you seen my last article in the 'Religious Trumpet?'" continues my self-complacent friend. Somewhat abashed, I must

answer that I have not seen it. "Well, no doubt you have heard of it." "Well, no, I have not even heard of it." "Haven't you? There was a good deal of talk about it. The editor says some of his readers were delighted with it. It is pleasant, you know, to have one's labor appreciated." Thus some men can see no difference between blowing the Gospel trumpet and blowing their own trumpet.

The conversation passes from one topic to another—he of course selecting the topics; but no matter on what it turns, the scarcity of money, trouble with servants, a smoking chimney; the progress of vice; with marvellous dexterity he makes the topic give a blow through his trumpet; a puff to his puff-loving soul. The tongue is coated. What shall the dose be? An emetic? Ipecacuanha?

A stranger enters the door of my study, one morning. The visitor is a middle-aged man, a farmer, with a very limited education. Possibly he can read and write sufficiently to transact what little business he may have. He seats himself at my study table, and wags his tongue in this wise: "See here, my friend, I have lately *converted myself*, and feel concerned about our denomination. The great trouble with us is, that you ministers are not converted. A man must be converted before he is fit to preach. Learning does very well, and the explaining of the Scriptures is all right in its place, but there is not a bit of use in it all unless you ministers will convert yourselves." He paused a few moments to roll a large quid to the other side of his mouth and squirt a stream of tobacco juice at the spittoon.

"Now, our dear pastor Jones is a very kind, affectionate man, and an excellent preacher. I have always liked him, and still love him dearly. Nobody can say ought against his character. He tries to live right, and perform his duties. But bless my heart, of what use is it for a man to be so good when he is not converted? If only he would convert himself, he might save many souls." A short pause ensues, to allow the tongue to send forth another filthy stream to the spittoon. His face beams with delight—delight with himself, whilst his clumsy, hard-worked fingers thump on the table, as if unconsciously playing a tune; or like the operator at his battery, hammering on the little brass knob to make the telegraph tell its latent story.

"See here, my friend," continues the *self-converted* stranger; "I know all about this matter. I have gone through it; I have converted myself and see just how it is. No matter how much you know, how good and faithfully you preach, and how uprightly you may live, unless you convert yourselves (whew! there goes another volley at the spittoon) it will all be useless. Your sermon must come from above—from God. Oh, how much good you

ministers might do, if you would convert yourselves." I answer him not a word and thought all the while, "How this man's tongue is coated." What shall be the dose? Nox vomica? An emetic? Alas, can there be any further need of an emetic, after such a stream of naughtiness! The poor man was so pleased with himself, that his face beams with conscious pride, his eyes stand out with fatness, the tone of his voice, and the peculiar jerk of his head clearly told me that if I knew of any finer, smarter, and holier man on the face of the earth than he, I should please let him know. The tongue is coated. It is said when Rev. H. Kroh was the Reformed pastor at Lebanon, Pa., he one day was accosted by a drunken man, who extended his hand, saying: "Why don't you know me? You converted me." "Ah, indeed," said the worthy pastor. "It looks like it. If God had converted you, you would not be drunk to-day."

Here comes another patient. "Good morning, Mr. Blank."

"Good morning, Mrs. Croaker."

"Dear me, Mr. Blank, I am dreadfully worried. I have just heard that Mr. A. was taken home drunk last night. What a pity for his family! And his wife a member of our church yet, and he a pew-holder! Do you know that Lucy B. attended the masquerade ball the other night? At least, I suspect she did; for it would be just like her. Do you think such a lively piece as she is fit to be a Sunday-school teacher? Have you heard that deacon Green gambles? I saw him talking with a black-leg the other day, which is a sure sign that he is one too. I have just heard that our church-roof leaks again and that half of the ceiling is about falling on our pretty carpet. Indeed, it might fall on our pretty bonnets some day. Just think,—Harry Doughface is going to leave our church. He says he feels more at home in the 'little church around the corner.'" Thus poor Mrs. Croaker's tongue wags from one unpleasant suspicion to another with evident relish. As a vulture feeds on dead carcasses, so feeds she on the loathsome rumors and surmisings of the community. Tongue coated, madam. A blue pill, before you go to bed.

My friend Dobbins has his own peculiar way of praising his fellow-beings. He will entertain me by the hour with ambiguous compliments to worthy people. "What an active church member Mr. Burchell is. Always doing his part, and never absent from church of a Sunday. But then, he may well be thus. It pays him in his business. For my part, I like to see people being good church members, whether it pays or not."

"Is it not surprising how liberally George Franklin supports the cause of Christ? He gives a large part of his income to religious objects—and always has a kind word for those who ask him for it.

Few men in our town do as much according to their means as he. After all, Mr. Blank, people that have it to spare can easily give. And then how many give liberally to make a show of what they do. And I should not be surprised if George Franklin did the same. Isn't Mrs. Briggs a lovely lady, and so pious? What a pity her husband is a drunkard. Lucy Lake is a charming girl. By the way, Mr. Blank, have you ever heard that her grandfather set his neighbor's barn a fire?" You see Dobbins can not bear to see that others are better than himself. His mean, sanctimonious soul is being devoured with envy, which is clearly seen from his coated tongue.

My friend Flora McFlimsy is a lady of refined manners and a glib tongue. She dresses with good taste, and is free to express her views of the good or bad taste of others. She has a singular memory that retains the shape and color of a score of dresses, more easily than a text of ten words. How her eye can pass over so many in review, during a single service of the congregation, is a mystery; indeed, it well nigh borders on the miraculous. She brings enough matters from church for criticism to fill a volume; but it all relates to dress. She can hardly wait till she is outside of the church-door; then talks long and loud, on this one's ungraceful walk, that one's old fogy bonnet, another one's old-fashioned dress. And whilst she can not even remember the text, she can talk vain-gloriously for days about her flimsy topics of fashion, never for a moment suspecting that thereby she exhibits her coated tongue to others.

Dick Bludget's tongue cuts like a razor; cuts everybody, friend and foe. And with the cut he sometimes flings the venom of malice into the wound, which keeps it festering for a long while. He rarely refuses to give to the needy—but the poor beggar must always be reminded that some people are poor of their own fault; they are too lazy to work, squander their earnings for liquor, or are otherwise thriftless. He gives to religious objects, but always with a groan. This everlasting begging of church people is a great annoyance. Besides, who knows that the collectors do not keep part of the money they receive. The truth is, Dick bristles all over like a porcupine. His surly, gruff manners drive his friends from him. He seems surcharged with an element of repulsion, which centres in his tongue. This is a sort of a negative magnet. It emits sparks whenever touched, like an electric battery, and the sparks are always repellant. He is fond of his children, yet never has a gentle word for them. He thinks he has the best wife in the world, yet for weeks has naught but biting, surly words for her, and scarcely ever smiles in her presence. The dear soul bears his boorish grunts with the most amiable and forgiving spirit. Sweet,

timid Katie is going on six years and has not received six kisses from her papa since she was born. Yet Bludget is not without kind and tender traits in his character. Only he has a bad way of showing them. His vinegar manners seem to have become a second nature to him. His tongue is coated, the symptom of a disordered system.

One afternoon Mr. Norris called on Mrs. Mandrake, one of his parishioners. Nothing could exceed the cordiality with which he was received. George brought the news the day before, that the pastor was coming. He found her immersed in household cares, as well she might be. Half a dozen children and only one servant brings work and worry to the good housewife. Mr. Norris was scarcely seated, when her voluble tongue began its random chattering. "How you take us by surprise, Mr. Norris. Had I only known that you were coming. And how is Mrs. Norris?——Here Tommie, get off of that chair you good for nothing brat you. Bridget, where are you again? Why don't you see after the children.——Yes, and Mrs. Norris is well, is she? How sorry I am that you have not brought her with you.——Here, Katie. Bless me, the child has fallen into the ash-pan. (Said ash-pan standing on the kitchen door-steps. Poor Katie gives vent to her sorrows in shrill screams.) Now, just see there, Bridget; it is too bad with these stupid, careless girls.——And how are the children, Mr. Norris?——Sallie, Sallie; see here, lay down that dish-rag and come here this minute.——Do take this rocking chair, Mr. Norris. I dare say,——Bridget, why don't you drive the chickens out of the garden? Don't you see how they are ruining my flower beds? ——Yes, I dare say you are very tired."

"Are there many sick people in the——Bettie, why in the world don't you leave that broom alone?——You see, Mr. Norris, what a trouble I have with these children. Folks that have little children, you know, will have care. And——Now, just see here again. That child has opened and emptied that drawer on the floor."

Mrs. Mandrake bites her lips, and spanks the offender, amid shouts of juvenile grief.

"I am so sorry that Mr. Mandrake is not at home. I expect ——Bridget, stir up that fire in the range, and get the things ready for tea. Now hurry yourself, and don't poke about again till sundown.——And how is the baby, Mr. Norris? The dear, sweet soul. Has it commenced teeth——Here Bell, get off of that garden-gate this minute. You good for nothing girl, would swing it off its hinges."

"Indeed, it is too bad, Mr. Norris, that I have not seen the baby yet. I shall certainly pay Mrs. Norris——Bridget, hurry on with your work."

Tea is ready. Mr. Mandrake has returned; a quiet, sensible gentleman of few words, but those always to the point. Around a large table, covered with a snow white table cloth, and laden with five times the necessary quantity of food, the larger children, father and guest are seated. Grace having been said by the pastor, the head of the family fills his plate and entertains him in a becoming manner, but not without many interruptions.

"Mr. Norris, how sorry I am that I knew nothing of your coming. Please excuse this poor and hastily prepared supper. Mr. Mandrake, why don't you help Mr. Norris to some more fowl and roast beef? Do let me help you to a piece of fresh sausage. Yes, and a plate of oysters you will certainly not refuse. Papa, help him to some of the fried oysters. I feel too sorry, that you did not send us word of your coming. It is a shame to offer you such a meagre meal."

Poor Mr. Norris wonders how any body can talk so. At length comes the beginning of desserts—four kinds of pie, two kinds of custards, two kinds of puddings, three kinds of cakes, apples, raisins, oranges, nuts, &c., &c. Toward the close the plot thickens. Mrs. Mandrake nervously hurries around the table, and insists on her pastor eating of every article on it, and chides him with ceaseless volubility for not doing so. "Why, Mr. Norris, are you sick? Why you don't eat. You are not troubled with the dyspepsia? Dear me, you eat hardly anything. Do let me help you to some more pie—." The poor pastor had become weary with polite refusals, and left his garrulous hostess rattle away to her heart's content. As they rose from the table, she remarked: "Now, Mr. Norris, I ask one favor of you. Please call to see us soon again, but let us know when you are coming. For it is so mortifying to offer such a poor supper to one's friends." But for this lady's coated tongue, her pastor could not have discovered the symptoms of her diseased spirit. Good Mrs. Mandrake meant it well with her pastor. Her way of showing her kindness was by means of a sumptuous meal. But what a sad glimpse did the pastor's brief visit give him of the state of her heart—and he saw it all on her *coated tongue.*

"It is known that a large class of persons are disposed to speak ill of others; and tattling is a sin, from which few can claim to be entirely exempt; but there is a distinct class of tattlers, who make tale-bearing the constant aim of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood; they know the exact state of a neighbor's feeling toward another; they understand everybody's faults; no blunder or impropriety escapes their vigilant watchfulness. They are particularly posted up in every thing connected with courtship and matrimony—know who are to marry, and can guess the exact time when it will take place. They watch

every movement of persons suspected of matrimonial intention; if there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, excite a jealousy, or break up a match, they take immediate advantage of it, and do all in their power to keep people in constant vexation. They go from gentleman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son; and in the ears of all they pour black and bitter whispers of slander and abuse, and at the same time pretend to be the sincere friends of those they talk to. Their black and nauseous pills of malicious slander are coated with smiles and professions of love. Tattlers are confined to no particular class of society. They belong to all classes, and operate in all. We have them among the rich and among the poor—the "upper ten" and "lower million"—in the Church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's business; to retail scandal to the neighbors and exult in the fiendish triumphs over the bruised heart and wounded feelings of a victim." And in all this they but "put out" their coated tongue, enabling every body to see the vileness of their hearts.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The New Life, or Counsels to Inquirers and Converts. By a Pastor. American Tract Society. Pp. 157. Price 30 cents.

This is an excellent little volume, so far as its counsel goes. This counsel is addressed to two classes of persons, who need full and unequivocal advice. The author is simple and explicit on the various points he discusses. But, by some unaccountable omission, he has not a word to say about connection with the Church; the importance of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. If a person is a Christian, "He belongs to Christ," "Is a Soldier of Christ," "Is a learner of Christ," "Is a child of God," "Has the same Mission with Christ." Are we then to say nothing about our Saviour's declaration: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved?" And of His solemn request: "This do in remembrance of Me?" Has Paul's remark no force: "As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death until He come?" We are not disposed as a rule to carp at books, otherwise so good; but where the young are to be counselled, a defect of this nature is too serious to be passed over in silence.

Short Sermons for the People. By the Rev. Wm. S. Plumer, D.D. American Tract Society. Price $1.00.

This neat volume contains 35 short, pithy sermons on a variety

of practical subjects. The style is simple and clear, and the doctrine evangelical. We have never read a volume of sermons with so many short words and sentences, and in which every thought is scattered on the surface, which the unlearned can so easily find and enjoy.

LIFE AT THREESCORE AND TEN. By Rev. Albert Barnes. American Tract Society, 1408 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Pp. 148. Price 30 cents.

At seventy years of age, in December, 1868, Albert Barnes preached a sermon on this Theme, in the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. At the request of others, he revised it for the American Tract Society. In December 24, 1870, as the little work was going to press, the toilsome, godly author, after a busy and useful life, fell asleep in the Lord. It is always wise to sit at the feet of pious age; it is peculiarly so to sit at the feet of the venerable Albert Barnes. Every page of this little volume lays before the reader truths most precious.

It is the well told story of a very busy life. It shows how life seems to a man when he approaches its close. "The idea is, that at such a time a man will feel that his life has been shaped otherwise than he anticipated; that he has rarely carried out his own plans; that he has, in fact, pursued a different course from that which he or his parents designed; that he has failed much in what he intended, and that if he has accomplished anything, it has been in a great measure what he neither contemplated nor designed."

He says: "I had when a boy, a young friend—a playmate, a schoolmate; he, like myself, being the son of a mechanic, and neither of us with any other advantage than our other playmates and schoolmates had. From our early prospects and occupations, we were both turned aside by the suggestions of a country schoolmaster, who persuaded us, with the somewhat reluctant assent of our parents, to leave our homes with a view to a course of studies preparatory to the profession of the law. My youthful friend, by talent and industry in the line thus contemplated, placed himself at the head of the legal profession in our native state, and ultimately occupied the highest judicial position in the State, accomplishing a purpose of which he never dreamed in early life, and illustrating the thought which I am endeavoring to set before you, that 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends;' that 'a man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.'

For myself, if it will not be regarded as mere vanity to refer to this, I may say that all this has been illustrated in my own life as it now seems to me, in the review of the past. I have carried out none of the purposes of my early years. I have failed in those things, which I had designed and which I hoped to accomplish. I have

known what it was to weep at discouragements. I have been led along contrary to my early anticipations. My whole life has been under the absolute control of a Higher Power. If I have done anything in the world; if praise is due anywhere, it is not to me, but to Him who has directed my steps."

Referring to his commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures, he says: "For this work I made no special preparation, and it never entered into my early plans or expectations. I was led to it as a *side-work* altogether, and pursued it as a pleasurable occupation from day to day. I began merely with the design of preparing a few plain and simple notes on the gospels, for the benefit of my Sunday-School teachers. There was a demand for some brief explanation of the gospels for Sunday-Schools, and it was certain, that such a work would be furnished by some one. Three other gentlemen, each of them peculiarly qualified for the task, commenced the preparation of such notes at about the same time, but each of them abandoned the design.

With me the preparation of those notes on the gospels led to the *habit* of spending a small portion of each day in writing on some part of the Bible, at such a time as would not interfere with my regular duties as a pastor, until, to my own surprise, I found myself at the end of the New Testament, and until, to my greater surprise, as the result has shown, more than a million of volumes have been sold in this country and abroad, in my native tongue and in languages which I cannot read or understand. If there may seem to have been some self-denial required in pursuing such a work for more than thirty years; in doing it in the early morning hours when the inhabitants of the great city were slumbering round about me; in pursuing it when burdened with the duties of a most responsible charge; in going to my study in the early morning in all kinds of weather, cold, heat, storm, rain, snow; if there seems to have been something like dogged perseverance in this—I would say that this does not appear to me now to be so.

I have no claim to merit, to praise, or to honor on account of what I have been enabled to do. I am trying to show to those in earlier life how a man feels when he has reached the outer limits of his course."

SOURCE OF RUIN.—We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—*Colton.*

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—The following is the table of contents of the June number of this excellent monthly, published by Scribner and Company, New York, at $3 per year, in advance: I. The Wonders of the Yellowstone. Second Article, with twenty illustrations. By N. P. Langford. II. Lights and Shadows of the War. Illustrated. By William Wells. III. Three Leaves from a Story. Poem. Illustrated. By Lois Brooke. IV. The Mother of the Emperor William. Illustrated. By Francis Johnson. V. Leipsic and its Fair. Illustrated. By Thomas Emmette. VI. Norah: The Story of a Wild Irish Girl. Concluded. VII. The Illinois and St. Louis Bridge. Illustrated. A. S. Twombly. VIII. Making Port. Poem. By J. T. McKay. IX. The Shadow that Came Between. By Adeline Trafton. X. The Freedom of the Pulpit. By Samuel W. Duffield. XI. Wilfrid Cumbermede. Continued. By George MacDonald. XII. The Clothes of a Ghost. Poem. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. XIII. Topics of the Time. Living with the Windows Open. The French Republic. XIV. The Old Cabinet. Confessions of a Conceited Man. Two Weddings. XV. Home and Society. The Ethics of Dress. Spring Fashions Bonnets. Summer in a Corner. A Modern Improvement. XVI. Culture and Progress Abroad. XVII. Culture and Progress at Home. XVIII. Etchings Illustrated. By L. Y. Hopkins.

THE GUARDIAN.

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PERILS OF YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

One of the last messages of St. Paul to Timothy, whom he frequently calls his "dearly beloved son," was a warning to "flee youthful lusts." Though a Bishop of the Church, Timothy was still a young man, full of life and energy, it is true, in the work of his Divine Master, but exposed to all the temptations which threatened those to whom he ministered. On this account, especially, St. Paul seems to have followed his course with special interest, addressing to him the celebrated epistles in which he describes the virtues and duties of the Christian pastor; exhorting him not to shrink from the duties of his office because of his youth, while, at the same time, he warns him to flee from those youthful lusts, which have caused the destruction of unnumbered millions.

The warning of the apostle is just as important now, as it was in the days when the youthful Timothy was bishop of Ephesus, and the aged Paul a prisoner in the dungeons of the tyrant Nero. Youthful strength and energy are still precious beyond conception, if they be consecrated on the altar of truth and virtue. But, alas! now as then, the young man has to advance toward it through an avenue of tempters, each of whom seeks to lead him astray. The Indians, it is said, sometimes compel their prisoners to "run the gauntlet"—to run a race for life through a double line of their enemies, armed with knives and tomahawks, each of whom strikes at them as they hurry by. If one of the prisoners should escape, his life is safe and he is honored as a special favorite of the celestial power; but not one in a hundred reaches the goal in safety.

May not this fearful ordeal be aptly compared with the moral gauntlet, which every young man is compelled to run? Temptations surround him, and the lusts of youth boil up within him Judgment is not yet fully convinced of the truth, that "the ex-

cesses of youth are but so many drafts on old age, payable with interest in about thirty years after date."

How important, then, it is, that we should never grow weary of warning the young of the dangers which beset their path. "Proprietors," says Dr. Arnot, "rear strong fences round young trees, while they leave aged forests to take their chance. Permit not then, the immortal to be twisted at the very starting of its growth, for the want of such protection as it is in your power to afford."

It is, however, no easy task to describe the perils of youth in such a way, that they may at once be recognized and avoided. While it is not difficult to know that certain parts of the sea are full of reefs and quicksands, it is a very different matter to put them down on charts for the guidance of future voyagers. Our remarks must, therefore, necessarily be general in their character. There is, we know, in that period of our lives a general exposedness to temptation; we are full of passions that are easily excited, and warm as the current of our youthful blood. Newly discovered powers, which God has given us for great and glorious purposes, become temptations to unnumbered excesses. It is as though a boy had buckled on his father's sword; but instead of keeping it as his father did, as a defence against the enemy, he slashes right and left, cutting down young trees and flowers, ruining the furniture of the old homestead, and making havoc generally. At this period we are full of the exuberance of youthful energy. There is plenty of steam, but experience has not yet caused the safety-valve to work easily. Is it surprising that there should be danger of an explosion?

Another cause of youthful susceptibility to temptation is often an unbridled imagination. Unchecked by experience, we are constantly forming images, which are mistaken for realities. We build ourselves castles in the air, and imagine that, one of these days they will be actualized in brick and mortar. Our anticipations of pleasure are so intense, that we remain oblivious of the pains which it conceals; we pluck the rose unmindful of the thorn that lies hidden beneath its fragrant petals. We labor for days in order to obtain a few moments of fleeting rapture, which in their turn may be followed by days or years of misery. We are like boys who, with great exertions, drag their sleds up the hillside, in order to enjoy the supreme felicity of riding down. Like the child with its baubles, we are dissatisfied unless we have whatever suits our fancy, and when we have it, will probably, also, in our disappointment, do our best to break it to pieces.

What is worst of all is the fact, that so many of the young have no confidence in the superior wisdom of men of advanced years and established reputation. In the fullness of their physical

strength, they imagine that they need no spiritual guide. It is as though a young sailor were to declare on his first voyage, that he knew all the intricate windings of the channel more completely than the most experienced pilot. There are plenty of young men who listen complacently to the admonitions of their best friends, while their heart silently responds, "You old fogy! You have exhausted the time of your enjoyments, and now would deprive me of mine. I must make hay while the sun shines." Egotism thus prevents them from seeing, that, by thus yielding to temptation, they are forming habits that will stick to them even more closely than the "Old man of the sea" is said to have clung to Sinbad the sailor. Those who are most eager in their strivings for liberty are, therefore, most likely to become slaves; they exchange the parental rule of our blessed Saviour for the galling servitude of imperious lusts and passions. The tempters, who meet the young man at the beginning of his course, are constantly calling upon him to be *free*, free from the influence of his Church and family, free even from the moral restraints of respectable society; but how truly does St. Peter tell us, "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the subjects of corruption; for of whomsoever a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage."

While the young are indulging in excesses, under the impression that they are enjoying their youthful freedom, they do not reflect, that their evil habits will soon become as fixed as the coral reefs of the ocean. The boy, who thinks he shows his manliness by drinking his first glass of intoxicating liquor, does not dream that, in the language of the Arabian tale, "the Afreet who is now his servant will soon become his master." Would that, as the necromancer of old time sometimes pretended, he beheld the future in his glass. Alas! he does not see the imploring eyes of a pallid wife; he does not hear the moans of ragged children; he does not behold himself going down to the grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

When he approaches for the first time the dwelling-place of her "whose door is near to hell," whom with all the better instincts of his soul he still regards with unutterable loathing, he does not think that at her impure caresses his manly beauty will fade away like a flower before the blasts of autumn; that horrible and unnamable disease will soon invade his body; and that, with a corrupted soul, his vices will ere long drive him into a dark eternity.

Ah! it is a sad sight to behold the thoughtless multitude who are thus, in various ways, joyously hurrying onward towards destruction. The young clerk at first abstracting a little money from his employer's till, then taking larger sums, then forging the

name of the firm, and bringing up at last in the penitentiary. The young man who, "just for fun," plays a game of cards for some trifling stake, unmindful of the fact that all his property may soon be sacrificed at the card-table, and with it his good name, and all his temporal and eternal happiness.

Such scenes arise before our mind's eye not singly but in scores. Do you, for instance, remember having read in the papers that a large reward was offered for the apprehension of "the notorious J— L——, the alleged leader of a gang of counterfeiters, and the leading spirit in a great robbery a few years ago?" I remember the time when he was the acknowledged leader of the youthful circle in which he moved. Tall and graceful, always dressed in exquisite taste, and spending money with a lavish hand, he commanded the admiration of his companions of all sexes and ages. Shall I confess that we sometimes felt depressed, because we were not rich enough to dress as he did? Little did we dream that, like a brilliant meteor, his light would soon be quenched in utter darkness.

The history of his downfall is soon related. It is the old story which may be comprised in three words, "Cards, courtesans, and the cup," the most dangerous C's in all the world. Whether he is living or dead, I cannot tell. One of his relatives recently said, "He is certainly not in this country. America is too hot to hold him." Wherever he may be, there is but little hope for him. A soul that is in youth so deeply impressed with the image and superscription of Satan is but rarely delivered from temporal and eternal destruction.

We confess that this is an extreme case, and yet it is but one of many. It shows us how abilities may be prostituted, opportunities neglected, and the very qualities which command the highest admiration of our companions become the chief instrumentalities of our ruin. How important then, it is, that we should resist evil at the very beginning, always remembering that a pure and pious youth is the only assurance of a happy old age and a blissful eternity.

We conclude with a few words of warning, which we trust will be as kindly received as they are affectionately offered.

Avoid the company of the wicked. You may, indeed, sometimes be mistaken as to the real character of those whom you imagine to be your nearest and dearest friends; but as a rule, you will not go wrong in heeding the general verdict of the community. If a young man bears a bad reputation, beware of becoming intimate with him. He will ruin you socially, for it is generally believed that "birds of a feather flock together;" and he will injure you religiously, for "it is impossible to touch pitch without being defiled."

If you are in doubt as to the suitability of a young man to be your companion and friend, listen carefully to his conversation, and you will soon know what manner of man he is. If, for instance, he is evidently an admirer of fast horses, knows to the sixteenth of a second the best running or trotting time ever made by the fastest nags in the country, and is willing to take you to the very next race for the purpose of putting you in the way of making money on the result, I think you had better beware of him. If he shows by his conversation that he is a faithful reader of the "New York Clipper," "Day's Doings," or "Police Gazette;" knows exactly when the "champion of America" is going to pummel the "British bruiser," and is ready at any time to travel many miles to see a prize-fight, do not cultivate his acquaintance. If, moreover, he can tell you a great deal about cards, is perfectly familiar with all the games that can be played with them, such as drawing whatever card he chooses from the pack without looking at it, let him win all the money he may from "greenhorns," but do not give him a chance at yours. If your acquaintance should turn out to be one of the corner-loafers who disgrace the town, who gather in clusters at the most prominent places, and insult and disgust the respectable portion of the community by their boisterous, profane and indecent conversation, have nothing to do with him. You cannot elevate him, and he will not rest until he has brought you down to his own level. If, on the other hand he should be found to have reached the opposite extreme of corruption, if he should turn out to be one of those "nice young men," who claim to be wiser than all the world beside; who talk about the Church as "a good sort of place for the women and children," bid him good morning in the politest manner, and do not call again.

"Finally, brethren," says St. Paul, "we command you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every one that walketh disorderly," but "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things."

Another important warning to the young, to which, however, we have already incidentally referred, is to guard vigilantly against the formation of any evil habit. It is easy to nip evil in the bud; but who can uproot it when full blown? The Bible says, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." Beware, then, how you habitually indulge in any sin, however venial it may appear to be; for it will prove the weak point in your defences, through

which the enemy will force his way and take possession of the citadel of your soul.

Be careful what you read. The mind is like a vase whose condition depends on what you put into it. In the present age of the general diffusion of literature, there are thousands who read everything that comes in their way, good, bad, or indifferent; and, as a natural result their memory is overburdened by a mass of miscellaneous facts and fancies, which will never be of any practical value. Of course, it is impossible to lay down rules that will be suitable to every case—in such matters every one must be a law to himself, on account of the infinite variety of our mental constitution. In general, however, we would say, with a distinguished writer: "Let your reading be safe. Not many novels, not a perpetual round of angry politics, not a constant poring over theological controversies." On the other hand, read those books which command the admiration and approval of the good and wise—the Bible, of course, first and foremost, and then those books of devotion which are sanctioned by the Church to which you belong. Beyond these, if you have leisure, read books of theology, science, history, poetry, or whatever else may come into your way that will probably exert a beneficial influence on your mind and heart. It is best to read with a definite object; to select a certain subject, and then determine to understand it thoroughly; learning some new fact or principle every day, and storing it away carefully in the memory. In this way a young man may become eminent in the particular vocation or profession to which he may devote his energies; and to do so will not only be fulfilling a duty, but it will be a powerful guard against the formation of evil habits.

Finally, if you would fulfill the object of your creation, if you would be happy in this world and in the world to come, devote your whole heart, soul and life to the service of God. Without Christ you can do nothing. Be true, then, to the covenant which God formed with you in your baptism; to the Church which He has established for your salvation. Thus living the life of Christ on earth, you may trustingly and joyfully await the hour

> "When Death shall gently bind you fast
> To the bright shores of love."

FAITH is the blessed tree which produces the noble and divine fruits of wisdom, virtue, and true felicity. But it is of so fine and delicate a nature that it will not grow and thrive in the cold and barren soil of a man's heart without his incessant care and industry.

THE FIRST HOMICIDE.

(From the German of H. Jäde).

BY C. G. A. H.

On a hill stood the plain altars, which the sons of Adam had erected to offer upon them their sacrifices to the Lord. Along one side of the hill stretched a mighty forest, on whose edge could be seen a patch of newly cultivated land. On the other side rolled a majestic stream, all along whose winding course the eye rested on boundless steppes, which were interrupted only here and there by solitary groups of trees.

The sun was declining to rest. The sons of Adam had prepared their offerings, Abel having laid a sheep of his flock upon his altar, Cain some fruits of the field on his. The fires were kindled and each kneeled before his altar.

Their eyes and hands raised toward heaven, and their hearts full of reverence and gratitude, they prayed: "Accept in mercy, what Thou hast first bestowed!"

The eye of Abel followed the column of smoke ascending from his altar towards the cloudless heavens; it seemed to him as though the glory of God should be revealed to him whilst God was receiving his offering. Heavenly peace filled his enraptured soul.

The eyes of Cain likewise followed the direction of the smoke arising from his offering, but not towards the serene blue of the heavens. But, as if repelled in its course, the smoke arising from his altar curved downward to the earth, and, creeping slowly along the ground, it hovered over the waters of the stream, following its winding course into the desolate steppes.

Cain endeavored by force to withdraw his eyes from it and direct them toward heaven; but again they were fastened upon the stream of smoke.

Then he said to himself: "Why does the Lord God despise our sacrifices?" And he looked over to Abel.

But, behold! the smoke of *his* offering went directly upward, and Abel was following it with enraptured eye, as if he had just beheld the glory of God.

Then Cain fell to the ground crying: "Lord, what have I done, that Thou art despising my sacrifice? Be merciful and do not exalt Abel above me!"

And his eyes again fastened upon the smoke of his offering; then rolling in a circle, they fastened obliquely on Abel's column of smoke. Now he started up with a wild countenance; then again he seemed lost in deep thought. An awful contest arose in his soul; for a voice said to him: "Do not yield to thy passions, but rule over them."

The enraged man pressed his fists to his forehead, eyes and mouth, as though he would press his rage and despair out of the wrinkles of his forehead, his rolling eyes and quivering lips. Then, apparently calmed, he picked up the pointed instrument, with which he tilled the soil, and proceeded to walk to his father's cave.

But he could not avoid casting another look at Abel. He saw, how that the last cloudlets of the smoke were glorified by the fiery sun as by the smile of God. His eye fastened upon this scene, he walked forward, his steps following the direction of his eye.

He stopped at the side of Abel, and after a brief silence, he said: "Tell me, Abel, why does God look graciously upon thy sacrifice, and why does He despise mine?"

"I am in His favor!" said Abel, with a bright countenance.

Then Cain pressed his lips together, and only the word "Why?" hissed forth from them. But Abel replied: "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest evil, sin resteth at thy door."

Had Cain perhaps expected a kinder reply from his brother, who appeared to be exalted above him? And did the given reply pain him the more severely, because he had received the same reproof a short time before? At any rate, Cain trembled as if a contest was waging within him; then he began to scoff at Abel, until his rage violently burst asunder all fetters—sin had really entered the door of his heart and was ruling over him.

"Ah! is that thy language? thou darling of the Lord! thou lamb-hearted shepherd! Is it because I am rough from hard labor in the field of thorns, which God has cursed on account of father Adam's sin,—that I am unacceptable? Go thou also and dig in the field until thy arms are bruised and thy back sore, and then tell me whether thou canst be friendly and pleasant!—*There!* (striking him) feel such pains in thy arms, back and head and then be friendly and pleasant, and exalt thyself above me!"

A scream of anguish—a grappling—wrestling—and Abel was lying on the ground, Cain on the top, panting and furious.

* * * * * * * * * *

The victor arose. The vanquished remained lying—motionless, noiseless, breathless.

He walked down the hill, his heart full of defiance;—but he

slackened his pace. He became filled with fear and anxiety, he knew himself not why.

Now he stood still; the form of his father appeared before his inward eye, for he had always severely rebuked the quarrels of his sons.

He looked around. Abel was still lying motionless on the same spot.

A dog of Abel's herd ran up to his master, howling dolefully and licking him.

The peaks of the mountains turned blood-red in the rays of the setting sun. Gloomy clouds gathered thickly on the horizon, and a storm rushed violently through the roaring forest. Abel's sheep pressed close together, bleating piteously. *Abel did not move.*

Cain saw that a rain-storm was impending. He began to be troubled about Abel and about himself, in case the former should not return home to his parents with his sheep before the night and the rain-storm. He went back to the spot where Abel was still lying.

As he was approaching, the dog sprang upon him as if mad, and bit him. Cain defended himself—and killed him.

He started at the beast, as it was writhing in its blood; its limbs moved convulsively, it raised its breast for the last time with a doleful groan, stretched out its limbs and then projected the tongue —it had expired.

Cain shuddered. He looked on Abel. Tremblingly he fled. Behind him was rolling the thunder of the impending storm.

—Cain, where is thy brother Abel?

—Father, shall I be the guardian of my brother? I suppose he is in the cave with his sheep.

—My son Cain, why dost thou tremble thus, when the lightning illumines the cave?

Oh, mother Eve, the Lord is awful in the lightning of His rage, and in the thunder of His threatening.

—The thunders of God are rolling and His lightnings and rains are lashing the earth. The Lord is casting the lightnings out of his hand, and with the storm of His mouth He is blowing down the cedars. Whom is His wrath seeking, that He may strike him?

—O, father Adam! the wind is blowing, whence does He come? He strikes to the ground, whoever stands in His way——

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a crash of thunder, interrupted the conversation of the three persons in the cave.

The lightning had struck into a mighty cedar, casting it to the ground and setting fire to it. The three inmates of the cave fell on their faces and worshiped God; Adam and Eve thanking Him for the gift of fire—Cain trembling and struck with terror.

About dusk Adam went out to look after Abel. The thunder was still rolling and the rain was dropping from the forest branches. He found him not in the cave, where the sheep were kept, neither were the sheep in the cave. Then he walked out of the forest and looked towards the hill.

On the hill Cain was standing. He had the appearance of a statue, his outlines distinctly marked in the glaring light of the setting sun, reflected on the passing clouds. Adam ascended the hill. There was lying Abel, his garments soaked by the rain, his face distorted, his mouth and eyes open! As Adam approached, Cain started back with sudden fear and fell to the ground. But Adam cried:

"Son Abel! my child! Why art thou lying here? Did the Lord cast thee down by His thunder and punish thee with His rain? Son Abel! My child! Arise!"

And he shook him harder and harder, and cried into his ears: "Son Abel! My child! my child!"

And as he looked around he saw the dog also lying on the ground —with surprise he ran over to him; he touched him; the dog was cold! the dog was dead! "Cold! Dead!"

He hastily returned to Abel, he felt his hand—Abel was also cold! Might it perhaps be possible, that man can also die like the animal? He felt him again; he put his ear to Abel's mouth; all was quiet! no breath, no pulse! Abel was cold, cold as the dead animal!

"Lord, can we die, Lord? die like a slaughtered beast? Lord! Lord! is Abel dead? His muscles are stiff, his cheeks pale as snow, his body cold as the body of a reptile! His breath does not move! His pulse does not beat! His eyes give no light!"

"When thou didst drive us out of Thy Paradise, Thou saidst to me, that the earth should be cursed, bearing thorns and thistles; that I should eat the herbs of the field in the sweat of my brow. Lord, Lord! when we were pulling nettles and bushes, and the root of the juniper tree was our food; when we were satisfying our gnawing desire, our severe hunger; then we did not think that we could also *die* if we would not eat! For when Thou saidst, we should again return to the dust, of which we are made, we did not understand it! But now I know that Thou hast delivered us over into the grasp of death; now I know that I have become a brother to the wolves, which we slay, and a fellow of the serpents which we tread under our foot! Now I know, that we may not only strike one another so as to cause pain; but we can strike one another so as to put an end to our lives! Now thou hast made us to tremble for fear that we may die at any hour; that we may pass away, as one turneth his hand and winketh with his eyes! When

we are digging in the earth, the pointed pole can put the soul out of our bodies; and when we are watching our flocks, a lion may overtake us and devour us, as he devours a lamb. We flee from the falling tree, because it may strike us to the ground; and from the rushing stream, because it may bury us in its floods. We flee from the fire, which Thou hast given us, because it may burn us to ashes; and from Thy lightnings, because they may destroy us. For, alas! death has come amongst us, and we know that he is ever about us. One breath may extinguish the flame of our lives, like the wind does the burning torch. When we fall there may be no rising, and when we sleep there may be no awaking. Who knows, then, where the sting of death may threaten? Who can tell all his ways? He comes with the pain, which we drive from us, and with the sweetness, which we drink. Death will lead us to the dance, and invite us to the cool fountain, in order to overtake us; we may choke when laughing; we may die even for joy. Oh, that we might only be extinguished, as the burning torch by the fleeting breath of the wind. But woe unto our children! They will call upon death as their helper, and they will be the servants of death. But who was it, that called on death and showed him the way to us men? *Lord, who killed Abel?* If *Thou* hast done it by Thy lightnings, I must suffer it, for Thou art the Lord. Was it a beast, tell me where I may find it? Or, could it be possible, a brother kill his brother—at Thy altar, Lord!—Lord—in a quarrel for Thy favor? Cain! why is thy pole so bloody? Why so wild thy countenance? Cain! Cain! what hast thou done!"

Cain fled, as if lashed by invisible spirits, into the desolate, dismal steppes. The father of men fell senseless to the ground, and his wife lay at his side, pulling her hair, trembling and sighing without tears.

But on the horizon a rainbow was forming; butterflies fluttered over their heads; from the trees was echoing the warbling of merry birds, and the flowers breathed more strongly their odors. The wonderful, renewing after-effect of the storm touched the senses of the broken-hearted parents of the human race; they looked about, they listened, they breathed freer; hand in hand they sat there and wept. But Adam said:

"Shall we not love each other infinitely, since we are become infinitely miserable? Ah, why grieve and vex one another, since death is so near us? Why envy one another, since we are all in the same pit? Why in pride think ourselves above others, since we are all on a level? Why take revenge, since destruction awaits us all? Shall we not forgive each other our offences, since we all have equally sinned and incurred the penalty of death?"

AN ARABIAN QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

About forty miles from Beirut, near the ancient city of Sidon, in Syria, is a conical hill, crowned with the remains of a castle-like residence. The hill resembles a pyramid, and is five hundred feet high. The ruins on the top were once the dwelling-place of Lady Hester Stanhope.

She was a grand-daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, and was born in 1776. Her father, the Earl of Stanhope, was a violent red republican. Her mother having died when she was quite young, her uncle, William Pitt, the younger, adopted and brought her up. Pitt had a mortal hatred of red republicanism, and taught the child better views. This led her father to disown her. Her genius made her a favorite in her uncle's family. Pitt died a poor man, but was the means of securing an annual pension of $6,000 from the British Government, for his niece. Her wealth, beauty, and intelligence, brought her many suitors. Only one of these, Sir John Moore, she learned to love, but never married.

She early imbibed a restless, roving disposition, and an aversion to the surroundings of civilized life. After traveling much in Europe, she started on an extensive journey in the East. She took with her a great company of attendants, and a large amount of property. Overtaken by a storm, the vessel bearing her, was wrecked, on a fragment of which, she floated to a desert island. There she remained twenty-four hours without food or help of any kind, musing over the loss of her jewels and property, fallen to the bottom of the sea. At length she was found by some fishermen, who brought her to the island of Rhodes.

In her poverty she returned to England, and brought her remaining fortune to the East. For a while, she took up her abode on the coast of Syria. Here, by a course of dieting and exercise, her weak body became strong as that of an Amazon. She studied the Arab language, which she learned to speak fluently, and made herself familiar with the manners and usages of the country. Her love of adventure led her into the most unfrequented parts of the desert of Arabia, and Mesopotamia. She organized a large caravan, and loaded her camels with rich presents for the Arabs, which she distributed with lavish hand along the course of her journey. Traveling on such a grand scale, she attracted and charmed

the wild children of the East. Every noted place in Syria, she honored with a visit. Her rich presents and large caravan, wrought the fertile imagination of the untutored Arabs to its highest pitch. Gifts bordering on the miraculous were ascribed to her, and wonders like those of the Arabian Nights, were related in many a tribal encampment of the fair-skinned charmer. At Palmyra, hordes of wandering Arabs, to the number of forty or fifty thousand, assembled around her tent. Her beauty, grace, and splendor, brought whole tribes to her feet as cheerful subjects. They proclaimed her "Queen of Palmyra." Powerful tribes handed her firmans (articles of agreement), certifying that every European receiving her protection, might travel through their respective countries in the desert, with perfect safety, by paying to them a specified tribute.

On her return from Palmyra, she narrowly escaped being captured. Her supposed wealth, tempted the plunder-loving Arabs, of a hostile tribe. Her fleet Arab horse, carried her beyond danger, in twenty-four hours—during which, she traveled with incredible speed.

Traveling inland from Sidon, one enters upon a succession of wild, barren hills, without vegetation or soil. From a mountain top you look down into a valley deeper and broader than the rest, bordered by bleak bald mountains. Out of the midst of this valley, rises the mountain of Djoun, like Tabor out of Jezreel. On this hill top, a wealthy Christian of Damascus, owned a house, a sort of country seat. Weary of her wandering, Lady Stanhope bought this house, as her future dwelling-place. She added some twenty-five or thirty rooms to the building; enclosed several acres around the dwelling with a high wall, which gave her home the appearance of a strong mountain fortress. There she lived many years, in a style of oriental splendor. Dignified household officers waited on her, and many young females, black and white, whom she endeavored to educate. A vast horde of Arabs followed her to her mountain home, a few to aid her with their labor, the most to plunder her. All the water needed for her large family, and for watering her gardens had to be brought on mules a distance of three or four miles, from the valley below. As long as she lavished gifts on her Arab followers, they revered her as the "Queen of the Desert." When she had no more to give, they deserted her—even some of the servants she had brought with her from Europe withdrew, and left her desolate and poor.

She dressed like an emeer (a Turkish prince). A traveler visiting her in 1832, says: "I was introduced into her cabinet by a little negro child. It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majes-

tic features, clad in an oriental costume. She rose from the divan (cushion on the floor), advanced, and offered me her hand. She appeared to be about fifty years of age; but she possessed those personal traits which years cannot alter. Freshness, color, and grace, depart with youth; but when beauty resides in the form itself, in purity of expression, in dignity, in majesty, and a thoughtful countenance, whether in man or woman, this beauty may change with the different periods of life, but it does not pass away—it eminently characterized the person of Lady Hester Stanhope. She wore a white turban, and on her forehead was a purple-colored woolen fillet, which fell on each side of her head as low as her shoulders. A long yellow Cashmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers, which was attached around the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth."

To many of the lawless children of the desert, she was a counsellor and judge. An Arab suspected his wife of talking too much with strangers. He tried to strangle her. Thinking she was dead, he began to put her under the earth. The sand falling on her body revealed symptoms of life. He repented, and brought his half-dead wife to the "Queen" on the mountain. He stated that his wife had been unfaithful, and he harsh and cruel in trying to kill her, before consulting his great friend. Lady Stanhope sent the poor woman to a comfortable room, and had her bled and nursed. To the husband she said: "My good friend, your wife's star has been consulted; take her back in peace, and thank God you have her; for it is written in the stars, 'On vain surmises thou shalt not strangle thy wife, neither shalt thou hearken to the slanderers of her honor.'" The Arab held out his hand, to his resurrected spouse, and she kissed it. Away they walked together, as if nothing had happened. "Are you not afraid he will try again to kill you?" asked Lady Stanhope. "Is he not my husband?" was the cool reply. "Has he not a right to kill me, if he suspects me of doing wrong?"

Dr. Thomson, missionary in Beirut, knew her personally, and buried her. He says: "On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and, at times, revengeful in a high

degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emeer, weapons, pipe, and all; nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards and her servants with absolute authority. She kept spies in the principal cities, and at the residences of pashas and emeers, and knew everything that was going forward in the country. With Mr. Abbott and his lady, she would sit out the longest nights talking over those stirring times of the last century and the beginning of the present, with exhaustless spirit and keen delight. But nothing could tempt her back to England. At length, her income was curtailed in order to pay off her numerous debts. She was furious but unsubdued. In her mountain nest, and all alone, she dragged out the remnant of her days in haughty pride and stubborn independence.

She could be extremely sarcastic, and her satire was often terrible. Many of her letters, and the margin of books which I purchased at the auction, are "illustrated" with her caustic criticisms. There was no end to her eccentricities. In some things she was a devout believer—an unbeliever in many. She read the stars, and dealt in nativities, and a sort of second-sight, by which she pretended to foretell future events. She practiced alchemy, and in pursuit of this vain science, was often closeted with strange companions. She had a mare, whose back-bone sank suddenly down at the shoulders, and rose abruptly near the hips. This deformity her vivid imagination converted into a miraculous saddle, on which, she was to ride into Jerusalem, as queen, by the side of some sort of messiah, who was to introduce a fancied millenium. Another mare had a part to play in this august pageant, and both were tended with extraordinary care. A lamp was kept burning in their very comfortable apartments, and they were served with sherbet (a sort of Turkish lemonade), and other delicacies. Nothing about the premises so excited my compassion as these poor pampered brutes, upon which Lady Hester had lavished her choicest affections for the last fourteen years. They were soon after (her death) sold at auction, when hard work and low living quickly terminated their miserable existence.

Lady Hester was a doctor, and most positive in her prescriptions to herself, her servants, her horses, and even to her chickens, and often did serious mischief to all her patients. She was wholly and magnificently unique. Now riding at the head of wild Arabs, queen of the desert; now intriguing with mad pashas and vulgar emeers; at one time, treating with contempt, consuls, generals, and nobles, bidding defiance to law, and thrashing the officers sent to her lodge; at another, resorting to all sorts of mean shifts, to elude or confound her creditors; to-day, charitable and kind to the poor, to-morrow, oppressive, selfish and tyrannical in the extreme. I

should like to read the long, dark, interior life of such a being, but not to live it. Alas! she must have drained to the dregs many a bitter cup. Her sturdy spirit here fought out all alone a thousand desperate battles, and lost them all. Let those who are tempted to revolt against society, and war with nature, God, and man, come to Dahr June—sit on the fragments of this broken tomb, amid ruins without beauty to charm, or age to make venerable—itself a ruin of yesterday, and sinking fast to hopeless oblivion. Will such an end pay for such a life?"

The British Consul at Beirut, requested Dr. Thomson to perform the religious services at her funeral. They started together on a Sunday noon, and reached her dwelling at midnight, and at once proceeded to bury her. They found her body wrapped in waxed cloths and dipped in turpentine and spirits. The premises were alive with her servants. A vault in the garden was opened, and the bones of a French general buried therein, placed at the head of it. "The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company, with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. The first thing I saw at the grave, were the bones of the general in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket—a hideous grinning spectacle.

"The morning after the funeral, the Consul and I went round the premises, and examined thirty-five rooms, which had been sealed up by the Vice-Consul of Sidon to prevent robbery. They were full of trash. One had forty or fifty oil jars, of French manufacture, old, empty and dusty. Another was crammed with Arab saddles, moth-eaten, tattered, and torn. They had belonged to her mounted guard. Superannuated pipe-stems, without bowls, filled one room. Two more were devoted to medicines, and another to books and papers, mostly in boxes and ancient chests. Nothing of much value was found anywhere, and the seals were replaced to await legal action."

Lady Hester told Mrs. Thomson, that once when she was supposed to be dying of plague, she could hear her servants breaking open her chests, and ripping off the embossed covers of her cushions. "Oh didn't I vow," said she, "that if I recovered I would make a scattering of them?" And she performed her vow. During her last lingering illness nothing escaped her rapacious servants.

What a death! Without a European attendant—without a friend, male or female—alone, on the top of this bleak mountain, her lamp of life grew dimmer and more dim, until it went quite out in hopeless, rayless night. Such was the end of the once gay and brilliant niece of Pitt, presiding in the saloons of the master-

spirit of Europe, and familiar with the intrigues of kings and cabinets.

Once the little mountain villa seemed a sort of earthly Paradise. Now the white wall around the confused assemblage of cottages, which formed the abode of the "Sittee Inglis," or English lady, is levelled to the earth. "Not a dog, cat, or even lizard appears to relieve the utter solitude. Her tomb is sadly changed. Once embowered in dense shrubbery, and covered with an arbor of running roses, of which not a vestige now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced. There is no inscription, not a word in any language, and unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be entirely lost."

SONNETS.

BY R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

With waveless, gliding motion still and slow,
  Between thy steadfast banks and shadowy trees,
O, calm, cold stream thy waters onward flow
  Unmoved by what in life can pain or please;
And yet, across this three-arched old stone bridge
  Through many years, a century or more,
From yon bright plain, and down this woody ridge,
  Both age and youth their joys and sorrows bore;
In every form that life did ere assume,
  Or horrid war, or fell disease beget,
To wedding feast, or mourning to the tomb,
  They came their way and went their way;—and yet
O, calm, cold stream thy waters onward flow
With waveless, gliding motion still, and slow.

So fair the evening and so holy still,
  It seems as if the oft told peace and joy
That reigned in Paradise, ere Adam fell
  To mar himself and all that peace destroy,
Once more, from every tree, and shrub, and flower,
  Hill, plain, and cloud with heavenly influence
Breathed forth upon the world and charmed the hour,
  Giving to each awak'ning thought and sense
Experience such, the soul is bound to hold
  Itself a creature for another realm,
Where perfect happiness and peace untold
  Shall be but native to it; but cares o'erwhelm
It now, and force it ever more to fight,—
A life in darkness struggling t'ward the light.

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. V.

The Money of the Herods.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead.
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."—*Longfellow.*

An aged man once confessed to the writer, that he had for years been troubled by an apparent contradiction in the Gospel narrative. "How was it possible," he inquired, "that Herod should have been still alive at the time of the crucifixion, when it is expressly stated that he died during our Saviour's infancy?" The simple solution of the difficulty, that there were a number of princes bearing the name of Herod, had never suggested itself to his mind; yet though we may smile at such simplicity, there are probably but few persons who can rehearse from memory the names of all the Herodian princes mentioned in the Scriptures, and correctly point out the passages which directly refer to each one of them.

The name Herod is supposed to signify *heroic*, but why, or when it was first applied to the blood-thirsty family of Idumean princes that reigned over the Holy Land in the time of our Saviour, it would now be impossible to say with any degree of certainty. It is, moreover, exceedingly difficult to determine the exact number of princes who bore the name of Herod, on account of the frequent recurrence of the same name in their family history; but the Rev. Mr. Westcott has constructed a genealogical table in which appear the names of no less than forty-six persons who were acknowledged princes and princesses of the Herodian stock. Our subject, however, allows us to mention those only who are mentioned in the Bible, all of whom, with a single exception, coined money of which specimens are still in existence.

The real founder of the dynasty was

HEROD THE GREAT.

He was the son of Antipater, a procurator of Judea during the reign of Julius Caesar. His forefathers, who were Edomites, had

accepted the Jewish religion, but it would seem as though the whole family had cared very little for religion of any kind, and had used it merely as a means of promoting their own personal aggrandizement.

Herod the Great derived his power exclusively from the Romans, whom he managed to keep in a good humor by improving his dominions and paying tribute promptly, and was, therefore, permitted to tyrannize unmercifully over his own countrymen. After reigning in great magnificence for thirty-three years, he died in the year of the birth of Christ, having first given orders that a number of prominent Jews, whom he had imprisoned in the Hippodrome at Jericho, should be executed immediately after his death, in order that mourners might not be wanting at his funeral. It must have been while he suffered from his fatal illness, that he caused the destruction of the infants of Bethlehem—the first of "the noble army of martyrs," concerning whom we sing:

> "Not by willing, but by dying,
> Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise."—Matt. ii. 16.

Herod coined no silver or gold, for the simple reason that the Romans never permitted tributary nations to coin the precious metals; but the copper coinage of his reign is extensive and various. The inscriptions are all in Greek, and the emblems are for the most part chosen indiscriminately from Jewish worship and Roman mythology, but Herod, nevertheless, deferred to the prejudices of his people in so far as not to have on his money representations of any living being. A very fine specimen, however, has on one side, a helmet like that worn by Alexander the Great, while the other represents the Macedonian shield. These devices corroborate the statement of some ancient writers, that Herod pretended to be descended from the Macedonian kings.

HEROD ARCHELAUS

Was a son of Herod the Great and Malthace, a Samaritan woman. He reigned in his father's stead in Judea. Matt. ii. 22. Imagining, like Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, that "his little finger was thicker than his father's loins," he committed many cruel deeds, so that it is not surprising that Joseph was afraid to return to Judea. At last, however, his oppressed subjects gained the ear of Augustus, and in A. D. 6 Archelaus was removed from the government, and banished to Vienne in Gaul, where he soon died. His dominions were confiscated and attached to the Roman empire, and were thenceforth administered by governors appointed by the emperor. It was on this account that Pontius Pilate ruled

in Jerusalem at the time of the death of Christ, instead of one of the descendants of Herod the Great.

The money of Archelaus is not particularly interesting. We learn from it, however, that he was officially known as "Herod the Ethnarch," a fact of which we would otherwise have remained ignorant. The devices are generally a helmet, the prow of a ship, a bunch of grapes, or even the caduceus of Mercury.

HEROD ANTIPAS,

A half-brother of the preceding, is known in the Gospel as Herod the Tetrarch, a title which signifies that he ruled over the fourth part of his father's dominions. He was first married to a daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia; but afterwards wickedly persuaded the wife of his half-brother, Philip I, to leave her husband and live with him. The Evangelist represents him as cruel, tyrannical, and unscrupulous, though his government was somewhat milder than that of his brother Archelaus, of whom Joseph was afraid. This is the Herod who is most frequently mentioned in the Gospel narrative. It was he who put John the Baptist to death, and who mocked Christ before His crucifixion. Matt. xiv. 9; Luke iii. 19; xiii. 31; xxiii. 7.

The fate of Antipas was very similar to that of Archelaus. Through the machinations of his nephew Agrippa, he was deprived of the government, and banished to Gaul, where he died A. D. 39.

The coins of Herod Antipas generally bear, as their chief device, a palm branch, which is believed to have been the emblem of the city of Tiberias, which he founded

HEROD PHILIP I.

Was omitted from the will of his father, on account of the supposed complicity of his mother, Mariamne, in certain treasonable plots. He is mentioned several times in Scripture, as the husband of Herodias. Matt. xiv. 3; Mark vi. 17; Luke iii. 19. As this Philip never reigned, there are, of course, no coins that bear his name.

HEROD PHILIP II.,

Also a half-brother of the preceding, is mentioned only once in the Scriptures, as "Tetrach of Iturea and of the region of Trachonitis." Luke iii. 1. He married "Salome the Dancer," and was the founder of the city of Cesarea Philippi, which is several times referred to in the Gospels. Matt. xvi. 13; Mark viii. 27. Philip was the first Jewish monarch who coined money bearing the effigy of the emperor; "But," says Madden, "a son of Herod is not likely to have scruples to break the national law to flatter

the master of the world." On the reverse of these coins is a temple, which may have been intended to represent the one at Jerusalem, or perhaps that which Herod the Great had erected at Panium and dedicated to Caesar. This prince was undoubtedly the best of the Herods. He reigned thirty-four years, and died childless, universally lamented by his subjects.

HEROD AGRIPPA I.

Was a son of Aristobulus, and grandson of Herod the Great. Being a successful and unscrupulous courtier, he succeeded in supplanting his uncle Antipas in the favor of Caligula, who conferred upon him extensive dominions. He was a strict Jew, and was, therefore, very popular with the Pharisees. It was for the purpose of increasing this popularity, that he "stretched forth his hands to vex the Church, and killed James the brother of John with the sword." Acts xii. 1, 2.

The fearful death of this king is described at length in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. While receiving the deputies of Tyre and Sidon, at Cesarea Philippi, he was suddenly seized with severe internal pains, for not rebuking the people who saluted him as God, "and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost." Acts xii. 23.

The money coined by this monarch was of two series, one purely Roman, bearing the head of the emperor, with various mythological figures; while the other, intended probably for circulation among the Jews, represents an umbrella, or canopy, which is a symbol of regal dignity in all oriental countries, and three ears of wheat springing from a single stalk.

HEROD AGRIPPA II.,

A son of the preceding, was the "King Agrippa," who, with his sister Bernice, gave an audience to St. Paul, when the latter was a prisoner at Cesarea Philippi. It was he who said, perhaps ironically, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts xxvi. 28.

Agrippa reigned fifty-two years, and died in Rome, A. D. 100. His money is chiefly interesting from the fact, that, in several instances, it bears his portrait, and he is, therefore, the only one of the Herodian princes whose features have been preserved. His profile would seem to have been more Grecian than Jewish.

There were other Herods, besides those we have mentioned, who were eminent in the history of their nation; but we think we have enumerated all those to whom reference is made in the New Testament. We part with them without the least regret. They

were "a bad set;" and the faithful chronicler might well have concluded his record of the family in words similar to those employed by one of the poets on the occasion of the death of the last of a more modern dynasty:

> "Agrippa then from earth descended,
> The Lord be praised! the Herods ended."

THE WATCHMAN'S CALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the days of my boyhood the watchmen or night police of our Pennsylvania towns were in the habit of telling the drowsy people with a loud voice, what time of night it was. Now they silently and slyly go their hourly rounds as if afraid to disturb the watch-dogs in passing. In a small garret room of my boarding-house, I received many a pleasant thought from the pattering of rain on the roof, the rattling of sleet against the window, and the watchman's cry. Sweet was the sleep of those stormy wintry nights, in the cozy student's-bed. Its sweetness had remained unfelt in unconsciousness, but for the faithful hourly call: "Pee-a-aa-st wou-o-on o-o'clee-ock, a-and a cle-oudy mo-orning." Sometimes his odd announcement could be faintly heard through the still night air, when yet squares off. Louder and louder came his voice, till right below my window he would tell me whether it was a "stee-ar light" or "snee-owy" morning. Ere the last echoes of his cry had died away, the blessed power of sleep bore me unto the world of sorrowless rest.

The watchmen of Germany and Switzerland usually chant a devotional hymn to announce the hour of night. Being invited to spend an evening with Pastor B—— in Schaffhausen, I returned to my place of lodging, at the Hotel "Zur Gans," at a late hour. The daughters played and sang sweetly. One of them spoke English almost as well as her native tongue, and Italian and French equally well. Parents and children vied kindly to entertain and bless the traveling stranger. Was it a wonder that the hours of evening fled by before I was aware of it? It was a cloudy night. The narrow street through which I blindly groped along was pitch-dark. In the middle of the street I cautiously picked my way, for there are no sidewalks here. The stillness of the grave reigned in the city. I heard some one following me with a heavy

tread as if with iron shoes. Who can it be? I saw nothing, only heard the mysterious steps. At length the town clock struck—one—two; then with his lips close to my ear, as I thought, the watchman chanted with a loud voice:

> "Hört ihr Lit, ik will ik saga
> D' Uhr hot elfie g'schlaga—elfie-ee g'sclaga-a."

I went to sleep musing over the watchman's song, his music sweetly ringing in my ears. The following is a translation of this song, made by some to me unknown writer:

Hark ye neighbors and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy Commandments given
To man below from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Gives us all a blessed night!

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven Apostles of holy mind,
Taught the Gospel to mankind!
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in time of need.
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbor, choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

A STRONG TOWER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Prov. xviii. 10.

Hugh Miller gives the following singular instance of deliverance from danger by means of prayer:

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen, in the gray of the twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which at that period covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defense was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend a few hours in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of eminent peril, and earnestly implored the divine interposition in the threatened danger; the help of Him who, in times of extremity is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a

solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded, "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who never attend drill always get on ill at review."

During our late civil war a Sunday-school convention was held in Kentucky. The place of meeting was between the contending armies. The delegates had to pass the line of one or the other, yet they held the convention without being molested by either.

An earnest Sunday-school missionary in their employ, since then gone to his reward, was an out and out Union man. He had some difficulty in passing Gen. Bragg's pickets. He had a mortal dread of the rebel Gen. Morgan, and of his savage deeds. On this subject the amiable, godly missionary had decided views. For Morgan no punishment could be too severe, he thought—not even hanging or burning. "Beware lest Morgan will catch you," said a friend.

"Never you fear, I shall see to that," was his brave reply. But Morgan did catch him.

He had the rare fortune, for a missionary, of having a valuable fleet horse. To his sorrow he found that, "a horse is a vain thing for safety." In trying to pass the enemies' outposts, he was arrested, and of course taken before Morgan, the object of his horror.

"Where are you going, sir?" asked Morgan sharply

"To start a Sunday-school at Goose Creek."

"A Sunday-school! That's a likely story! You look like a Sunday-school man! They don't ride that kind of horses, not much. Got anything to show?"

"Yes, sir, here is my commission."

This had been signed by Rev. John McCullagh, who for thirty years had been an earnest Sunday-school worker in the State.

"I don't know anything about these chaps (some of the names on his paper) only old Mack—I know him. I heard him preach when I wasn't knee-high to a duck. Can you sing?"

"Yes, sir."

He begins his song, with a trembling voice; and no wonder. It may be his death-song. Whose heart would not rise into his throat when singing for such hearers? The next minute their rifles may seal his fate. He sings of Jesus, the crucified Saviour. His voice possesses no extra charms, its trembling ceases at the end of a few lines. His soul is on fire with his theme. He sings of a

Saviour's love, and sings for dear life, and should life here end, he'll sing his soul to heaven.

It was a picture for an artist. The rude surroundings of the camp and army. The officers seated on their horses. The rough, hard-looking men, with bronzed faces and weather-beaten garments, standing around in groups, leaning on their rifles. The missionary with hat in hand, laying the bridle on the graceful mane of his horse, soon forgot Morgan and impending death in his sweet theme. The charm of music, and of the simple hymns, the power of association, bringing vividly to mind their Sunday-school memories, their firesides, and groups of children who nightly prayed for dear papa and brother in the army melted the hearts of these Southern warriors, as snow melts before a vernal sun. Even Morgan's eyes moistened and his strong men wept like children.

After the captured missionary had sung for a while, Morgan's shrill voice rang out, "Boys, this chap is all right. Let him go."

BAD CHIROGRAPHY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The "Knights of the Quill" are fast becoming an awkward, blundering order. Even with the aid of improved weapons of steel, gold and diamond, they cannot do as fair execution, by any means, as did their ancestors with the common goose feather. Who ever could not administer a "hair stroke," in those days, never entertained the least hope of being promoted to a higher grade in the ranks. And this was before the race of "Professors in Penmanship." Still the drilling continued day after day, until the graceful curve, the fair proportion, the light and heavy bearing down, and the delicate ascending could be made. Every mark at last appeared full, fair and fit for inspection. How the poor urchins were "knuckled," down in "School House Lane," during those years of apprenticeship. I can still see the tongues gyrate over those honestly framed letters. Still those doubled up and dirty fingers pull the style slowly along. I can yet see the big drops of sweat rolling down, mingled with an occasional tear. Many a copy-book, I am quite sure, to-day bears about itself the marks of a cruel task-master, who had been set over urchins placed in the stocks. But it was not without its good results, this system of *Pen*-ance. Some of the "best writers in the school" went out there.

Grown-up men are even yet careful to preserve their "Rewards of merit" between the lids of their centre-table books. As beautiful a business hand as Charles Santee is master of, and as typelike as Prof. William M. Nevin's (not the *Doctor's*, though!) did I see there. The aim and end was largely reached, *to write a ready and readable hand.*

But this order of *Pen*-ance has become fearfully demoralized too. A hideous system of *Greelyism* has completely supplanted the ancient style of chirography. By what code of ethics a man (and just think of a woman attempting it!) can justify a careless and illegible hand-writing, has never been established. Is it inviting to the eye, that your manuscript should look like a marked tea-chest? If our chirography is to resemble the hieroglyphics of the "celestials," then we too are opposed to their importation. Think of a picture so drawn and daubed; of a book page, or newspaper column so outrageously done. Would we have the patience to decipher it? Why then this *penchant*, to turn our letters even into a puzzle, to be guessed out by our friends? Writers for the Press affect the sphynx of old. And alas, for the compositor who cannot solve the riddle! Now, let it be known, that all those who intend to imitate Horace Greeley in their manuscript, should strive to be like him in equanimity and patience, too, and not go about blowing up the poor printer, in the next issue. Don't blame him for not being able to do what no one else, not even you, can do, *i. e., read an illegible thing.* See how Horace takes things. What is rendered below he must see again and ever, but only lets it pass with a smile:—

HORACE GREELEY'S MANUSCRIPT.

The story of the carpenter who tried all one summer to build a barn for Horace Greeley, and used the letter mailed to him by mistake from the *Tribune* office, thinking it to be a new fangled plan—that yarn and the other one, which asserts that Horace was invited at a high figure to embark in the tea-chest lettering business by reason of his way of using the pen, we are used to, and have long ago got through laughing over. But the Cincinnati *Times* out Herods Herod in its story of Greeley's chirography. It is said that the distinguished philosopher recently wrote a letter regarding the proposed removal of the National Capitol from Washington, in which he urged New York as an eligible site for the structure. The *Times* gives the body of the letter as follows, first premising that it is a little difficult to decipher:

"It is not possible that I ever stole them again. As nudding is a reproach to comic actions, the very gayest conveyances of our cemeteries are untrue, and preserves are bankrupt. Swill your

nices anteloupes in Washington until it swims in an unfortunate location. All the McCarty's are sure to be veneered unlest they hest, and I suffered fearful undeniable cross-cut saws. Who bought all the nuts and lozenges of the Ecumenical Council? The babe of the federal parentage is the bearer of its own two-horse lumberwagon. It squalled when surrounded by a dose of Widow Cliquot. Experimented on by the population of repeated voters in myriads to the defeat of nautical anchovies and tomatoes, is swelled to a forest of artichokes, and amid the solicitude of rosin-barrels thus inviting the Bois de Boulogne, and accommodating the formation of cheese factories throughout the civilized world."

INSIDE THE POST OFFICE.

From the New York Times.

If you were to approach the general delivery window of the New York Post office, and inquire of the clerk the rates of postage, he would say: "For all domestic letters, three cents per half ounce; for samples of merchandise, two cents for every four ounces; pamphlets and newspapers the same; circulars two cents each."

This is the information we received one rainy day, when we were favored with a few moments' conversation with a clerk who, happening to know us, invited us in.

"Take a chair," said he. "It is a little against the rules, but then I don't think there can be any objection in your case.

"Yes sir, we have all sorts of people to deal with, and all kinds of questions to answer. We are presumed to be the servants of the people, and there are some who never fail to make us aware of the relation they think should exist between them as masters and us as servants. Everybody who comes to our window expects a letter, whether there is one for them or not, and if we don't satisfy his demands immediately, we are looked upon as having, in some way, neglected our duty, and are treated accordingly. Some of our customers are contented with one letter a day, while others *demand* two or three. Of course the more foolish of the disappointed ones, imagine that we have entered into some sort of conspiracy to cheat them out of their correspondence.

"We have got a class of people that we call 'old timers.' I have been in the office several years, and am familiar with most of

our regular customers. I have got at least a hundred callers, whose faces I have seen, when on duty, at least three times a day, for nearly five years. No, sir; their correspondence is not large; in fact, some of them never get any letters. I have got one man, who, I think, is not in his right senses, who has called to see me at least twenty times a day, Sundays excepted, for the past six months. He seems a perfect maniac on the subject of letters, and I have never found one for him yet. The way he manœuvres is quite amusing. When he first approaches the window in the morning, he comes up in a business-like way. In all his calls afterward he seeks to disguise himself. Somtimes he pulls his coat collar up and draws his hat down over his eyes. Sometimes he squints terribly to deceive me, and, if that won't work, he ties a handkerchief partly over his face, and all because he wants to assure himself that I have not made some mistake in looking for his letters.

"To be sure we make mistakes sometimes, but are generally very careful. It is for our interest to be so. We would much rather people would get their letters the first time they call. It saves us trouble. A mistake occurred a few weeks since, that gave me much pain. It was more an accident than a mistake, as you will see. A young lady called to inquire for a letter for Miss O. Sullivan—O'Sullivan, with the apostrophe, as I supposed. I looked in the O'Sullivan box, but found no letters for her. She called many days, when, one day, she fell fainting at the window, and I found out, by seeing a report of the case in the morning papers, that her name was Olive Sullivan. There were letters for her from her brother, who was in the army. The letters contained money, for the want of which, being a stranger, in the city, she had nearly starved to death.

"Certainly, sir, we sometimes find addresses very difficult to decipher, and there are many attempts at wit which serve only to puzzle us. I have copied a few addresses which may amuse you.

"'To John O Rourke, who has gone
To Ireland, Waterford, town and county.
He got his money to go home
By nimbly jumping the bounty.'

"This soliloquy is not bad:

"'To reach, or not to reach its destination—
That's the question concerning this letter,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to bear
The outrageous robberies of post office clerks,
Or to arrest them—to 'nip,' to 'pull,'
And by 'pulling' to say we bring to grief
The aforesaid clerks, and 'shut pan'
On the thousand and one natural ways
They have of stealing,
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

"Here are some impromptu lines that probably reached their destination. In fact, odd or badly written addresses seldom fail, as more careful attention is given them:

"'Heavens and earth, who knows but what
This letter may not reach her!
If it should fail, I may bewail
My love for that fair creature.
Dear clerk, I know that this will go,
If I am at all lucky,
To Mary Sheen, of Bowling Green,
In the State of old Kentucky.'

"Here is a note written in pencil on an envelope:

"'TO THE WORTHY POST MASTER OF NEW YORK. SIR:—If you have clustering in your mind any happy memories of youth, you cannot fail to recollect the delight the receipt your first letter gave you. This is to a maiden, who, I have every reason to believe, if she gets it, will enjoy the sensation of receiving *her* first epistle. Please appreciate the circumstance and see that it is delivered.'

"Some of the poetical addresses are a little blind; still they can usually be understood. Here is one on a newspaper which was sent to Philadelphia:

"'Speed to Johnnie Hill,
In the Quaker city Phil.;
Such is the writer's will,
Kind sir, his trust fulfill.'

"Here is an address written for the information of clerks:

"Do not stop this. 'Tis to my brother.
He lives in Portland, State of Maine.
His name is John, his surname Marther,
No money does this note contain.'

"These lines, written at the corner of an envelope, contain a pretty broad insinuation:

"'Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
That life is but an empty show,
And that thieves the post encumbers,
And monied letters ne'er can go.'"

"This note, over the address of a letter, was evidently penned by some wicked young lady:

"'Will the clerk look the man who inquires for this, square in the face, and see if he don't blush? It is an answer to a matrimonial advertisement.'

"But odd addresses are nothing compared with the odd things that are sometimes sent through the mails. Not long ago we received a box containing a live rattlesnake, caught somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The reptile was forwarded through our office to Boston. Last winter, a cat, that had journeyed all the way from Nevada, stopped a few hours with us, and was finally sent on to Buffalo. Naturalists think nothing of sending lizards, juvenile alligators and other specimens by post. All live animals are treated well by the clerks, out of sympathy for their friendless condition.

"The office is never closed, except to the public. There are night and day tours, so that the work of receiving and assorting the mails is going on at all times. During the day, about eighty tons of mail matter are sent out, and about thirty tons received. We deliver between seventy-five and eighty thousand letters daily, and receive in the same time, for mailing to all parts of the world, about two hundred thousand. Our paper distribution, it would be hard to estimate, except by weight."

Not willing to delay the clerk any longer, we thanked him for the information we had received and bade him good day.

G. W. J.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In tottered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a rugged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world in its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure,
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked).
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasure, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp,
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp,
A Mameluke fierce yon dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in the fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest
There's one that I love and cherish the best;
For the finest of coaches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet,
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms;
I looked and I longed; I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and re-visits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia

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"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

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REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
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MONEYS RECEIVED.

D. Young, Reading, Pa.,	1 13	for vol. 22	Mrs. Kooken, Trappe	Pa.,	6 00	19 to 22
J. Bordy, Schuy'l Hav'n, Pa.,	1 50	"	Mr. Brandt, Roy'rs F'rd,	"	3 00	21 & 22
J. A. Bausman, Lanc'r, "	3 75	20 to 22	A. Slichcter, Limerick,	"	1 50	"
John Seltzer, Phila., "	9 00	16 to 21	W. W. Yost, "	"	1 50	"
C. Whitmer, Reading, "	1 00	22	Jas. Bean, Royer's Ford,	"	1 50	"
J. From, " "	1 00	"	J. Hechler, Kulpsville,	"	3 00	21 & 22
A Francis, " "	1 00	"	S. E. Crist, Bethlehem,	"	10 00	to 21
E. Hinnerschitz, " "	1 50	"	J. Klinger, Bellefonte,	"	6 00	20 to 23
S. J. Henninger, " "	1 50	"	B. Moon, London,	"	1 50	22
Tobias Barto, " "	1 50	"	K. S. Moyer, Kulpsville,	"	1 50	22
H. J. Rhoads, " "	1 50	"	P. Hoot, North Wales,	"	3 00	21 & 22
E. E. Nagel, " "	1 50	"	L. F. Cooker, Norriton'le	"	1 50	"
L. & A. Eheart, Rochella, Va.,	1 50	"	K. Werkheiser, "	"	1 50	"
W. H. Mostelle, Limer'k, Pa.,	1 50	"	A. Pender, Skippack,	"	4 50	20 to 22
C. Schoenley, " "	1 50	"	S. Schwenk, Zeiglers'le,	"	1 50	22

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at $3 per year in advance. The following are the contents of the July number: I. Philadelphia. Illustrated. By J. T. Headley. II. Jaunts in Japan. Illustrated. By W. H. Hallock. III. The Gunpowder Plot.—The Story of a Fourth of July. Illustrated. By Edward Eggleston. IV. Under the Elms. Poem. By Miss M. A. Hopkins. V. Back-Log Studies. By Charles Dudley Warner. VI. Free Trade and Protection. By Horace Bushnell. VII. A Fete-day at Malmaison. By Louisa Bushnell. VIII. Samson's Riddle Solved: The Lion-Cup vs. The Lion-Cub. Illustrated. By R. W. Wright. IX. A Tartar Love-Song. By R. H. Stoddard. X. A Plea for Chinese Labor; By an American House-wife. By Abby Sage Richardson. XI. My Husband's First Love. By Julia C. R. Dorr. XII. Edson's Mother. By Susan Coolidge. XIII. Cæsar Rowan. Poem. By Thomas Dunn English. XIV. Wilfrid Cumbermede. By George MacDonald. XV. Topics of the Time. Three Pieces of the Woman Question. Louisville and School Reform. Rather a Slim Religion. The Legal-Tender Decision. XVI. The Old Cabinet. Page's Christ. A Protest. The Gypsy Camp. Orange Peels. XVII. Home and Society. The Pairing Season. A "Sheltering Arms." Midsummer Eve. Roses. XVIII. Culture and Progress Abroad. Henry Parry Liddon, &c., &c. XIX. Culture and Progress at Home. The National Academy Exhibition. New Books. XX. Etchings. Up the Aisle. Nell Latine's Wedding. George A. Baker. Designs by Miss Ledyard.

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII. — JULY, 1871. — No. 7.

THE WIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Washington was not "a lady's man," in the usual sense of that term. There was nothing flippant nor foppish in his character. From a boy he was sedate, silent and reserved. Though fond of the society of ladies, the frivolous and fashionable votaries of brainless gaiety, felt awkward in his presence. It is said, that even in his later life, he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. An old lady, whom he used to visit when both were young, said: "He was a very bashful young man. I used often to wish that he would talk more."

Such a character would not impress the majority of young ladies favorably, as good George Washington learned from experience. Three times he was moved with the tender passion. Before he was fifteen years of age, when away at school, some unknown beauty captivated his heart. Whether she wished to trifle with him, or because she deemed him a mere school-boy—for some unknown reason she refused to reciprocate his ardent affection. Possibly his natural shyness, and his deficient "rules of behavior and conversation" made him an awkward and ungainly suitor. This failure left a wound that pained him for years. Through poetry and prose his sorrowful spirit sought relief, in which he bewailed his "poor, restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and "bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his griefs and woes." His bashfulness seems to have prevented the formal avowal of his love.

> "Ah, woe is me, that I should love and conceal,
> Long have I wished and never dared reveal."

In later life, when twenty-four years of age, he visited Boston. He had already acquired renown as a brave and skillful soldier.

In the house of an early friend and school-mate, he formed the acquaintance of an heiress, Miss Mary Philipse, "a young lady, whose personal attractions are said to have rivalled her reputed wealth." His active life, thus far, had been mostly spent "in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society." The charms of the elegant New York lady led him captive. May we not suppose, that her polished manners were somewhat in contrast with the backward bluntness of the backwoods soldier? Tradition says, that "he sought her hand, but was refused." A more pleasing version of the story is, that he was hurried back to Virginia to serve his country, before he could press his suit. A friend in New York, soon after wrote to him, urging him to hasten back to that city "before it was too late, as Captain Morris, who had been his fellow aid-de-camp under Braddock, was laying close siege to Miss Philipse." A sterner summons called him to Winchester to repel an attack of the French, leaving his comrade "to urge his suit and unrivalled carry off the prize."

Washington had just recovered from a serious attack of illness, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. Pressing military duties called him to Williamsburg, to lay his case before the State Council. With a faithful servant, named Bishop, he started on his journey, on horseback. In crossing a ferry of the York river, he met a Mr. Chamberlayne, a wealthy Virginian of this neighborhood. He presses the General to dine with him. Not without coaxing could he prevail, as his Williamsburg business admitted of no delay. Among the guests at this unexpected dinner, was "a young and blooming widow," Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Dandridge. She had two children, whose father had died three years before.

The sumptuous dinner "seemed all too short" for the Virginia General. For the third time the charms of woman led him captive. He forgot his Williamsburg mission. The afternoon passed away like a dream. His faithful Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door, but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning, that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg.

Mrs. Custis returned to her home near this city, where Washington could conveniently visit her before his return home. Had he not better secure his prize at once, else another rival may snatch her from him, as was done with Miss Philipse? His time of courtship was brief. Before they separated, "they mutually plighted their faith." Their marriage was to take place as soon as his campaign against Fort Duquesne would end. On the 6th of January, 1759, they were married, at the house of the bride, in the presence of a happy assemblage of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Washington was born in May, 1732, in New Kent county, Virginia. It is said that her education "was entirely domestic," possibly such as wealthy families then gave their children, by means of private instruction. At the age of seventeen she was married to Daniel Park Custis. He became a Virginia planter. He died about middle age, leaving her a young widow, possessed of a large estate.

Rarely are husband and wife more happily mated than were General Washington and Mrs. Custis. The heroic, thoughtful man of war had a tender, affectionate heart beneath his dignified exterior. His wife became his amiable help-meet, in the true sense of the term. Amid the carnage and trials of the battle-field, his thoughts, with unceasing affection, reverted to her. He strove to share the glory of his triumphs with the partner of his life. Though childless himself, he became the best of fathers to her children. She soon made his home at Mount Vernon a haven of peace, a pleasing retreat from the perilous duties of his active life. In a letter written from here to a friend, he says: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." His reputation and social qualities drew many visitors, and not a few illustrious guests, to Mount Vernon. To these social gatherings Mrs. Washington contributed some of the chief attractions. "She performed the duties of a Virginia housewife, and presided at her well-spread board with ease and elegance."

This domestic happiness was not of long duration. He is appointed Commander-in-chief of the American forces, and stern duty deprives him for many years of the comforts of his delightful home. His great concern in accepting this responsible position, is the distress his separation will cause his wife. "You may believe me," he writes to her, "when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years." Trusting in Providence, he hopes he may return safe to her in the succeeding Fall. He fears no dangers, but is unhappy because he must leave her alone. He entreats her to summon her whole fortitude and pass her time as agreeably as possible. This he wishes to hear, and hear it from her own pen.

At length the relentless hand of war threatens to disturb the privacy and safety of Mount Vernon. The neighbors and friends

of Mrs. Washington entreat her to seek safety elsewhere, promising her a safe escort. At his winter quarters at Boston, Washington anxiously worries over the peril and loneliness of his wife, and requests her to join him. The journey was lonely, and the roads thither very bad in that season of the year. She traveled by very easy stages, attended from place to place by guards of honor. Great was the joy of the army, when the Commander's wife, "Lady Washington," arrived, with "a chariot and four, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries," a style at that day prevalent in Virginia.

Her arrival relieved Washington of many difficult duties of hospitality, for which he possessed little fitness. "She presided at headquarters with mingled dignity and affability. Washington had prayers morning and evening with his family, and with them regularly attended church. In the latter service Mrs. Washington would always kneel during prayer, and he would stand." "The sanctity and quiet of Sunday were strictly observed. He attended church in the morning, and passed the afternoon alone in his closet. No visitors were admitted, excepting perhaps an intimate friend in the evening, which was spent by him in the bosom of his family; usually reading a sermon or portion of Scripture to them. The style of his entertainments was frugal and simple—a fit example for the head of a young Republic." A guest at one of his Presidential dinners, where the foreign Ministers and the heads of departments were present, says: "It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table, and the company was not large. As there was no chaplain present, the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down."

During the war, Mrs. Washington was brought to the camp at the close of each campaign. An aid-de-camp was sent to Mount Vernon to escort her to headquarters. Her arrival, in her well-known family carriage, was always a season of rejoicing, no less among the common soldiers, than among the officers and their families. As soon as the fighting commenced she was sent home again. She remarked in later life, that she had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of the several campaigns of the war. During her residence in camp, she cheerfully accommodated herself to the inconveniences of army life. At Valley Forge, she rejoined Washington in the inclement month of February. Think of a lady traveling from Mount Vernon to Valley Forge, in Chester county, Pa., by a private conveyance, in mid-winter! Writing to a friend she says of her home here: "The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first."

Good Mrs. Washington found from sad experience that the wife of the first President of the United States had no easy position to fill. The forms of State and "Court etiquette" were not definitely fixed. How should the President hold his levees? According to the French or British pattern, or should the head of the Republic originate a style of his own? Much fault was found with these levees. They were called "courtly levees," and "queenly drawing rooms." For some they were too plain and informal; others said "there was more pomp used there than at St. James', and that Washington's bows were more distant and stiff." For some they were too French, others saw in them the ghost of royalty. Washington felt these uncharitable strictures, and so doubtless did his wife. That his bows do not meet the taste of all, he regrets, and says they were the best he was master of. "Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and the dignity of office, which, God knows, has no charms for me? For I can truly say, I had rather be at Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the Seat of Government, by the officers of State, and the representatives of every power of Europe."

On Tuesday afternoon he received all who desired to visit him. A porter showed each visitor into the room, saluting Washington at the entrance. Thereafter all enjoyed themselves promiscuously, as they listed. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Washington received visits, which, he says, were of a "more sociable kind." These levees and dinners, along with his public duties, annoyed him very much. In less than a year they brought on two severe attacks of illness—"the last worse than the first. A third, more than probably, will put me to sleep with my fathers."

Meetings, sociable and sinful, in fashionable circles, now begin at 9 or 10 in the evening, and are kept up till after midnight. At Mrs. Washington's Friday evening drawing-room, "the company usually assembled about seven, and rarely staid exceeding ten o'clock. The ladies were seated, and the President passed round the circle, paying his compliments to each." Mrs. Morris always sat at the right of the President's wife; and at all dinners, public or private, the venerable Robert Morris, whenever present, sat at her right. When ladies called, the secretaries and other members of the household, handed them to and from their carriages. For the wives of the brave Greene and Montgomery, Washington himself performed this gallant duty.

Many were the calls and greetings Mrs. Washington received on the Fourth of July, and on the 22d of February. After paying his respects to their chief, many a gallant officer of the Revolution

was seen to file off to the parlor, where "Lady Washington" waited to receive them. Merrily did they chat with the good lady over the trials and "times of the Revolution." The old soldiers always found a cordial welcome at her door. The President might be much engaged, but she would surely allow the scarred veterans of her husband's world-renowned army to inquire after her health, and greet her with a "God bless you." Each had some glorious feat to relate—one had been a soldier of the life guard, another had seen the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. All received a pleasing word, and were "kindly bid to stay," and led to the steward's table for refreshments. The proudest day of many a brave soldier, was that, on which "Lady Washington" deigned to speak words of kindness and approval to him.

For the gaieties and public notice, which her position imposed upon her, she had little taste. "When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gaieties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon. I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been,—that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have learned from experience, that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions, and not on our circumstances."

Amid the dazzling glory of her husband's renown, she was free from affectation or pretension. True, she rode in a family carriage drawn by four or six gay horses, "with servants and outriders in rich livery," but this was a style common among Virginia planters. When Washington entered upon his duties as President, his wife and her grand-children were brought to New York. Everywhere on her journey she was greeted with marks of affection and respect. "As she approached Philadelphia, the President of Pennsylvania, and other of the State functionaries, with a number of the principal inhabitants of both sexes, came forth to meet her, and she was attended into the city by a numerous cavalcade, and welcomed with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon."

Mrs. Washington was very domestic and industrious for a lady of her position. Her style of dress was plain, and she was given to the unfashionable habit of knitting. During the Revolution she used to ply her needles in knitting stockings for the poor soldiers. Her example had its salutary effect on her lady visitors. These habits greatly annoyed some of the gay New York ladies, when

Martha Washington came to the Seat of Government as the President's wife. A number of them courageously undertook to reform the good lady, and train her to more fashionable ways. How this was done we will allow the pen of another to describe:

"One morning, three fair dames appeared at the Government House. They were dressed out in the utmost gaiety and splendor, as if nature had formed them merely to carry finery and trinkets. Diamonds sparkled in their ears and glittered on their necks. Their hair was puffed out, frizzled, crimped, and tortured in every form but that of nature's elegance. They wore, also, high head-dresses, adorned with artificial flowers and nodding plumes, and fluttering ribbons to crown the edifice of hair which fashion then decreed should encumber their heads and brains. Their hands were emblazoned with rings, their wrists encumbered with ruffles, clasps, and bracelets. Stiff muslin rose like foam around their chests and shoulders; and though their rich brocaded silks fell in costly folds about them, and partially hid the pressure that gripped in their waists, yet the pent-up heart had to sympathize with the oppressed brain, overweighted with fashion's load. They came rustling and fluttering into the presence of the lady they sought. She received them in a plainly-furnished room, in which she spent her morning.

With dignified courtesy the thoughtful matron rose to greet her visitors. Her well-filled book-case made for use, not show, was behind her chair; her table, with her work-basket and materials for work, before her; and in her hand were her knitting-needles, the useful companion of many lonely hours. Gravely, yet most courteously, she heard the remarks which, with faltering speech, they had come to make. For they did not find it so easy to speak of luxury and display as desirable, when they were face to face with the noble woman who, through years of anxiety and privation, had ministered to the wants and mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers, during the terrible struggle for independence. Somehow their faces soon lost the defiant air and vain simper they had worn when they first entered her presence, and had deepened into seriousness and respectful attention, as the wife of Washington, after hearing them, said:

'Ladies, you came to advise me, and, as far as kindness prompted you, I am obliged for the motive, though I cannot act on your suggestions. You are all in the bloom of life. Many years, I trust, are before you. My age, even more, far more, than my station, sanctions my giving you some advice. Dear ladies, suffer the word of exhortation. Should Christian women, honored wives and mothers, be content to aim at no higher glory than that of the insect that glitters in the sunbeam,—to be as the fire-fly or the humming-bird? You spoke of the greatness of my husband. His

dear mother ever looked well to the ways of her household. She taught him to be industrious by her example,—for her spinning-wheel spun the clothes he wore from his earliest days, and she, like myself, loved the knitting-needles.' (She looked, as she spoke, at her knitting.)

'Ladies, during eight years of ceaseless struggle, the women of America,—the mothers of the land,—spent no money on finery for themselves. They spent all their available means in providing clothing for the army, which, but for that succor, must have perished in our long and bitter winters. I do not wish to boast; I did only my duty; nay, I know it was my privilege, as Washington's wife, to toil for the men under his command. I always went into Winter quarters with him. In summer time, I, and his mother, and my friends, were at our spinning-wheels. Once, in the Winter, I had sixteen looms under one roof, all weaving cloth,—coarse, indeed, but warm,—for the soldiers of the nation. Trust me, woman was made for nobler ends than merely to display finery, which mars rather than improves the grace that nature has bestowed.'

'I know,' said one of the ladies, thoughtfully, 'that Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, sold her ornaments and all she could possibly spare, to commence a fund, which other ladies in Philadelphia were induced to aid, both by hand and purse. They made, I remember, 2,200 shirts in one season for the army.'

'Yes, dear young ladies, the example of Franklin's daughter influenced the less thoughtful, but not less kind-hearted ladies of that city. One faithful woman,—how much she can do to check the influences of luxury and folly! Our country-women, before the troubles, had grown fond of foreign fashions, and it was feared that as we depended for luxuries on Europe, the patriotic desire for independence might be checked by a cause so trivial and yet so dangerous as the frippery of female fashions. Mrs. Warren, I remember, did good service to the cause of liberty and truth, when, in a poem she wrote, she satirized her country-women's love of dress.'

'The poem,' said another lady, 'was once suggested by the remark of a friend of her's: 'That all articles of foreign commerce should be dispensed with, except absolute necessaries.' I remember Mrs. Warren amusingly put down a fancied list of articles an American lady could not dispense with. I forgot the words, but—'

'I can find them,' said the lady-President, reaching her hand to a book on the shelves behind her, and after a little search, coming to the words:

> An inventory clear
> Of all she needs, Lamira offers here:

Some lawns and lute-strings, blonde and Mechlin laces
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases ;
Gay cloaks and hats of every shape and size;
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes,
With ruffles stamped and aprons of tambour;
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least three-score ;
And feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse? They're but her sex's due.
In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threatenings of a Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping-pins;
But rank not these among our modern sins.
Our minds and manners are well understood
To settle in a stomacher and hood.

The poor ladies, as the inventory was read over, looked down at their dresses in dismay. Almost every article enumerated they were wearing. Impressed, not offended, they left the presence of the noble matron, bearing her words in their minds, and, it is to be hoped, their influence in their hearts: for she gave not merely the precept of the lip, but the example of her life."

Mrs. Washington had learned to taste the bitter cup of sorrow. Her children died—the last in the bloom of man—and womanhood. Second only to her grief was that of her devoted husband, amid these bereavements. At length came her great sorrow. He whom the Indians thought to be possessed of a charm against death, must die at last. An eye-witness at his death-bed, says: "While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. ''Tis well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

Two years later she was seized with an attack of bilious fever. She knew that her end was at hand. Calling her grandchildren to her bedside, she gave them her parting counsel; spoke of the duties of life, the blessings of the Christian religion, of the comfort it gave her in seasons of affliction and trial, and of its hopes of a blessed immortality. Surrounded by her weeping friends, relatives and servants, the widowed wife of Washington passed gently into the world of everlasting love and peace, in the seventy-first year of her age.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Men generally set sentinels to guard every avenue to the mind when engaged in argument. A shining life will go where a brilliant argument could not enter. Argument has its place, however.

MY MOTHER'S ALBUM.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will hardly ever surpass in pathos what she has written in her sketch of FREDERICK DOUGLASS. We think it an apt introduction to our contribution, and cull it from the "*Men of Our Times:*"—

"The first thing that every man remembers is his mother. Americans all have a mother at least that can be named. But it is exceedingly affecting to read the history of a human being who writes that, during all his childhood, he never saw his mother more than two or three times, and then only in the night. And why? Because she was employed on a plantation twelve miles away. Her only means of seeing her boy were to walk twelve miles over to the place where he was, spend a brief hour, and walk twelve miles back, so as to be ready to go to work at four o'clock in the morning. How many mothers would often visit their children by such an effort? and yet at well remembered intervals the mother of Frederick Douglass did this for the sake of holding her child a little while in her arms, lying a brief hour with him."

These words enter like a hot iron into the souls of all, half or whole orphaned children, of whom the world holds many. We never saw our mother, to know her, and consequently cannot remember her at all. We do seem to see a yawning tomb still, many people standing about and looking solemn, and a reverential man reading slowly out of a book—which we continue to associate with our mother's funeral. But this does not revive her for us; it buries her out of sight, rather. And yet this sad reminiscence is all that is left us of her.

But we had a mother, as well as all other mortals, and believe we have her still—all the more surely, because she is invisible and eternal. Though we cannot feast our eyes upon her, like the thoughtful boy with his kite, "we feel the drawing." Besides, we have a father, who stood over us and by us, thus far in life, who forgets not even yet to tell us of one long since departed, who had been and continues to be our mother. Her picture on the wall too, looks down upon us real livingly and lovingly, whenever we enter the drawing-room, and oftentimes causes us, by some mysterious influence emanating from it, to halt and listen toward it, as though it had called us from the living canvas. That picture is near and

dear to us; we would not exchange it for all that the pencil of a Titian or a Rembrandt ever executed. Children, who have the time to impress the original of father or mother upon their hearts, or who see their images pass in and out before them for years, may consider our words fulsome or exaggerating. But a half-orphan, or a whole orphan, clings to a *fac-simile,* however inanimate, of what was once the form of his father or mother, as the 'Idiot Boy' clutched the cold corpse of his mother Sarah. We feel grateful to the artist (Francis), and intend to visit him ere long, in order to express our thanks in person, both for being instrumental in enabling us to see how our mother looked in the flesh, and likewise to see and repossess the cradle, over which she sang and rocked us to sleep.

But along with this sweet painting, we have a little red-bound book on the shelf, which we specially prize. Quite likely no one would buy it, not even 'for a song,' or appreciate it, may be, as a gift. But for all that, were one as rich as Crœsus to approach us, poor as Job, we would prefer to remain poor as Job with it, rather than be as Crœsus, without it. That little red-bound Book, which no one wants, and which we want no one to have, is—"*My Mother's Album.*" Its intrinsic value is above rubies, whilst its *ex*trinsic worth men may set down as low as they please. It is an oldish book of perhaps eighty coarse leaves, containing "PIECES—*Original and Selected; Inscribed as Memorials of Friendship, to Miss* C. B.———, *Norristown, July 8th,* 1826." Forty pages remain blank. The lids are very rough-grained Morocco, with grooves to what were once gilt lines—now all faded away, as its owner. It is but poorly suited for the centre-table; and were it, we would not suffer it to remain on it a day, as we cannot bear to see other people's children fingering it. It is not old enough to be *antique* either, since "July 8th, 1826," was not so very long ago, though we were not then yet. In age, bulk and contents, it falls far short of the valuable in the Book-market.

But "My Mother's Album" does what no other volume, large or small, can do. It awakens the strangest thoughts, and calls back into life the sweetest associations you can imagine. How queer the feelings about your heart, in seeing your mother written down a "*Miss,*" of some tender, maiden years! You find her called a Miss Somebody, whilst you bear a wholly different family name. You wonder why your father monopolized the entire right of nomenclature in himself, and ignored her entirely, whose name was as good as his own, to say the least, and who is after all the better half of your being?

Page after page you find written over by your mother's companions and friends, and a time when she was no more your mother

than any other girl of the period or in the wide world. How anxious one becomes to find and talk with just one of those confidential ones, who knew her, when you knew no one, nor any one you. You wonder whether any are living still? and where? You would go a good distance to see "Ann Candler," who subscribed herself from "Suffolk, England," in your mother's single days. Whose initials are those—J. W. D.; J. B.; J. F.; M. P.; F. B.; N. M.; C. W. V., and the like? Who had "Mary" been then, and whose mother or grandmother is she now? You are curious to know, who "Eliza" is. How you would like to shake hands with her, who had once been "Jersey Baird!" There is plain "Elizabeth" too. Who might have copied "Oft in the stilly Night" for your mother in her girlhood in 1826? Who will decipher those letters, or find the characters to whom those names belong? Time cannot tell the answers. However much we may wish to know, earth is silent. Heaven may perhaps be the place of revelation for these mysteries—we say, perhaps.

But you may still learn something of the *character* of your mother's companions from those names, however enigmatical they may strike us. They are plain, full names, and must have been right sensible girls. No "Maimies"—"Saidies," or "Paradies"—nor any of our modern t-y-ties—whereof we are glad—very glad!

The style and order of the inscriptions compare very favorably too with similar pieces now-a-days contributed. Run your eye over these:—"Happiness"—"The World is all a fleeting show"—"The Dying Youth"—"The Family Bible"—"A Reflection at Sea"—"What is Charity?"—"Friendship." Aside of the hair-dye stuff of to-day, you feel that this order of Book-making has indeed been run into the ground, or, if it has not, *ought* to soon.

You leaf on in "My mother's Album," until you come suddenly on a break, and wonder why there is such an interval of blank pages, after which the inscriptions open out again. Ah!—you find the owner no longer called *Miss* C. B.; but "Mrs." Somebody—! She bears a very familiar name now—just like your own. She is *mother* for the first time. From girlhood has emerged the woman—the married woman. This change in her history interests you, and you discover it in her Album years hence. Just see how it is indicated. The last "Friend" who wrote just before she marries, inscribes an "*Extract.*" It is expressive, and we give it:—

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
  That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
  Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
  Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass—Oh! How my heart
  Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

And right near follows a FAREWELL from "J. F."—an ardent companion, which tells about her marriage too :—

Farewell ! If ever fondest prayer
  For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
  But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh ;
  Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
  Are in that word.—Farewell ! Farewell !

Now you wonder whether he, who became your father, had not his hand in "My Mother's Album," before she was your mother ; you search and—sure enough !—find his *initials.* You read anxiously, to know what he said to her then and there. A young man, who had not been your father yet, talks to a young girl, who had as little been your mother, and at a time when you were not at all yet—this singular commingling of things that were, with things that were to be, urges you on to think, and yet bids you not to think. You are bound to drop your *ante-being* period, however much you feel like lingering around it, and read what your future father said to your future mother. You cannot see much of significance there even ; still you can now, in the light of what followed, discern a melody in his lines to her, which would likely set to a tune some day.

But her earlier companions and friends—what becomes of them *now ?* Do they still cling to her ?—follow her over into the married ring ? Whose now is her Eliza ? her Elizabeth and others ? You hear no sign of them after *that.* It seems the girls were then as they are now—they desert their girl-friend the moment she gives her heart to a young man. What can be the reason ? The Scotch bard knew why it is, and tells us in these lines :—

"THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA."

It was in simmer time o' year,
  And simmer leaves were sheen,
When I and Kittie walked abraid
  And Jamie walked atween.
We reached the brig, o'er yon wee Burn,
  Our bonnie sae sma'
Jamie said, "you maun walk behin',
  There's nae room for twa."
    There's nae room for twa, said he,
      There's nae room for twa,
    O, Jamie's words went to my heart,
      There's nae room for twa.

A weel-a-day my heart leaped high,
  When walkin' by his side,
Sic thoughts, alas! are idle now
  For Kittie is his bride.
He could nae and he wad nae baith,
  For that's forbid by law,
In wedded life, in wedded love
  There's nae room for twa.
    There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
      There's nae room for twa,
    Sae I hae ganged my gate alane,
      There's nae room for twa.

The creeping years have slowly passed,
  An' I hae struggled strong,
Wi' a broken hope, an a broken heart,
  But it's nae now for lang.
My thread of life is a' but spun,
  An I maun gang awa,
An moulder in the clay-cauld ground,
  Where there's nae room for twa.
    There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
      There's nae room for twa,
    The narrow bed where all maun lie
      Has nae room for twa.

Dear Kittie, on thy bonnie brow,
  The simmer sun shall shine,
While wintry clouds, and winter's gloom,
  Are gathering dark o'er mine.
I'll gie to God my lingerin' hours,
  And Jamie—drive awa,
For in this weary, wasted heart,
  There's nae room for twa.
    There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
      There's nae room for twa,
    The heart that's gien to God and heaven
      Has nae room for twa.

But if one generation goeth, another cometh. She enters a new and untried circle, and finds new friends and forms new ties. Wholly new and strange names are inscribed in "My Mother's Album" henceforth. A more sober and subdued spirit pervades its pages. You feel that matrons are writing for a matron now

But why are there so *few* names written after she has taken her solemn step? Why those many blank leaves still? Just at a time when you become most interested in her friend's "Pieces—Original and Selected"—they cease altogether! Only a few comparatively—no more! Why is this?—you ask anxiously. Why is "My Mother's Album" so empty—say? Turn forward, and you will learn the cause. Alas! your father closes the Album record, with a trembling hand, as it were. Read it:—"*The owner of 'My*

Mother's Album,' died at P———, at the residence of her parents, August 4th, 1834!" Here you burst forth your grief, if you are a natural child, no matter who may see or hear you. Only seven years of married life for her; and you only three years old when left a half-orphan! And your father's heart widowed for thirty-seven years. You linger and weep over those words. But you must seek for consolation, since we cannot always weep. Your dim eyes discern some more pale lines from your father's pen. You read greedily, and find his Obituary words over your long gone mother. He tells you how she died in the Lord; how a white Dove entered by the open window and hovered over her at 2 o'clock of a Summer's Afternoon—just at the hour when her presentment told her she would leave her family and the world; and how she laid her pale, weak hands on a row of four little heads and prayed. You feel *that* blessing anew, and thank God for such a mother, even though you had her by you but a little while. You determine her dying wish, that you might be a good boy and a useful man, shall be realized, so far as it may yet be consummated. You hear her call—"meet me in Heaven!"—and never feel better prepared to say—*Amen!* Yea, were it not that others stand about you, as you yourself stood near your own mother, when she left this world, you might gladly go and meet her at once.

Whenever we find it difficult to realize our faith in the communion of Saints, we sit down alone, somewhere opposite our mother's portrait on the wall, take "My Mother's Album" in our hands, in order to meditate over what we have before us, and occasionally glance at a locket of pure gold, in which are enshrined her hair. Then we are very much helped to believe and feel, that

> The Saints on Earth and all the Dead,
> But one Communion make.

SOURCE OF COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

It is in proportion as we realize the Spirit of adoption, that oil is thrown over the waves of affliction. The billows surge; but we know that there is peace beneath. But when we lose sight of this relationship. and get into the position of a slave, in feeling at least, then we begin to think God's dealings hard. Hard! the very four letters of the word grate like a saw. God is never hard. Is He hard when He takes me in His arms and feeds me with His love? Is He hard when He heals my infirmities? Is He hard when He corrects my errors?—Dr. Tyng.

HOW TO BE USEFUL AND HAPPY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The world abounds in drones—dead-weights, who are of no particle of use to God or man, so far as the human eye can see. Very often those, who have had the best chance to become useful, are the most useless. The children of the wealthy often become the worthless men and women of a later generation A half dozen young men arise before my mind at this writing. Each has a wealthy father. From early childhood the boys have had their "nest well feathered;" they were fed with golden spoons, metaphorically speaking. They never applied themselves closely to study, or to self-improvement of any sort. Refused to perform work of any kind, or prepare themselves for any kind of business. Why? They were pampered with the idea of their parent's inexhaustible wealth. Surely the sons of such parents can live without care and work, they thought. These half-dozen young men now daily disgrace their parents — parents who support the cause of Christ and enjoy its privileges. Some have been kept out of prison with their fathers' money. Some of these fathers have died. Since then one of the fast young men committed suicide. Another has squandered his inheritance with riotous living.

Among the daughters of the wealthy, drones are equally abundant. Their life consists of eating, drinking, dressing—in short of enjoying themselves. Many a young lady prides herself in not being able to make a cup of coffee, or bake a loaf of bread. From morning till night and night till morning, it is naught but vanity and vexation of spirit. Not all are thus, but by far too many. How useful they might be with their money, time and influence! How useless they actually are! Their life is a blank. No one but their jewelers, tailors and milliners will miss them when they die.

In a religious journal on my table, I read of a number of poor young men and ladies laboring to acquire an education in a western institution. It says: "During this session half a dozen young men have boarded themselves for less than one dollar per week, and they seem to thrive well on their fare. The son of an Iowa pastor has been with us six months, at a cost of less than forty dollars for all his expenses." These young people are in earnest, and will make their mark in due time.

Character is worth money. Earnest work in self-improvement, diligence in study and in acquiring habits of piety, is the only true method of rising in the world. Thus, in the language of Hannah (1 Samuel ii.): "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill to set them among the princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." Thus He raiseth David from a pious shepherd boy to the throne of Israel; Elizabeth, from the wife of an humble priest, becomes the mother of the greatest prophet in Israel; and Mary, the wife of a carpenter, becomes the mother of God's eternal Son.

The late Rev. Albert Barnes left a legacy to Princeton College, as a token of gratitude for the support he received when a student at that institution. Imagine the youthful Barnes, a poor student at Princeton more than fifty years ago, with a grateful heart eating the bread of charity, whom the rich students, the sons of millionaires, would scarcely notice on the street or in the class-room. Only wait fifty years, boys. We will see who will win the brighter crown, you with your gay clothing, dazzling jewelry and well-filled purses, or Albert Barnes with his meagre fare, devoting his time to prayer and hard study. Who of all those students then at Princeton can show as useful and glorious a life as Albert Barnes? Whose praises are sounded in two hemispheres, as were his, when he fell asleep?

Luther says: "My parents were poor. My father was a wood-cutter, and my mother has often carried wood on her back, that she might earn something wherewith to bring us children up." Who would then have thought, that the child of such parents should one day become a man of might? Surely, the future Reformer, if such must come, will be the son of some great doctor or bishop. Will he? The poor boy is sent to school at Magdeburg, where he begs his bread.

"I was accustomed, with my companions, to beg a little food to supply our wants. One day, about Christmas time, we were all going through the neighboring villages, from house to house, singing in concert the usual carols on the infant Jesus at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house, which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant, hearing us sing our Christmas carols, came out with some food, which he meant to give us, and asked, in a rough, loud voice, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. At last, however, as the peasant still continued to call after us, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran to him, and received the food that he had offered us. It is thus that we tremble and flee when our conscience is guilty and alarmed; then we are

afraid even of the help that is offered us, and of those who are our friends and wish to do us good."

When a student at Eisenach he likewise had to beg his bread. Often he received harsh words instead of food. One day, frightened by such cruel treatment, he was about to return hungry to his lodging. At length he stood before the house of an honest burgher, lost in painful reflections. Must he give up his studies for want of bread, and work with his father in the mines at Mansfield? Suddenly a door opens, and a woman appears on the threshold; it is the wife of Conrad Cotta. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Eisenach call her "the pious Shunamite," in remembrance of her who so earnestly entreated the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. She had often seen the pious youth in their religious meetings. The sweetness of his voice and his devotion had greatly affected her. Surely a boy, that can sing hymns of praise to God so sweetly and engage in prayer so fervently, must be good. It nearly broke her heart, when she saw the poor student roughly driven from other people's doors. At her door, too, she saw him tremblingly bear the abuse of the uncharitable. The poor boy at length finds a friend in Conrad Cotta's wife, who takes him in, and for a long time supports him. Many years later, Luther said, "Do not despise those boys, who try to earn their bread by chanting before your door, bread for the love of God."

This sturdy heroism in young people, this sacred, unconquerable determination to rise to intelligence and purity of life in spite of adverse surroundings, and at any sacrifice, is a joy to behold. Our country abounds with ministers, and school teachers of both sexes, who are the children of the lowly and the toiling. By hard work, at a great price, have they reached positions of influence. As they gather congregations and schools around them, they help to mould the destinies of this great country, the immortal destinies of many souls. All honor to this noble band,—this glorious fraternity of useful toil. How they outrun, in the race of life, the gay butterflies of fashion, who lavish their wealth and precious time on their own ignoble persons, and are the daily admiration of *themselves.*

Work, good work, which will benefit some people besides ourselves, is a means of happiness. Many of the heirs of fortune are the most unfortunate. With an untold amount of wealth at command, they are pining away with poverty of heart. Rolling proudly along the streets in their gay carriages, the sight of others wealthier than they, excites their envy, and eats like a cancer at their hearts. Around their sumptuous tables, their sated appetites crave for something, which wealth cannot buy. Amid the costly surroundings of their parlors, they are consumed with ennui. O,

that they knew where to find real peace, to find Him who died to save them.

Others spend their fortunes in doing good; invite the poor to their banquets. The blessing of the fatherless rests upon them. The sight of the happiness, which their good works create, fills them with joy divine; the comfort which they bear to the huts of want, brings them that peace which passeth all understanding. Diligence in Christ's business, going about doing good, is a cure for discontent, a balm for many a sore of sin.

Beautiful is the sacrifice which good men and ladies make for Christ and His suffering children. Laying aside the gaieties of their affluent homes, they use the money, which others would lay on the altar of fashion, for the relief of the suffering. Think of Elizabeth of Hungary selling her jewelry to buy bread for the poor and carrying it to them in her own apron. More true joy had Elizabeth in feeding the poor, than in the dazzling glories of her crown.

In 1860 there lived a peasant in Lapland. His name was Hans Mathson. He had a herd of one hundred reindeer. Better off was he than many of his poor neighbors; yet not rich. He and his wife Kirsten were godly people. They had a pious daughter, an only child, Maria Magdalena.

"Mother dear," she said one day, "hast thou ever considered how terrible is the condition of our poor country people, both here and among the hills?"

"Truly, yes, my child; they are little better than the heathen, though dwelling among Christian people."

The godly girl pauses at her spinning-wheel, and pleads for the poor people. The mother says: "Art thou beside thyself, child? What can I or thy father do in such a case? we are but poor peasants. The king and the bishops have the power in their hands. They are too far away."

"True, mother; why can not I go to Stockholm and tell the king about the misery of the poor Lapps?"

The mother, too, drops the thread at her wheel, exclaiming, "Maria, what has turned thy brain, that thou talkest so wildly?"

Nothing has turned the poor girl's brain. She is in her right mind. For weeks she has thought of nothing but of these poor people, and how to help them. She has often told God what pressed upon her pitying heart. She must go to Stockholm. To do this she must study the Swedish language. During the long winter evenings, her book was always on her lap, as she plyed her wheel. The next summer she often visited her pastor, when she led her father's herd to pasture, who helped her to master the language. Thus she toiled for three years. Then she was ready for

the long and perilous journey; for she could speak with the king in his own Swedish tongue. Her parents pleaded and wept to dissuade their only child from her fool-hardy plans.

In the dead of a northern winter, when the days were very short and the nights very long, she made her way over eight hundred miles to see the king. On skates she traversed the icy plains of Sweden. In the great capital every body stared at the pious maiden, in her outlandish reindeer dress. Many, too, saw the love and peace of God beaming from her face. She appeals to the Christians in Stockholm, who give her money for her poor Lapps. But she must see the king. Ah, how can such a poor maiden venture into the presence of the august monarch. She does venture, and is very kindly received. Many questions does he ask her about the condition of his people in Lapland, and gives her all the help she desires, and sends her home with his royal blessing. Who can describe the joy in that humble Lapland home, when the heroic Maria returned from her successful mission?

Dr. Chalmers, one of the greatest pulpit orators Scotland has produced, had a sister. She is not poor; besides has many wealthy friends, who would be glad to give her a home. Of her own choice, she has, for many years, been a minister of mercy.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building, in which this good woman is spending her life, to help unfortunates out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood, who have sober husbands, complain against her, saying: "Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good, you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved, and bringing them out to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? *Never.* They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance.

One night, as she was standing in a low tenement, talking with the intemperate father, and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room, as though uninterested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, he staggered up to her, and remarked: "I shall get to heaven as easy as you will; do you not think so?" Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage: "No drunkard shall inherit

the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian strategy ended in that man's reformation.

"Behold her, ye worldly, behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?"

ROCKS IN THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

BY MARY.

Did there ever, dear friends, come over you a mood, in which you see nothing worth living for? When you look over this great world and the millions of people in it, and wonder what good it does us to lead the humdrum life we are leading; when even religion seems like a dreamy uncertainty, quite beyond us; when you go, like a machine, to your daily avocation, feeling old and "not worth while;" and every thing and every person you meet seems just like you; you could even imagine that a little earthquake would vary the monotony and be refreshing.

If not, just eat great quantities of all manner of food, and *do* nothing for a week; if you fancy you would enjoy looking at life through "blue" spectacles, yield thus far to your sensual nature and allow it to triumph over your spiritual being. You will then taste the flavoring, that is in the cup of the drunkard and glutton. You will then have an idea of an existence purely animal. You will find that life takes not the golden hue of the pudding you ate for dinner, while digestion goes on: nor does it borrow one ruby ray from the wine cup, when you rise after a night of reveling.

Happiness dwells far from him, whose baser nature holds the reins. He cannot be said truly to live, whose passions whirl him to and fro, like the vehicle, in which a wild colt first tries his strength. And he is just as far from true living, who goes all his days like a hearse, bearing to the grave the softer impulses of his nature; seeing no beauty in, and deriving no help from, God's fair works.

Does any one ask to be directed on the road to happiness? How can we make rules? We cannot say, practice this or that virtue, and abstain from this or that vice.

Seek to have a life hid with Christ in God, and your happiness will flow from within. Taking prudence for the driver, common sense for the reins, the Bible your guide, in Christ the living way go onward and upward toward Heaven, your final rest. Then the passions and appetites of our lower self are schooled and restrained by a mightier power, a power from above. There are a thousand little channels, through which angelic help comes to us. There are also many paths to our hearts beaten by diabolic feet. They, the world, the flesh and the devil, who once strewed the road to destruction with roses, will now busy themselves rolling rocks in the narrow way of holiness and peace.

One pilgrim would be a living light, whose good works could not be hid, did not a rock of indolence break the power of both holy ambition and conscience. An *un*holy and worldly ambition impedes the progress of another, and often brings to the earth both love and honor. Many, oh! how fearfully many! endowed with royal gifts, and fitted to relieve the sufferings of many a weary plodder on life's journey, are dragged down and broken in pieces by the wine cup. Love of the world, fear of man, and public opinion bruise the heels of hundreds. The hearts of some of us are Bethanies, in which the spirit of Martha interrupts the spirit of Mary and robs it of its chief treasure, the words and looks of the Master. It is the Holy Spirit that enables us to overcome these rocks and robbers; when all are cleared, we will be in sight of Home.

Mercersburg, Pa.

THE SIGNERS IN RHYME.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

It will not be denied, that the men, who, on the Fourth of July, 1776, pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" in behalf of our national liberty, deserve the most profound reverence from every American citizen. The writer, having frequently experienced the advantage of verse as an aid to the memory, has attempted the task of metrically arranging the names of the Signers, according to the colonies from which they were delegated, in the hope that his rhymes will assist the youthful learner in remembering the names of these Fathers of American Independence.

The Massachusetts delegation
That signed our glorious Declaration,
Were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine,
The great John Adams, and again
Another Adams, Samuel by name.

New Hampshire, called "the Granite State,"
Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton, great
Alike in counsel and debate.

Rhode Island's delegates, we see,
Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery.

Connecticut, excelled by none,
Sent Roger Sherman, her noblest son,
With Wolcott, Williams, and Huntington.

New York as delegates employed
Lewis Morris and William Floyd,
With Francis Lewis, and Livingston
Who died before the war was done.

New Jersey to the Congress sent
Her honored College President,
John Witherspoon; with Stockton, Clark,
Hart, Hopkinson—all men of mark.

Though Pennsylvania need not blush
For Morris, Morton, Wilson, Rush,
And though most men might seem as dross
To Clymer, Taylor, Smith, and Ross;
To Franklin each his tribute brings,
Who neither lightnings feared, nor kings.

The men from Delaware—indeed,
As true as steel, in utmost need—
Were Rodney, with MacKean, and Read.

"My Maryland" is proud to own
Her Carroll, Paca, Chase and Stone.

On old Virginia's roll, we see
The gifted Richard Henry Lee;
And, just as earnest to be free,
His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee;
And Wythe and Nelson, patriots true,
With Harrison and Braxton, too;
But, of them all, there was not one
As great as Thomas Jefferson.

North Carolina's chosen men,
We know, were Hooper, Hewes, and Penn;

And South Carolina's vote was won
By Heyward, Lynch, and Middleton.

From Georgia came Gwinnett, and Hall,
And Walton, too, the last of all,—
Who signed our precious Declaration—
The pride and glory of the nation.

IPHTHYGENIA—THE DAUGHTER OF JEPHTHAH.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The celebrated fable of Iphigenia is supposed by many learned authors to be but a reconstruction of the tragedy of Jephthah's daughter. M. De Lavaur traces the parallelism in a very satisfactory way, in *Conference de la Fable avec l'Histoire Sainte.* Let us review it leisurely.

That the stirring classic fable of Iphigenia—offered in sacrifice by Agamemnon, her father—sung by so many poets, dwelt on by so many historians and celebrated in the Greek and French theatres, must be acknowledged to be but a changed copy of the history of Jephthah's daughter, who was devoted to God in consequence of her father's vow, will be readily conceded by all who are familiar with the Sacred Writings, in a critical sense. In order to accept such a version as correct, it is only necessary for the common reader, to consider the details of each account separately, and then compare them together. He will thus secure both the original and its copy, side by side, and have, at the same time, afforded another instance, whose prestige is due to the sacred record, but which has unwittingly been accorded to profane literature. We will accordingly, survey the particulars of Jephthah's vow and its consummation, as preserved for us in the xith chapter of the Book of Judges, first of all, and then turn to the mythological record, in order, by such a road, to reach a conclusion which fact and reason may suggest.

The sacred historian informs us, that Jephthah, the son of Gilead, was a great and valiant captain. The Israelites, against whom God had been angered, being obliged to meet the Ammonites in arms, assembled in popular convention, and sought to prevail on him to adopt their cause and lead them in the war. They felt sure of victory, had they but such a standard-bearer to rally around, fierce as the Ammonites might prove. Jephthah had been to Israel, what Washington subsequently became to the American Colonies. But unlike Washington, he accepted the command, only on condition that they would acknowledge him for their prince, if God should make them victorious. This promise the tribes gave him, and sealed it with an oath. His election was held in the city of Mizpeh, in the province of Judah.

Having been inspired by this additional motive of ambition to nerve him, he set earnestly and diligently about the solemn task imposed upon him. He first sent ambassadors to the king of the Ammonites, to ascertain the reason of the many acts of injustice and

cruelty they were committing on the coasts of Israel. The king, not having any late or new cause to assign in justification of his ravages, like the fabled wolf when asked by the lamb, made a pretext of some ancient damages his people had sustained at the hands of the primitive Israelites; nor would he, in anywise, accord with the reasonable propositions made by the prince of Israel through his delegates.

Jephthah now supplicated the Lord, and having been filled with the spirit of valor, took up the gauntlet and marched against the Ammonites. But being very zealous to acquit himself nobly and insure success to the war, instead of burning the bridges behind his advancing troops, to take away all hope of retreat, like Cæsar, he bound himself by an irrevocable vow, to offer in sacrifice to God, the first object that should meet him out of his house, on his return from victory.

The battle opened and the Ammonites were utterly discomfited. He returned in triumph from the field, towards his home, already enjoying the fruits of a most glorious campaign, when, lo! his only daughter and child came skipping and dancing into her father's presence, wild with filial joy. Jephthah was struck with terror at the sight of her. His bright victor-brow changed as if eclipsed by sudden night. He tore his garments, as a maniac would, and wept and wildly cried: *"Alas! Alas! My daughter! Thou dost exceedingly trouble me; for I have opened my mouth against thee unto the Lord, and I cannot go back!"*

His daughter proved herself equal to the occasion, however. Filled with the spirit of tenderest filial obedience, as well as with the ennobling enthusiasm of patriotism, she volunteers to relieve her troubled father, by exhorting him earnestly to accomplish his proffered vow, the purport of which she seems to have fully understood; assuring him that no sacrifice must be thought too great, seeing that the Lord had avenged him so signally of his own and his country's enemies. She, with good cheer, sought but a brief holiday of two months, which was gladly, yet tearfully, granted her; and at the end of that time, she returned and put herself at the disposal of her father, who heroically did with her according to his vow.

Let us turn now, from this nervous line of Jewish facts, to the placid stream of Grecian ornaments. The leading characteristics in the fable of Iphigenia are but so many parallels to what is furnished us already in the foregoing history. Their conformity is palpable. According to good chronological reckonings, the routing of the Ammonites and the siege of Troy are of one date. With the slightest alteration, *Iphigenia*, becomes *Iphthygenia*—which signifies, literally, *"the daughter of Jephthah."*

Agamemnon had likewise been a valiant warrior and admirable

captain. He too was chosen by the united consent of all Greece, assembled at Aulis, in Bœotia, as their Prince and General against the Trojans. He bacame the Jephthah of the Greeks. And having been invested with power and command, Jephthah-like he sent delegates to Priam, king of Troy, to demand satisfaction for the bad and brutal treatment of Helen, of which his constituents so sorely complained. The Trojans stubbornly refused to give ear to all prayers for reparation. Agamemnon proceeded to conciliate the gods, who seemed to him to be irritated against the Greeks and opposed to the success of their enterprises. He brought them sacrifices and consulted them through the interpreter, Chalchas, who plainly replied, that the gods, and more especially Diana, would not be appeased, but by the offering of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon.

Cicero, in his *Offices*, says, "In order to engage the protection of the gods, Agamemnon vowed, in the commencement of his war against the Trojans, to sacrifice the most beautiful of all that should be born in his kingdom; and when it had been decided that his daughter—Iphigenia—surpassed all others in beauty, he believed himself bound to consummate his promise." Like Jephthah, he was very sorely troubled at this result; nevertheless, he consented, yet afterwards regretted the loss of her. He is represented by the poets as deliberating, whether the gods could require such a trial at his hand; but a sense of duty and honor, at last, overcame his paternal affection, and his daughter, who had warmly encouraged her father to complete his vow, was led away to her fate, amid the lamentations of her companions, even as "the daughters of Israel" sorrowed for Jephthah's daughter, and "went yearly to lament her lot."

What now is the fable, when disrobed of all mythological drapery, but the history of Jephthah's daughter? The main facts, both in the history and in the legend, correspond. Never was a counterfeit note nearer to one with the original and genuine proto-type, than is the legendary Iphigenia like to the Scriptural Iphthygenia. There can be no doubt in the reader's mind, so far as we have recited the several stories. But their conformity becomes more striking still, when we come to consider the actual sacrifice made, either in the one case, or the other.

It has ever been a subject of warm contest, whether the prince of Israel really sacrificed his beloved daughter, or only devoted her to the state of celibacy—an order of death to the world, society and her kin. Among the authors who contend for her immolation, the learned Michaelis may be mentioned, who peremptorily insists, that the phrase—"*did with her as he had vowed*"—means nothing less, than that her father put her to death, and offered her body as a

burnt-offering. On the other hand, Dr. Hales, who has entered largely into the subject, furnishes us with a series of remarks which are of great weight, and which we will endeavor to reproduce as we shall want them. The controversy can be silenced as quickly as Alexander cut the Gordian knot by making the *conjunction*, which occurs in Jephthah's own words read *and*, or, *or*, to wit: "And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's; *or* I will offer it up for a burnt-offering." According to this reading (which is allowed in the Hebrew idiom, because of the paucity of connecting particles in that language), the vow falls into two separate members: 1. That what *person* soever met him, should be the Lord's, or dedicated to His service; 2. That what *beast* soever met him, should be offered up for a burnt-offering unto the Lord.

Perhaps a few words on the nature of vows, in general, may not be without their use, just here. By a *vow* was understood, an engagement voluntarily undertaken, to abstain from certain things, forbidden by no law, or to perform something which did not belong to strict duty. The promise was made to God. Jacob vowed, and his is the earliest we read of in the Holy Scriptures. Moses embodied vows in his law, and declared them obligatory. But he made provision, at the same time, for certain limitations and conditions. Thus, vows were not recognized unless expressed in words, and confirmed with an oath. So too, was a redemption of vows permitted, in very many instances. The father would commute, and even annul, a vow entered upon by his daughter; the husband, that of his wife. By an affirmative vow one might consecrate to God anything, such as money, houses, lands, animals, clean or unclean; nay, even one's slave, or son, or one's self. Animals fit for sacrifice should of necessity, be offered in sacrifice; unclean animals, or such as were unfit for sacrifice, were to be sold at the priestly valuation, and the owner could redeem them by the addition of one-fifth to the value. Had any unclean thing met Jephthah on his return, therefore, by this rule he might have consummated his vow, still. Men, who were consecrated to God by vow, became slaves of the tabernacle or temple, unless they too were redeemed. The same was the case with money, land, and houses—all went to the use of sacred ends, unless redeemed before the year of Jubilee. Under the common vow (*Neder*), therefore, a substitution was in most cases allowed, and in many instances, was absolutely necessary. Jephthah uttered but the *Neder*, or the ordinary vow. We certainly incline to such a view. The only remaining kind was

the *Cherem*, or vow which was called the *anathema*. It was rather an awful form of execration, and could not be redeemed, or substituted. It is true, fields, animals, or even men, could be the objects of it. And any man or beast thus devoted, or cursed, should be put to death. But this vow could be pronounced only against such men as were grievously culpable, and in a case where a great example of severity was necessary. Such an instance we find in king Arad. When the Hebrews pronounced this vow of *Anathema* against a hostile city, which they intended to treat with extreme severity, all the inhabitants were put to death; the beasts were slain; what would not burn, as gold, silver and other metals, was added to the treasure of the sanctuary; and everything else, with the whole city, was burned up, with an imprecation pronounced upon any attempt that should ever be made to rebuild it.

What occasion or room is there, let us now ask, to understand under Jephthah's vow, an *Anathema?* But if his vow was not of this order, then it must have been of the *Neder*-kind. And such a vow was of an order that allowed to be commuted, which Jephthah certainly took advantage of. He, doubtless, devoted his daughter to the tabernacle and temple—to the Lord; not in the way of immolation, however, from which the law excused him and his heart restrained him; but in the way of devotement for her entire life to God's direct and sole service.

Such a service was by no means novel. In the division of the spoils taken, in the first Midianite war, of the whole number of captive virgins, "the Lord's tribute was thirty-two persons." Are we to suppose the thirty-two persons to have been slain? How much less, this Hebrew maiden, whom her devout father rendered up to God, not as a thing anathematized, but as a thank-offering.

It may be asked, why the father's grief became so heavy, on the occasion of their meeting, if the consummating of his vow had not involved her immolation? This was nevertheless perfectly natural. Having no other issue, he could only look forward to a total extinction of his name and blood. On this matter we know a Hebrew to have been exceedingly sensitive. He commiserated the state of humiliation to which his vow had subjected the daughter, since she now could never become "a mother in Israel," nor, besides, stand in that long line of honored and blessed women, from which the Saviour should be born. Here was cause enough for sorrow, and her voluntary self-denial, withal, rendered his grief all the more poignant. Neither let it be forgotten, that the offering of children to Moloch was an abomination unto the Lord. Such a sacrifice, therefore, unto Himself could be but all the more unnatural. There is not the least evidence that Jephthah's conduct was sanctioned by Him, should we attempt even to interpret

his sacrifice as a bloody one. There is no precedent for any such burnt offering in the Old Testament. The case of Isaac is irrelevant; Isaac was not sacrificed, and the preliminaries were only tolerated as a trial and proof of Abraham's faith. Doubtless there would have occurred a like divine intervention, had Jephthah's intention been the same. The case on Calvary dare not for one moment be compared with it, as no such grand atoning-aim can be ascribed to the event. Had the sacrifice of God's only begotten Son been but the end and result of an arbitrary determination in the counselling of ever so high a quarter, it, even, would not have been acceptable to God.

Though Jephthah was but a half-Israelite, he had now become one with this people, and could not, without loss to himself, go counter to their prejudices and views. Nor could any father in the Jewish commonwealth, prince or judge though he be, execute even an offending child, much less an innocent one, on his own single-handed authority. The magistrates, we should suppose, or the people, ought to have a word to utter in so grave a matter, as may be inferred from Jonathan's case. The traditional law (Mischna) of the Jews speaks pointedly in opposition to so horrid a deed: "If a Jew should devote his son or daughter, his man or maid servant, who are Hebrews, the devotement would be void; because no man can devote what is not his own, or of whose life he has not the absolute control." It may be inferred, indeed, that Jephthah could not even have devoted her to celibacy without her consent. This, however, we can imagine as possible, without the intervention of the populace; but a case of child-slaying, never, under such circumstances.

It is proper to turn to the fate of poor Iphigenia again. Some authors affirm her to have been sacrificed in fact. Others, more humane, say, she was caught up in a cloud by the gods, who, contented with the intended offering, as in the case of Isaac, substituted a hind in her place. Cicero condemns the theory of her immolation, and rightly says, "It would have been a lesser evil to have falsified his (Agamemnon's) vow, than to have committed parricide." So are there still others, who declare an animal to have been foisted in her room, before the act of immolation had in very deed commenced.

This merciful coloring of her end, adds no little strength to the view maintained in these pages, touching the fate of Jephthah's daughter, since the fable is but a copy of the history, as our readers are, perhaps, by this time inclined to believe. On this item we need but add a few thoughts, to what has already been advanced. According to the commonly admitted opinion, the taking of Troy is placed one hundred and eight years before the reign of Solomon.

But his reign preceded Homer, three centuries, as some maintain, and at least one entire century, as all concede. The chronology of times so remote must naturally be uncertain, in many respects. Pausanias found so much difference on this point, that he was at a loss how to judge of it. However, it is sufficient for our present purpose to know, that it has been conceded long ago, and on all hands, that Solomon wrote at least one hundred years before Homer, who wrote the most ancient history of the famous siege of Troy, though he wrote more than two centuries after the event. Now if the siege of Troy occurred nearly two hundred years before the reign of Solomon; and if Solomon reigned at least one hundred years before Homer wrote, then it is plain which of the two accounts is prior to the other, since from the fourth year of Solomon's term, back to Jephthah's, there is perhaps a century and one half intervening. Unless, therefore, we choose to place the Old Testament in the same category with heathen mythology, and consider them both as mere reprints of still older legendary lore, we cannot escape from the conclusion, that Iphigenia is a copy from Iphthygenia, the daughter of Jephthah.

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Claude Loraine was bred a pastry cook.

Cervantes was a common soldier.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Terence was a slave.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer.

Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow chandler and soap-boiler.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen-draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and son of a butcher.

Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Rear-Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker and afterward a cabin boy.

Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

THE GOOD OLD HYMNS.

Did you ever know any person who was brought up on the good old Zion hymns, whom they ever failed to move to the foundations when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the night air. That man, who has wasted life, and energy, and talent, which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind, he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about "the beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshipers emerge, he recollects himself, and with an impatient pshaw! passes on. What, he moved at a "conventicle hymn!" He, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church? He, who believes neither in prayer nor priests, Bible nor Sunday? He, who has "outgrown all that?" Ah! but he hasn't. He can't outgrow it, it is there. It will come, whether he desires it or no. Come in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away. Come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion, whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind. Come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left on record, that "the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts." "Often," he says, "the religious teachings of his childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking, and his last before going to sleep." Said he, "I could not banish them if I would."

"Now and then I like to go into a church," said a young man, apologetically, to a companion, who was deriding the idea. "Priestcraft! priestcraft!" exclaimed his companion. "Tell me, what possible good can it do?" "Well," said the young man, "somehow, when I hear those hymns, it is like hearing the pleading voice of my mother, as I left home to become the graceless fellow I am now. I cannot tell you how they move me, or how they make me wish I were better. If I ever do become better, it will be because I cannot separate them from all that seems, in my better moments, worth embodying in the word 'home.'" Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, when he was on his death-bead, "be a *good* man Lockhart; be a good man, nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." It were easy to multi-

ply instances, where earth's gifted and greatest have borne similar testimony, after having tasted all that the world had to offer, as an equivalent for "that peace which passeth all understanding."

THE PASSWORD.

During the recent American war a noble band of Christians, called the Christian Commission, at the head of which was Mr. Stuart, accompanied the army wherever it went, and, amidst the sick, wounded, and dying, did a great work for Jesus. Late one night, Mr. Stuart had to pass the lines of the two armies, and before starting he asked the colonel of the regiment for the password. "Chicago," was given him, and away he rode, feeling all safe. At the lines the sentry challenged him with the usual, "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. The sentry presented his rifle and demanded the password. "Chicago," was the confident reply. Without moving, the sentry said, "Mr. Stuart it is my duty to shoot you; for you have given the wrong password. Ride back to headquarters and get the right one, for it would be death for me to give it you."

Mr. Stuart turned his horse's head, galloped back to the colonel's tent, and, rushing in said, "Colonel, you gave me the password 'Chicago,' and it is wrong."

"How could I be such a fool?" said the colonel; "that is the one for yesterday; to-day's is 'Massachusetts.' I am deeply sorry for the mistake, Mr. Stuart."

Again he approached the line, and again the challenge met him, "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. "Have you the password?" "Massachusetts," was the reply. At once the rifle was lowered, and the word given, "Pass."

As Mr. Stuart rode up to the sentry, he said, "Well, you have asked me for the password twice; once I gave it wrong; it might have been fatal to me. Let me ask you, my lad, do you know the password for heaven, which will only be asked for once?" The sentry replied, "I thank God I do, sir; I learned it from your lips in a New York Sunday-school. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' that is the password, sir."

O children, see to it, that you have the right password at heaven's gate. The blood, and only the blood of Jesus, is sufficient then. Jesus only in life, and after this life. Luther, whenever he wrote a letter, headed the sheet "Jesus," as if to intimate that all must be done with reference to Him. Let this be your motto, as it was of many a Scottish martyr who, for his faith, suffered death by burning: "Jesus only."—*The Happy Secret, a New Year's Address for* 1869, *by David Harris.*

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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Vol. XXII. AUGUST, 1871. No. 8.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII. — AUGUST, 1871. — No. 8.

THE BEDFORD TINKER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I have read your article, entitled, 'What books to buy,' in the May number of the 'Guardian.' I regard the list of works you recommend, as excellent. Still, I think you omitted one that deserves mention in that connection. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress ought to have a place in every private library, however small. When a youth, I read through it repeatedly. No book possessed such a charm for me. None, save the Bible, left such an impression on my developing mind and heart. Robinson's Calmet is a small library in itself. But the Pilgrim's Progress ought not to be forgotten in the selection of a choice private library."

Thus spoke a legal friend to us, a few days ago. Himself a gentleman of extensive reading, and fine literary taste, he takes a deep interest in the intellectual and moral training of the young. An undesigned and serious omission, we own it was. And we hereby correct the omission, by advising every person, who can afford it, to buy the Pilgrim's Progress, and read it. To read it is no very difficult task. The sweet story will so fascinate you, that you will be loth to lay the book down. Dr. Samuel Johnson ranks it among the very few books, of which, the reader, when he comes to the conclusion, wishes they had been longer.

"But who is Bunyan?" we hear some one ask. A brand snatched from the burning. Born in England, of poor, but pious parents, in 1628, in early life he fell into wicked habits; as the sons of pious parents often do, to their greater shame. His father tried to earn his bread as a roving tinker, mending tin kettles and pans. And his son, John, he tried to teach the same low craft. This sort of life brought him in contact with a bad class of people; indeed, this tinker life was a bad schooling, sufficient to endanger the character of any youth. He is said to have indulged in various

vices. He became the leader of a band of wicked young men, noted for their profanity and excess. In lying, cursing, and blaspheming he had few equals. At length a merciful Providence interposed in his behalf; perhaps, in answer to the prayers of his father. Twice he was at the point of drowning, but was providentially rescued from an impenitent death. Then he entered the British army. At the siege of Leicester, in 1645, he was called out to stand sentinel. One of his comrades kindly offered to take his place. The comrade was shot through the head and killed; shot in John Bunyan's stead. But for the comrade, the young tinker would have died in his sins, the world would have been left without the Pilgrim's Progress, and without the untold blessings it has brought to the nations of the earth.

The wicked tinker marries, is wedded to the daughter of a father zealous in religion; a father now dead, but who used to reprove vice with unsparing vigor. The young wife is as poor as her impious husband, but well disposed. The wonder is, that such a girl would have anything to do with the tinker. But some pious girls then were as foolish as some now are, risking their happiness in this world and in that which is to come, by marrying vile young men. She brought him two books as a marriage portion, and nothing more: "*The Practice of Piety,*" and "*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.*" Most likely, these books her father had left to his children at his death—and it seems it was all he could leave them. For a while the tinker's family lived in great poverty. They had scarcely any furniture in their hut; no dish nor spoons. But the two books they had. His wife, sensible woman she was, spoke much to Bunyan of her father's pious ways, and urged him to go regularly to church. Gradually he left off some of his bad habits, got to reading the two books, and thinking penitently over his evil ways. Some of his more pious friends reproved him for his wickedness. His conscience was aroused. His eyes were opened to see into his bad heart and life. He providentially met with a poor man, who induced him to read the Bible. It led him to strive after a better life. He was overpowered with a sense of guilt. He fancied himself under sentence of reprobation; that he had committed the unpardonable sin—blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; that he had sold Christ; that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from Heaven cried out to warn him. One cried: "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions into his ears. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. A low woman reproved him for swear-

ing worse than any she had ever heard. That he was too bad for even a vile woman to endure, made him feel heartily ashamed. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense, and so long continued. At length the clouds broke.

He heard a sermon on Solomon's Song, 4: 1: "Behold thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair." It was a sermon on the love of Christ, and helped to lead him into the merciful arms of his Saviour. The prodigal arose and went to his Father. A sweet peace took possession of his troubled soul. Like all truly converted people, he can no longer rest outside of the Church. What Church shall he join? The Church of England was then possessed with a worldly spirit, and tossed about with strife. He sought connection with a body of earnest, active Christians. Such, at that time, were found in larger numbers among the dissenting Churches, than in the Church of England. He joined the Baptists. A burning desire to serve Christ, and in part to atone for the follies of his youth, led him to become a preacher and a writer.

How can an uneducated tinker become either? His education was that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English; the English as it was then spoken by the common people, with all its faults. All he knew about correct English style, he got from his Bible. No English is equal to that in style. Yet, even with this matchless help, he could not overcome the defects of his early training. "His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar." A poor man taught him to search and love the Scriptures. While working at his trade, in Bedford, he learned much from certain women, whom he overheard conversing about regeneration. Much, too, he learned from their earnest, cheerful, humble behavior, which helped him to understand their doctrine. Their company brought him into a new world. In his youth he had learned but little of the Scriptures. The more his eyes were opened to his true condition, the more he saw and felt his own ignorance. This gave him much trouble; led him into various doctrinal errors and extravagances. Showing how important it is to commence religious instruction in childhood.

The people of Bedford, soon found that he had speaking gifts. They prevailed on him to preach in their meeting-house, expounding the Scriptures as a preparation to the ministry. Ere long he was formally ordained to the sacred office. "His rude oratory roused and melted hearers, who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists." The learned Dr. Owen, who often heard him preach, said: "Gladly would I exchange all my learning for the tinker's great preaching talent."

After he was released from his imprisonment his friends built him a meeting-house in Bedford. Thousands crowded to hear him. He said, that when he preached, he felt as if the angel of God stood behind to cheer him on; still, sometimes he preached with fear and trembling.

Bunyan lived in a persecuting age. It was then a crime for one out of the Church of England to preach; a punishable crime, too, not to attend her stated services. Bunyan's conscience forbade him to do this; it constrained him to preach. "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel." So the man felt who wrote Pilgrim's Progress. Such a conscience, at that time, was a great inconvenience in England. Dressed like a carter, in a coarse frock, with a whip in his hand, he many a time stole by a back way, into a religious meeting secretly held. It brought John Bunyan to much grief; brought him twelve and a half years to Bedford jail; and brought the immortal Pilgrim's Progress to the world. The paper calling for his arrest, says: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, laborer, had *devilishly* and *perniciously* abstained from coming to Church to hear divine service; and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord, the king."

At thirty-two years of age he was imprisoned in the Bedford jail, after he had been a member of the Church for five years. The twelve and a half years he spent in his gloomy cell, proved a valuable schooling for him. They were years of sore trial. Occasionally, the jailor would permit his family and some friends to see him. Their destitute condition distressed him greatly. Especially did his heart bleed for his eldest daughter, who was blind. "Stop thy ranting preaching, and worship according to the Church of England, and thou shalt have thy liberty." Thus spoke the government. But his conscience allowed him to do neither. To support his family, he learned to make tagged thread lace, during the intervals of his prison tasks. With these scanty earnings they lived in tolerable comfort. He read much during his chance leisure moments; read the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. These were the only books he had. No one had ever dreamed that the unlettered tinker would attempt, much less succeed, to write a useful book. But a book he wrote; wrote it in Bedford jail, and one of the few works that will live forever. In jail he had time to reflect and form habits of close, correct thinking. Joseph in his Egyptian prison, Moses in exile at Horeb, Luther in the Wartburg prison, translating the Bible, all show how God sometimes allows His servants to be shut out from the world, in order to train them for some great work or mission.

Had not Bunyan been locked into Bedford jail, the world would never have had a Pilgrim's Progress. Thus God makes the wrath of man to praise Him. Many an humble Christian, for other's good, heroically crucifies his dearest temporal interests.

He wrote the book in a quaint, rude style. Much, indeed, had the printers to correct in his spelling. For many years, the learned refused to notice or praise the Pilgrim's Progress. The ignorant, or common people were charmed by it. In twenty-five years it passed through more than fifty editions. And since then, it has been translated into every language of the civilized world.

The last year of his jail life he was elected pastor of a church in Bedford. In 1782 he was released from prison. During the remainder of his life he labored with undiminished ardor; going from place to place preaching to the masses in their own rude, unpolished tongue. The persecuted he relieved wherever he could. And a very gifted peacemaker he was, reconciling the enmities among God's people. In very bad weather he made a journey to Reading, in Berkshire, to heal a breach between a certain father and his son. He succeeded in his mission of love, but thereby caught a disease, which soon thereafter led to his death. He died at sixty years of age, and was a minister of the Gospel for about thirty-two. At Bunhill Fields, England, rest the remains of the sainted author of the Pilgrim's Progress. He was married twice, and had four children. His second wife survived him four years.

We are told, "in person, Bunyan was tall and broad-set, though not corpulent; he had a ruddy complexion, with sparkling eyes, and hair inclining to red, but in his old age, sprinkled with gray. His whole appearance was plain, and his dress always simple and unaffected. He published sixty tracts, which equalled the number of years he lived. His countenance was rather stern, and his manner rough; yet he was very mild, modest and affable in his behavior. He was backward to speak much, except on particular occasions, and remarkably averse to boasting; ready to submit to the judgment of others and disposed to forgive injuries, to follow peace with all men, and to employ himself as a peacemaker; yet he was steady to his principles, and bold in reproving sin, without respect to persons."

Little did our friend expect, that his well-meant suggestion about the Pilgrim's Progress, would become the occasion of inflicting upon the readers of the "Guardian" a sketch of its author. But his life has a moral no less than his book, and we advise our readers to study and improve both.

Envy deserves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody so much as itself.

THE FAMILY BEAR.

A DECLAMATION FOR A GIRL.

The tale I am now about to tell,
Is a tale of something that once befell
The son of a man who went to dwell
    Away from his friends and neighbors
He didn't exactly go to the dogs,
He built him a cabin of mud and logs,
With nobody near him but wolves and frogs,
    To make remarks on his labors.

A stern and upright man was he;
His wife was comely and fair to see:
His sons were nine and his daughters three,
    Like the Muses and the Graces;
But lest their beauty should prove a snare,
He gave them the coarsest clothes to wear:
He taught them 'twas folly to dress their hair,
And he never would have a mirror there
    To make them proud of their faces.

But once on a time, as the stories say,
When he went to the city his tax to pay,
And lay in a store for many a day,
    Of the family salt and spices:
In the top of his trunk, with the greatest care,
He placed a mirror, shining and square,
And bade the family all beware,
He would have no meddling fingers there,
    For he wouldn't encourage their vices.

No doubt it was evil blood that ran
Clear back to the time the world began,
When Eve, our mother, first tempted man:
    But this there was no denying;
In spite of his threat, it came to pass
That the youngest son of his love, alas!
Peeped into the trunk, *and into the glass*,
    Then fell to shrieking and crying!

For out of the trunk looked up to him
A grimy face with a senseless grin,
And shaggy locks in such woful trim;
    'Twas a very natural error.

"O mother! as sure as you are standing there,
My father has brought home a live young bear!
An ugly fellow all over hair,
I am nearly dead with terror?"

MORAL.

I think the moral of this must be,
If you wouldn't get scared as bad as he,
Whenever you chance your face to see,
Don't let your lessons in neatness be
Until you are one-and-twenty;
I'm sure I would rather see a bear
Than a boy with tangled and tumbled hair,
And dirty fingers, the worse for wear,
When water and soap are plenty!

Mrs. E. H. Miller, in School Festival.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF GREAT MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

With people great and small, the course of true love does not usually run smooth. But rough or smooth, the lesson always hath a moral. Poor Xantippe has been the worst abused spouse the world has had for two thousand years. Her violent temper, we are told, made her a scourge to her wise husband. And rarely are people as well mated as were Mr. and Mrs. Socrates. For he owned that he had married and endured her for self-discipline. And if a man needs any schooling of that sort, what lady could be a more successful connubial disciplinarian than Xantippe? One day she scolded him violently as she stood at her open window, and sealed the lesson by dashing a pail of water on him. "Just as I expected," he sweetly replied, "after the thunder comes the shower."

The younger Pliny praises his amiable wife in language as touching as it is sincere. He says: "Her affection for me has given her a turn to books: her passion will increase with our days; for it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamored."

A long list of Artists and Philosophers never married—from choice. When some one asked Michael Angelo why he did not marry, he replied: "I have espoused my Art; and it occasions me sufficient domestic cares, for my works shall be my children. What would Bartholomew Ghiberti have been had he not made the gates

of St. John? His children consumed his fortune, but his gates, worthy to be the gates of Paradise remain." A young painter, who had just been married, told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was preparing to pursue his studies in Italy. "Married!" exclaimed Sir Joshua, "then you are ruined as an artist!" Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, Bayle, Hobbes, Hume, Gibbon and Anna Smith, for some cause or other were never married.

Poets have ever been peculiarly susceptible of the tender passion.

> "Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
> Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

Love has given inspiration to their grandest poetry; it has been the burden of their sweetest songs. Yet much domestic unhappiness have they ever had. And chiefly because the true poet deals in ideals, and he is satisfied with nothing short of an ideal wife. And ideals are not earth-born, but heaven-born beings. In heaven only are faultless, perfect beings to be found. On earth dwell none but the imperfect; and, what is worse, we ourselves belong to that class.

Dante's great soul received its first inspiring spell from the sight of Beatrice. She became the wife of another, but her image followed him like a guardian angel, in all his ways. He married the daughter of a noble family, but a woman of an ignoble spirit. The grand poet could neither soften nor control her temper. When driven into exile, she never cared to see him again.

Petrarch's Laura exercised a similar influence on his life and writings. He seldom saw her, but through his ardent, unrequited love was threatened with a serious disease. By traveling he recovered his health. But a chance sight of Laura brought on his former trouble. Her death plunged him into inconsolable sorrow. In his copy of Virgil, he wrote the following on the margin of a page:

"Laura, illustrious for her virtues, and for a long time celebrated in my verses, for the first time appeared to my eyes on the 6th of April, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, at the first hour of the day. I was then in my youth. In the same city, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. Her chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day, after Vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its native mansion in heaven. I have written this with a pleasure, mixed with bitterness, to retrace the melancholy remembrance of my great loss. This loss convinces me that I have nothing now left worth living for, since the strongest chord of my life is broken. By the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world where my hopes have been vain and perishing."

Milton married after a short courtship. His wife is said to have had a very uncongenial disposition, and had no patience with her husband's literary habits. She complained bitterly of his solitary house, lustily flogged his nephews, and in a month after their marriage she ran away. Possibly he was a literary recluse, who gave much more time to his books than to his blushing, rollicking young country bride. Time heals many a wound, as it healed the trouble in this Miltonian home. The young bride returned, and on the whole made him a right good wife.

Shakspeare married a farmer's daughter, intellectually very much his inferior ;—was there ever a woman born to be the intellectual equal of such a man? She was faithful to her vows, more so than her great husband. He spent the greater part of his life away from her home.

Dr. Sam. Johnson married Mrs. Porter, a lady almost double his age. Her daughter describes him at this time as of a very forbidding appearance, his structure of bones being "hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible." We may add, and awkward gestures, which excited ridicule. Fearful that she might marry him for his family rank or reputation, he told her that he was descended from untitled ancestors, that he had no money, and that one of his uncles had been hung. To lower herself to his level, she replied, that she had no more money than himself, and although she had not learned that any of her relatives were hung, she knew that several of them deserved hanging. Mrs. Porter overlooked his uncomely looks and odd ways, and said: "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life." Johnson declared it to have been a love marriage on both sides. On their way to church, on horseback, to be married, they took their first lesson in the exercise of mutual authority. He afterward described it as follows:

"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion, that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

Johnson was constitutionally a very angular man, with sharp corners enough to annoy the most amiable wife. Withal they got along smoothly thereafter. And when she died, the stern scholar refused to be comforted the balance of his life.

Gœthe married the daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim. Good "Fredericka" became the idol of the great poet's heart only for a brief period. At the end of a year, he left her to return no more. And many another fair lady's heart did he win, but thereafter none to wed. Although a great favorite among the fair sex, many a lady's heart was left bruised and bleeding by Gœthe's fickle affection.

Schiller wedded Charlotte von Lengefeld. She lived at Rudolstadt. Spending a summer here he met his future wife. "Sad was my departure from Rudolstadt," he afterwards wrote to a friend. "Many a pleasant day have I spent there, besides formed a precious bond of friendship." He and his Charlotte were happily mated. Their life presents a beautiful scene of domestic joy.

Few poets equalled Klopstock in this respect. On his way to Copenhagen he visited a few friends at Hamburg. These tell him of Meta Moller, of this city, intelligent, pious and his ardent admirer. "Surely thou wilt not deny the sweet lady a brief visit?" said they. "The pleasure of a personal acquaintance is the least thou canst give her." Certainly not. He finds her so amiable and fascinating, that he is quite carried away with her charms. Ever after, the word "Meta" was to him above every earthly name. Ere long he pays her a second visit; and on a third he makes her his own forever. In sweetest verses he sings her praises. With a full heart he writes: "Now, since I have made Meta mine own, I appreciate and enjoy fully the preciousness of earthly life, and praise God that I can glorify Him in this exalted and happy sphere. I have attained the glory of mundane existence. The victor's palm I bear in my hands. To thee, Jehovah, O Jehovah, I sing grateful songs of jubilant joy."

And Meta was no less happy in her conquest. She writes to a friend inquiring about Klopstock: "I am always present with him at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still,—only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms."

Less fortunate was good Albrecht Dürer—"the Evangelist of Art." The noble-looking youthful artist coming home one day, found his father busily bargaining with Hans Fry for his daughter Agnes. The bargain was closed, and a hard bargain it proved for Albrecht Dürer. Agnes, with her two hundred florins, became a life-long scourge to him. She was young, pretty, gay, possessed

of the greed of a miser and the disposition of a wasp. She possessed a terrific talent to scold. She forbade him the ordinary enjoyments of educated men, lest she might lose a penny of his earnings. He fled to the Netherlands to escape domestic torture. She tearfully begged him to return; professed repentance, and promised to amend her ways, and in the future to love and honor her husband. Her conversion lasted one day after his return. His friend, Perkheimer, says, that she worried Dürer to death, over which she mourned bitterly because it stopped her means of making money. She bore the purse and kept him slavishly at work day and night to fill it. As the tormentor of a great and good man, she gained an unenviable immortality. He has gone beyond the reach of her tyrannical power.

> "Imigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
> Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies."

The history of many more courtships and matches, made either on earth or in heaven, might be narrated. Of the former a curious incident is told of Dr. Young—author of the "Night Thoughts." As the Doctor was one day walking in his garden at Melwin, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterward married, a servant came to tell him that a gentleman wished to speak to him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "that I am too happily employed to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, a patron, and his friend. As persuasion, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him by the garden gate; when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, and laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

> "Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
> And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
> Like him I go, yet to go am loth;
> Like him I go, for angels drove us both:
> Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
> His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and capacity, and besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterwards.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow-field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs, wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her, that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the profession.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony, she mounted the horse behind him and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman bustled around and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom and soon put things in order. It is needless to say they were happy, though Jefferson died a poor man on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door and laughed at him, as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia, with rolls of bread under his arms and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy, when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

It is not generally known, that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman. So crushed was the brave old man when she died, and so eager to rejoin her, that he is said to have exclaimed: "Heaven will be no heaven to me, if I cannot meet my wife there."

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "States Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

TEMPERANCE has promising children; but among the sons of drunkenness are Debt, Dishonor, Disease and Death.

"YEH GELEHRTER, YEH VERKEHRTER."

BY PERKIOMEN.

Our Teutonic proverb, when freely rendered, means—"*The more learned, the more ungodly.*" Its complement runs in a line parallel with it—"*The more ignorant, the more religious.*" Merging both now, we have the older and foster-saying—"*Ignorance is the mother of Devotion.*"

Neither of to-day, nor of yesterday are these several crystalizations of wit; but the formations of past centuries. That they have not long since crumbled to dust, under the heavy and repeated blow of assailants, shows that they are not brittle as chalk, certainly. Sometimes they appear to harden rather from the heated ordeal and violent beating, through which they are destined to pass, especially during this latter age of ours, so abundantly blessed with gas works, gas pipes, and gas lights. Like the patient steel and iron, they acquire character actually by fire and under the hammer. They are not pulverized, at all events, by a rubbing between the thumb and fingers. There is a fixity about them, which enables them to withstand the slow filings of the ages even. When the hope is being cherished, now and then, that their larger bulk has been pretty greatly frittered away, up start those identical principles before us again, afresh and as large as life. Not merely the simple and the aged speak of the "madness of much learning," but the enlightened and the strong not seldom wonder what the world is coming to, under the sway of the *Illuminati.*

We must concede some ground for controversy here; some room for discussion; a point on which parties may join issue. We did not see as far, once; we have learned to see it though, and not so very long since. Dr. Francis Lieber's judicious pamphlet entitled, "*Remarks on the Relation between Education and Crime,*" first opened our eyes to the light on the general subject. We were prepared through Dr. L.'s observations, to look upon this adage, as a kind of popular gospel, as indeed all proverbs are, freely mixed with falsehood. It is not for the untruth they contain, but on account of their truth, that they endure so long, and out-weather the opposition. A lie has no legs, and can consequently neither run nor stand erect. Give it but the slightest ingredient of truth,

though, and it acquires at once a supporting crutch and can manage to limp along. This maxim started far back in the series of ages, and has hobbled down to our times; nor is it a whit more learned, than when it first got out. Consequently, *Yeh Gelehrter, yeh Verkehrter* contains a kernel of truth. But how much of it?

If there be any virtue in the *vox-populi-vox-Dei* theory, there must lie concealed within it no small measure of it. The masses tell us boldly, that crime is on the increase, and that much learning is both the occasion and cause of it. An old mother maintains, that the Rebels could never have invaded Gettysburg, had not Providence intended that Pennsylvania College should receive a felling blow. The multiplication of school-houses, and the founding of colleges and seminaries foster the execution of wickedness and the spread of evil, it is declared. "We hear of novel sins," the people say, "since learning is advancing." Idlers, loafers, and marked criminals are such from passing through literary halls, goes the story. The world is getting worse and worse, the more education increases, we hear it said. The adage is immensely popular with the lowly.

To be sure, this people knoweth not the law, and is cursed. Very little account is had of what the rabble say. As mile of complaisance is all their muttering can effect. What the illiterate, the aged, and the farmers think, has no weight, we imagine, and so we ignore it all.

But that much is known by intuition, no less than by reasoning and deduction, one will hardly dispute. Men may be seen as trees walking still. We oftentimes feel what we may not know. And that the commonalty are not wholly off the truth, in this instance at all events, the authorities of the influential prove. Seneca, in his ninety-fifth Epistle, maintains: "*After once they become learned, they cease to be good.*" It has been stated in both Houses of the British Parliament, that education is far from causing a decrease in crime, whilst the circumstances of the United States have been adduced in evidence of the alleged fact. Official statements made in reference to the city of New York, confirm the accuracy of the position blindly taken by the people. The utterances of such personages as *de Beaumont* and *de Tocqueville*, touching the swelling of crime in the ratio of diffused knowledge, more directly in the State of Connecticut, seem to bear in the same direction. *Plutarch* says, that the *Grecian* and the *scholar* were characters of reproach and contempt among the Romans. *Montaigne* declares in open day, that examples to any amount, have demonstrated such governments most feeble, in which the sciences are most diligently prosecuted, and that its subjects are rather softened and enervated, than encouraged and fortified by such pursuits. He calls the

Turks the most potent people of his day, who are yet remarkable for but two things, for their estimation of arms, and their contempt for letters. Rome, he further declares, was more valiant before she grew so learned. He proves the most heroic nations to have been the most ignorant, the Scythians, the Parthians, the great Tamerlane, and such.

When the Goths over-ran Greece, the only things the Vandals spared were the libraries, and all because a certain warrior persuaded them they would do well to save all such furniture to the enemy, as it served greatly to unman them in every active duty, and to fix them to a lazy, sedentary life. When King Charles the VIII had such success to his arms in Naples and Tuscany, the nobility attributed the facility of conquest to the fact, that Italy studied more to become learned, than efficient.

Here let us close our list of authorities, lest our readers might lift their hand and cry, "O, you blockhead!"

Remember we do not teach, just now; we only retail other men's sayings. And we do this to show that the masses have something of a prophetic spirit. Let us not laugh at them, any how, since what they so glibly maintain, is not original with themselves, but has come to them from no mean sources.

But if the popular notion be owing to such authorities, either as to its origin or to its confirmation, the promoters of public instruction will certainly be disappointed in one of their fondest hopes. At all events, Dr. Lieber thought the whole subject of sufficient importance to furnish an answer to the position assumed, if it were possible, to obviate the bad effect it is calculated to have on the minds of many, and the evil it might produce in society, by damping the zeal of the friends of education in all enlightened countries, particularly as not a few reports, furnished by some able and acute statistical writers, appear in some instances, to sanction such unfavorable conclusions.

He calls attention to the vague conception of terms, which are employed in the discussion, a very common thing, whenever a subject is once taken in controversy. No perfectly clear and definite idea is connected with such expressions as "education," "instruction," "knowledge," "civilization," &c. In order to proceed with perspicuity in this discussion respecting the effect of liberal culture upon the increase or decrease of crime, it is necessary to affix a distinct meaning to the three terms, *instruction, education, and civilization.*

Instruction he understands to be the knowledge imparted in the public schools, which are established after some general system, and strive to diffuse it among such classes as are least able to procure it by private means. The "public schools" serve as such channels of instruction.

Education is more comprehensive and profound in its meaning, and signifies the cultivation of the physical, mental, and moral faculties of the young. It includes the former term, but goes much beyond it.

Civilization is of a still wider compass, and embraces the cultivation of all our powers and endowments, which fit men and women as members of civil society, or as social beings.

If progressive civilization is the end and aim of all knowledge, in its greater or lesser grasp, Dr. Lieber addresses himself to the question, *Does civilization promote crime, in its negative, or positive aspects?*

He makes it very plain, that education cannot possibly *promote* crime, unless it is maintained, that human nature is so thoroughly bad, that in whatever way it is cultivated, it will necessarily shoot forth the germs of corruption. But as no knowledge, in itself considered, is either good or bad, it cannot be said to possess any moral character of its own. Arithmetic will assist the defaulter, it is true; but the honest man, as well in balancing his accounts with ease; just as a knife will aid the murderer, no less than him, who cuts a piece of bread for the beggar. No generating organ, of good or evil, can be thought to lie in the matter of education.

Yet it is admitted, that every state of cultivation *multiplies the opportunities* for vice, simply because the application of man's activity, is thereby enlarged, and, therefore, the opportunities for its abuse. The desires and wants of man increase with every advanced step of civilization; but the disappointment will multiply in the same *ratio*, and hence will arise the desire, with many individuals to gratify their wants by any means, whether honest or not.

In this view, Dr. Lieber even seems to favor the notion, *Yeh Gelehrter, yeh Verkehrter.* And yet he immediately applies a series of checks, which again neutralize the force of the admission. He places the on all hands admitted benefits of civilization, on the opposite beam, to serve as counter-weights, and maintains, that the multiplied opportunities for good, thereby afforded, far out-weigh the increased opportunities for evil. And still further, an improved state of the administration of justice and the police, which comes consequently into being, may be set down as a margin, on the side of education. Nor can this be questioned, since it would be difficult to find a government, which watches over and fosters public instruction, that does not, at the same time, direct a corresponding attention to the several branches of law and order.

Should, however, a preponderance in favor of civilization be denied, a *balancing* of the scales will, at least, be conceded, which consideration will at once disarm the opponents of liberal culture

of all arguments, and leave the field clear and open to controversy. In this view it would come to pass, that the highest forms of evil and of good exist in civilization. This reminds us of another saying: *the greater the use, the greater the abuse.*

He is inclined to be more liberal still, for argument's sake, and takes the ground, for the moment, that instruction without the careful culture of the heart leads to immorality. Suppose this heart-culture to be wholly neglected in the domestic circle, from generation to generation, and the morals of a people to grow worse and worse, would not even then the school be one of the most natural means to correct this state of things, and gradually to introduce a better one? Perhaps there is hardly a school, even though no pretence is had to teach morality in the technical sense, in which a child does not receive some moral benefit, incidentally, as it were, which may greatly influence its ultimate character and habits. An instructor cannot help but enforce some moral rules, by way of maintaining discipline in his school-room; nor can the daily lessons help but instill some moral precepts into the mind and dispose it for the better reception of a higher culture. In all knowledge lies some softening power, which renders the mind more pliable, and of however inferior a kind it may be, it serves to form a link which connects him with his kind. And the more we can cultivate this feeling of being linked with a society of moral beings, to the race, or the nation; the more we can prevent the feeling of separation, isolation, and opposition to our kind, and society, the more we shall also prevent the various acts of selfishness, of egotism, and of crime.

And if the heart-culture be properly attended to around the hearthstone, the rearing of the young in sound morals, the fear of God, and the examples of all virtue, then surely general culture is not any the less necessary, nor the less beneficial.

At all events the alleged neglect of heart-culture in the schools, has its significance and weight rather, in that it points out the necessity of establishing an order of schools, which shall make room and provision for just that vitally important element. It in no sense argues against education, as such, but merely against a *defective* order of it.

Dr. Lieber next touches on a consideration, which accounts for the *apparent* increase of crime simultaneously with the diffusion of education, without compelling us to pour it into the shoes of education, still. No individuals are more exposed to crime, than those who remain ignorant *in a civilized community.* Witness slaves, Chinese, &c. They are touched by the wants and desires of a general refinement lying around themselves, and are yet unable to realize it by standing in its bosom, or by being ennobled by it.

Ignorance in the realm of ignorance, is no *peculiar* source of evil. But ignorance in the reach of civilization, is an abundant occasion for crime, because it lessens the means of subsistence, and lowers the man in the general, and his own esteem. It severs him from the educated and enlightened body around him. "Woe to him who is alone!" says the Divine record. Instances are afforded us, which prove that the lowest, most ignorant, and destitute classes in large cities, are the most depraved. Those who cannot read, in all such sections where certain views and ideas of civilization are current, are actually excluded and exiled, as it were, from the life about themselves; are exposed, in a measure, to individual assaults, and are more liable to fall than others, who are more securely linked to and defended by the social body-guard. We are fast arriving at that stage, in which the most ignorant are the most to be commiserated.

Dr. Lieber thinks men ought not to be so ready to cast the burden of crime on the shoulders of an advancing education; but to look about themselves for the numerous and true sources and occasions of crime which are ever in operation. Sometimes the police has been less vigilant and crime becomes rank; or more vigilant and placed the number of convictions in a long line before us; sometimes there has been a great influx of rogues, vagabonds, and adventurers, to swell high the wave of iniquity; sometimes this or that circumstance rouses the feeling of a community against certain vices, which had until then enjoyed a quiet neglect; sometimes an army has been disbanded; a winter has been long and severe; a money crisis has arisen; Intemperance breeds myriads of evil; in a word, a host of causes are continually exercising their sad influences on mankind, and are producing results, without the least connection with public instruction, or civilization. Indeed, if education is to be brought in at all, it must rather be regarded as operating in opposition; as exercising a beneficial influence during the whole time that crime was raging, and as actually preventing it from still greater excesses.

Another fact is generally left out of sight, in estimating the spread of crime in connection with the diffusion of knowledge. Because the committing of crimes is more generally reported by the Press and telegraph, it is inferred that they are becoming more and more fearful in number and heinousness. It is a question, whether there has been an *actual* increase of crime, from age to age, if we take into account the increase of population, and the facilities for publication. As long as a community enjoyed a weekly mail, carried in a hat, they may imagine the outside world to be rather genteel; but when the daily lines are running, the rail roads open, and the telegraph wires extend over their heads, which catch the

spark of every event, and flash it instantly before men's eyes, *then* a change will come over their dream. But why call education the producing agency, when it is only acting as a recorder and proclaimer? He who reveals the crime of murder, is not necessarily the perpetrator, certainly.

But is there no test by which the effect of education in preventing crime may be estimated? Dr. Lieber thinks the best test we possess, is to ascertain the degree of education which every convict has obtained. In a country where few individuals grow up without some culture, and it be found that an immense majority of convicts are men, who have not received a fair school education there, it is fair to presume that ignorance accompanies crime. He addressed a series of questions to the wardens of the principal penitentiaries, with a view of learning the state of convicts, in regard to education, and received very satisfactory answers. We will transcribe one.

The first report comes from Mr. Wiltse, once Agent of Sing Sing State Prison.

"There are at present 842 prisoners:

170	Prisoners	cannot read nor write.
34	"	have never been to school.
85	"	can read, but not write.
510	"	can read and write, but very imperfectly.
42	"	received a good common English education.
8	"	passed through a college.
485	"	had been habitual drunkards."

He adds: "You will observe, that only fifty prisoners, out of 842 had received anything like an education."

We had intended to report a few more similar statements, but as they give us like results, we will not "carry coal to New Castle." Let this telling test suffice.

But is the ancient adage—*Yeh gelehrter—yeh verkehrter*—wholly groundless then? By no means. Since Dr. Lieber has written, others have done the same, and arrived at a directly opposite conclusion. Here is another opinion:

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

From time to time, efforts are made to combine various forms of practical business instruction with the educational courses of schools, academies or colleges, and some of these efforts have been attended with considerable success. But they have neither been as numerous, nor as satisfactory in this country, as the public welfare requires. When the great movement in favor of universal education was commenced years ago, it was commonly supposed, that the dissemination of intelligence would tend to check the

growth of crime; but that these expectations have proved delusive in at least one important respect, is attested by the fact, that a large percentage of the convicts in our penitentiaries can read and write; and the best safeguard against a criminal career, if we judge by prison statistics, is the acquisition or practical knowledge of a useful trade or calling. As years progress, the difficulty of acquiring such knowledge increases, and in the large cities, especially, there are many parents, who seek in vain for positions, where their children can be instructed as apprentices. As a natural consequence thousands of boys grow up to manhood in total ignorance of any useful pursuit, and with confirmed habits of idleness. The best literary education that schools or colleges can give, often fails to fit them to earn an honest livelihood, and they either become dependent burdens, or eke out a precarious subsistence by depredations upon society.

The great remedy for these evils is an increase of the facilities for technical education. It should be made as easy for a parent to have his child fitted for practical life, as it is to have him taught Greek, Latin, and Mathematics. In Europe there is a growing tendency to provide instruction of this character, and a fair commencement has been made in America, but it is not pushed forward here with sufficient rapidity and vigor.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Now, lest confusion should arise in the reader's mind, amid the multitude of counsel, let us not forget the advice of Dr. Lieber, and fix upon a clear idea with reference to education. If we mean by it a mere taste of this, that and all other things; if we conceive of education as something synonymous with Pedantry—*then*, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It renders men lazy, vain, and wicked. The ancients are right. The old people are right. The farmers are right. Everybody who says; *Yeh gelehrter, yeh verkehrter*, is right.

But conceive of education as the cultivation of the whole man, as a means to the civilization of humanity, in the full sense of the term, then the maxim is falsely sane as we say; YEH GELEHRTER, YEH VERKEHRTER!

There is ground for controversy here, then, we say. "Knowledge puffeth up" in one sense. It may raise men above their fellows, as well as above the ordinary actions and offices of life. But it is not the weight and quantity of it that inflates; rather the *lightness* of it. It is quite otherwise with a soul that is filled with wisdom. Then it has ballast as well. "I hate men who talk like philosophers, but do nothing," says Pacuvius. The truly wise, if they are learned in the sciences, are yet much greater in action. The geometrician of Syracuse, Archimedes, when he was reproached for being a philosopher only, and inefficient as a patriot, suddenly

set to work great engines for the defence of his country. So too, do we see, in the examples of elder times, men excellent at business—great captains and great statesmen—who were yet very learned. "That man knows nothing, who cannot profit by his wisdom," says Cicero; "for wisdom is not only to be acquired, but to be made use of."

Hear what a father said of his son, who became lazy, vain and perverted, not in consequence of too much learning, but from the meagreness of it: "Do but observe him, when he comes back from school, after six years. There is no one so awkward and maladroit." He is neither fitted for company, nor for employment. His Latin and Greek have only made him a greater and conceited blockhead. Truly, *yeh gelehrter, yeh verkehrter*, finds its commentary in him. He should bring back his mind replete with sound literature, and possessed of an energy and tact to perform even the common offices of life, above his neglected fellows. Then would we rejoice in fulfilment of that other saying: "*Yeh gelehrter, yeh bekehrter.*"

In a small grove, over the sleeping dust of Doctor Rauch, once stood a marble monument, on which, we first saw, in our student days, that "a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy, may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a further proceeding therein, doth bring the mind back again to religion." This has ever since been the key for us to the difficulty. We believe it to be the true answer to the mooted question. St. Paul's caveat is to the same effect: "That we be not spoiled through *vain* philosophy." It is the counterfeit alone, that destroys the morals of society, here, as elsewhere; not the genuine and the true. Drank from the original fountain then, and not from the cisterns of man's planting, we need imbibe no poison, indeed, but health and life only. And whether or not we are drawing from the pure sources may readily be known from the effects we are experiencing in ourselves, and evincing in life and conduct, since "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil that is understanding."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

When the infant son of the Prince of Wales was lately buried, at the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," in the service, instead of earth being thrown into the grave, as is customary, three young girls threw in handfuls of primroses, wood anemones, violets, and other wild flowers. A beautiful act indeed, and just as suggestive of the perishable nature of the objects we love.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

This is the room where she slept,
  Only a year ago—
Quiet and carefully swept,
  Blinds and curtains like snow.
There, by the bed, in the dusky gloom,
  She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands, and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,
  With the fragrance fled away.

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
  With her wise little face,—
I seem to hear her yet
  Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
  And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Nelly is singing elsewhere, and here
  Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just there,
  As she used to do,
With her long, light yellow hair,
  And her eyes of blue,—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
  And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and dead,
  I should not wonder much;

For she was so young, you know,—
  Only seven years old;
And she loved me, loved me so,
  Though I was gray and old;
And her face was so wise and so sweet to see,
  And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
  By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
  Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
  We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
  Still in her little night-gown drest,
To hear my heavy footsteps round
  In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
  And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
  Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
  Like great strong men, with their prayers untrue—
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
  And sings as she used to do!

Chambers' Journal.

AN OLD FAMILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"God setteth the solitary in families." And by setting them thus, saves them from solitariness. Families are but smaller tribes. The tribe is an expansion of the family. Ties of kindred and blood, when sanctified by religion, and vitally interwoven with the mystical body of Christ, are a rich inheritance; a precious legacy. Too easily by far are such ties severed in our irreverent age. The silly pride of ancestry in Europe is based upon a praiseworthy principle. It is praiseworthy to study the history of one's forefathers, and cherish their memory with a pious pride, provided there is anything to be proud of. If you ask a German about his history, he will most likely begin with his great-grandfather; and it is not improbable that he will begin ten generations further back. And if any of his ancestors has been a burgomaster, physician, a pastor; if any one has fallen in defence of his country, whether as a private or an officer, he will know all about it, and tell it to the generations following. The English are fond of tracing their descent to some Norman stock. All American families run their roots back some whither into Europe. The most have lost all traces of their early origin.

About the middle of the last century three brothers emigrated from England to this country. Their name was Addams. Probably they were remotely related to the Adams' tribe, which gave two presidents to the United States, and still more probably and more remotely related to the original Adam, the father of us all. As to its antiquity, the Addams family stands pre-eminent, tracing its descent back to a period beyond which not only the *memory*, but the *history* of man extendeth not.

These emigrant brothers settled in the north-western part of Lancaster county, Pa. They became the owners of a large tract of fertile land, where they founded the present Addamstown. The brothers, in due course of time, formed alliances with the daughters of their German neighbors. Children were born unto them, and children's children. Some of these left the homes of their fathers, founding Addams' settlements elsewhere. The largest of these is in Heidelberg township, Berks county, Pa. Another is in Cumber-

land county, Pa. The later descendants, prompted either by business enterprise or piety, have erected their tents in different States of the Union.

The family retains traits of its mixed Anglo-German origin. For three generations the male members were noted for their chase-loving propensities. The chase is a favorite English sport. And in the primeval forests of America, wild beasts, and Indians as wild as they, gave them ample opportunities to cultivate this hereditary inclination. The blood-thirsty red men murdered their neighbors. In those earnest times, the Reformed people of Heidelberg township worshiped in the Hain church, still crowning the hill above Wernersville, and brought their rifles along on Sundays. A certain number were selected to stand on guard around the church, while the others stacked their arms, and worshiped God. In a very literal sense, the early members of that flock learned to "*watch* and *pray*." Some weaker brethren would now and then be tempted inadvertently to desecrate the Lord's day, on their way to church. A bear or a panther would cross their forest path, when, up goes the rifle, and with a steady aim, away cracks the man of God, and down comes the bear, and great is the joy of the skillful huntsman.

Indeed it is related of Parson Stoy, for many years pastor of the Host church, six or eight miles south-west of the Hain church, that his passion for hunting sometimes led him to neglect his appointments. One Sunday morning as he was on his way to this church a fox, pursued by several hunters on horseback, crossed his path. The temptation was too great to be resisted. Giving spurs to his fleet horse, he dashed after the fugitive fox. Over fences and grain fields, through thorny thickets, over steep mountain-side and slippery rocks, wildly dashed good Parson Stoy, for two hours, forgetting his flock, devoutly waiting around the church-door for the appearance of their frail-willed pastor.

At length they see him coming up the road on his foaming hunting steed, his gray coat and hat (he hated "black coats") bearing the marks of his rough-and-tumble chase. "Why, dear Parson," said a mortified Elder, "where *in aller welt* have you been? For two long hours has the congregation waited for you with painful impatience." In his coarse speech he replied: "Well, the accursed fox would not allow us to catch him sooner." Thereupon he ascended the pulpit, and the people entered their pews and worshiped God as well as the freaks of the fox-hunting parson would allow. It is said that the late Father Thomas H. Leinbach once had a country funeral. In a thorn-infested family grave-yard the mourners and their neighbors stood around the open grave. As the man of God was in the solemn act of reading the burial

service, a rabbit was startled out of the thickets. This was too much for a mountaineer, whose love for game was greater than his good breeding or love for God. "*Guck a mol der Haas!*" he wildly shouted, to the confusion of pastor and people. This is a digression from our story of the Addams' tribe. Like Parson Stoy, I am tempted from the proper path by a fox-chase. Still the incidents are in place, as they give us a picture of those early times.

Many a hale and heroic huntsman was found in the tribe of Addams. Long after the wigwam of the Indians had disappeared, the exciting sport of the chase was a favorite amusement on its fertile farms. Possibly this healthful out-door life helped to develop such men, mighty in stature, as our good brother, Rev. George E. Addams, of Mifflinburg, Pa., who, physically, is an average specimen of his tribe.

In due course of time, the tribe became thoroughly Anglo-German. The husbands taught their German wives to speak the English language; the wives taught their English husbands to speak German. English and German were spoken equally well. English much better than among their neighbors; whose German prejudices called them "die irische Addamse."

Bating exceptional cases here and there, they were known, and still are, as kind neighbors, people aiming to lead a just and upright life, albeit members of a fallen race. A due proportion of piety they likewise possess. Several generations ago, they were all members of the Reformed Church. Since then, the force of circumstances has occasionally led one into another denomination. Still, in the region of the original settlement, nearly all adhere to the Church of their fathers. Not a few are among its most active members. By direct descent and intermarriage, four useful ministers of the Reformed Church are connected with this family. One of its members was a member of Congress. Another is now a member of the Illinois State Senate. Not a few have been called by their fellow-citizens to fill other important offices. In Berks county they were among the first to engage in the Sunday-school work; and here and elsewhere they are still among its foremost friends and laborers.

Such were the children of Addams, men of stature, straight and strong. They fought with equal courage the beasts of the forest, and the foes of their country. In four wars they fought; with the Indians, against the British, in the Revolution, and in 1812; and against the rebellion. Warriors they were. Leaders among the brave. A leader, too, was the Rev. George E. Addams in earlier life. A noted captain, noted in his county. Captain in a military company, who thoroughly understood that business. Admiring crowds gazed upon his tall form on parade days, his gay plume

proudly waving in the breeze. He sheathed his sword, and entered the service of another Master. With the sword of the Spirit he now fights the bloodless battles of the Prince of Peace. And fights them bravely and well. Nor is the other sort of fight all out of him yet. The beat of a drum, the sound of martial music, or the peril of his country, on all proper occasions, awake him to glory again.

In the Summer of 1862, some one knocked at my study door in Chambersburg. It was my martial brother. The North was aroused to repel the invader, and its vast population flooded upon our town, and my friend drifted thither with the flood, set an example of patriotism to his flock in Cumberland county, Pa., and exchanged the shepherd's crook for the sword.

"Whither are you going, George?" I asked.

"Whither! To fight," was his laconic reply.

"As a chaplain?"

"No, sir; in the ranks, as a private soldier. Many a member of my flock is in my company. If they shall be wounded or killed, it may be a comfort to have their pastor by their side. Besides, the country needs my services; perhaps my blood." On the damp earth he bunked as a common soldier, content with his meagre rations, not unfrequently performing the duties of their absent chaplain, and picket duty as well. Not long did he need to serve thus, but while serving he was fearless and faithful.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was on the 11th of June, last. The place was on "The Island," at Mohrsville, Berks county, Pa., on the Philadelphia and Pottsville Railroad. Under the large trees the gathering was to have taken place, somewhat after the fashion of the pioneer assemblies of one hundred and fifty years ago. Busy hands and strong, extemporized seats. Ere long a rain changed the programme. Mr. Seth Zimmerman, a member of the clan, opened the doors of his palatial residence in Mohrsville, whither all repaired. Some eighty persons were present; not one tenth of the Addams' connection, 'tis true, yet a large, merry crowd withal. From city and country they came; the young mother with her suckling, and the venerable grandsire came with well-filled baskets; she proudly

trundling her first-born in a baby-carriage. With baskets, babies, and gay bonnets dreading the rain, all flocked into the capacious house. On the long verandahs the little cherubs took their pleasure rides, crowing and chirping to their heart's content. Young men and maidens, and some no longer young, sang cheerful songs and engaged in mirthful plays. At length they repaired to the barn floor to secure ample room for indulging in innocent fun. Some older folk, too, might there be seen, where

> "The gay grandame, skill'd in gestic lore,
> Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore."

In older minds the rain falling on the barn roof helped to revive old memories. Hast ever tried it, dear reader? Full well I remember those welcome rains in summer-tide. On the new-made hay in the mow, we boys laid us down; down on the back with upturned face, looking at the large, long rafters in the roof; lined with the mud huts of the swallows, out of which the young stretched their heads with mouth wide open. Thus we lay listening to the pattering of rain on the roof. And to this day few things bring back to me so many pleasant and pure memories of boyhood as a half hour's reclining on a hay-mow, lying leisurely on the back, inhaling the odor of the new-made hay, and looking at the swallows' nests on the rafters and listening to the rain.

All this I partly lived over at this Mohrsville meeting. While some were playing and others merrily chatting, a group of busy matrons, in white aprons and hands as white, spread the long table, and unpacked the carefully prepared contents of many a basket. For be it known, that from time immemorial, the female members of this tribe have been noted for their housekeeping excellencies—knowing how to bake a loaf of bread and make a cup of coffee, and finding pleasure in the baking and the making; and in doing it in acts of hospitality. Great must have been the pleasure of these abundant providers, as they saw how their relishable provisions were enjoyed by old and young; saw how the work of their hands vanished as vanish the harvests of Egypt before the invading army of locusts.

In the afternoon the meeting assumed a more specific character. The guests gathered in the large parlors and hall. Among them were six ministers of the Gospel. Three that were relatives of the family—George E. Addams, D. B. Albright and W. A. Good. Three that were pastors of some of them—C. F. McCauley, A. S. Leinbach and B. Bausman. Each of these was called upon to speak. Subjects sad and joyful were spoken of to an audience such as one rarely meets. Friendly guests mingled with the family; were seated on the floor, no less than on chairs and sofas. Now all joined in a hearty laugh, then all gave the tribute of a tear.

Naturally the nearer relatives of the family felt reluctant to speak. Only after earnest entreaties could Rev. D. B. Albright be constrained to bear his testimony. It was brief and to the point. In substance as follows:

"Many years ago a certain boy lost his parents. He was left homeless at nine years of age. Whither could he flee for friends? In his wanderings the poor boy knocked at the door of an Addams' family. With kind words and gentle hands, they 'took him in.' In them he found a father and a mother again, and a home too, a Christian home. For thirteen years he ate at their table, slept in their soft bed, prayed at their altar, and by them was trained to Christian manhood. They followed him with their kindness and love. In the Providence of God he was led into the Gospel ministry. Besides giving him all this, in another branch of the family he found a damsel, whom he loved and she him. This daughter they gave him to wife, and their blessing to boot. That orphan boy was myself. I thank God that he led my homeless feet to the door of an Addams' family."

And well you may, my dear fellow. 'Tis an instructive Providence, no less than pleasing, which has led the orphan boy and his wife to become the united head of a Home for the homeless—foster parents to hundreds of the fatherless. Such a training helps greatly to fit a man for such a position; such a position enables a man to express his gratitude to God and man for such a home and training in his state of early orphanage—under the hospitable roof of an Addams' family.

If ever there will be another gathering of this clan, and due notice should be given, it will bring the members from the North and the South, the East and the West. So ought it to be. Not to raise a clannish exclusiveness, but to keep alive the traditions, memories and ties of old families, ought such reunions be held. They afford an opportunity gratefully to recount merciful providences, to form the acquaintance of the later-born members of the family, to impart and derive Christian counsel, and encouragement to meet future as well as present duties and trials. To engage in prayer and praise, and pledge themselves, by God's gracious help, if on earth they no more should meet, they all would meet in heaven. Thus bowed and prayed this festive assembly, and thus they sang:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

DRIFTING OVER THE FALLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

On May 28, at 3½ P. M., a party of four men entered a boat about two miles above the Falls of Niagara, to cross the river. After they had rowed out into the stream, the downward current became perceptibly stronger. Still the strong man at the oars could have stemmed the downward tide, had not the wind blown off his hat. In his efforts to catch his hat, he dropped both oars, which fell into the river, and, in a moment drifted beyond his reach. Although the downward current was not very strong, the four strong men without oars, had nothing to work with, and were compelled to see their boat carry them towards the fatal Falls. Ere long they reached the trembling torrent, dashing them downward with fearful speed. About five hundred yards from the Falls the boat was upset, and two of the men fell out of it, and in a few moments were swept over the horseshoe falls. The other two, by some means, clung to the boat, with a death grip. They were carried within five feet of Street's Island, where a number of persons were in waiting, if possible to save them. In spite of their most energetic efforts, they passed by, almost within arm's length of the shore. *Almost saved,* was no better than out in mid-river. They too, were plunged into the fearful abyss. Who these men were, we are not told. It is supposed that they were strangers here, ignorant of the strength of the current in this part of the river.

The sad occurrence has a moral. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof, are the ways of death." Many a one launches his boat on a stream full of invisible danger. He begins the use of strong drink. Of course he feels himself perfectly safe. Does he not use it with moderation? Is he not man enough to master his appetite? He enters the boat of a dangerous pleasure. Perhaps he has his misgivings, but his associates put him on. Some of these are church members. Surely, in such company he is safe. He lets them steer the boat; lead off in their sports. The church members drop their oars; cease attending to their church duties, neglect their prayers, and are no longer found at the Lord's table. Once cut loose from all devotional and sacramental restraints, they are rapidly borne down the current of vice. For, a man that tears loose from his Saviour,

discards his vows, and all his ordinances is stripped of all power to resist temptation—is borne down the deadly current to ruin, as helplessly as the oarless boat on the Niagara.

One sinner destroyeth much good. If the rower drops his oars, his blunder will destroy all that are with him in the boat. Every species of sin, the excesses of gaiety, giddy fashion, sinful amusements of every sort, gambling, drunkenness—all these, and many more, begin under the guise of harmless pleasure. As he goes out into the stream, the downward current strengthens. Usually, in nine cases out of ten, the oars are dropped. The hat is blown off, the head is burned, false notions about sin are imbibed, which give an innocent coloring to vice. Prayer, sermons, sacraments, become tasteless and tedious after the exhilarations of the ball room, and the excesses of midnight revelries, and are no longer used. Thus many that begin in the spirit, end in the flesh.

A young man in one of our large cities, prevailed on some lady friends to take a sail on an adjoining river, on a pleasant Sunday morning. He was a member of the Church, and usually pretty active. This time he yielded to the temptation, and had many things to justify his course, as he thought. The ladies were led, or rather misled, by him. Still, unwillingly his mind reverted to his pastor in the pulpit, and his parents in their pew, and felt ill at ease in being absent. By some unaccountable reason, the boat capsized, the young man escaped, but the ladies perished in the river. The poor youth was well nigh distracted. For he not only broke the Sabbath, in spite of his protesting conscience, but led his friends to a watery grave. He charged himself with being the cause of their death. And it all arose from his dropping his spiritual oars—from discarding the Lord's day and the privileges of the sanctuary. Hold on to your oars, young friends, hold on to your oars.

Once I had an athletic boatman to take me to a fish-basket, near the breast of the dam, in the Susquehanna, at Safe Harbor. In rowing me away he came near dropping one of his oars. While he nervously blundered, the torrent swept the boat within a few paces of the edge of the dam. The river was very high, tumbling into a boiling abyss below. The brave boatman laid to his oars, till they apparently creaked in every fibre. The boat seemed to be poised on the verge of the grave, as I looked down into the foaming waters in which I thought my poor life was now to end. They were long moments. The boatman battled the torrent like a Titan. As I saw him gradually gaining on it, I felt like one plucked out of the jaws of death by the hand of a merciful providence. With a light heart he sped his boat shoreward, and how thankful mine was, God only fully knows. God helped him to

rescue our lives. What the oars are to the boat in a storm, the sacraments, Sabbath days, and ordinances of the Church are to the believer. Learn to use them regularly and faithfully, and beware that they fall not out of your hands and you are safe. If you drop or neglect them, you are at the mercy of the waves of sin; you are borne helplessly down to destruction. Lay to your oars, kind reader; lay to your oars. Row for your life, for you are by nature launched on an adverse stream, whose tide tends to the doom of the lost; but if stemmed and controlled by grace, will bear you to "the evergreen shore" of the Canaan above.

IK MARVEL AND OLD "CORINTH."

Last evening, as we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out in the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long-buried memories that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was sweet old *Corinth* they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver-hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light; and the minister who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "application," "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was—Corinth.

It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended," and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air—the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at night, and those of the other like the same heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say that they are not singing Corinth still, where Sundays never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat Sunday after Sunday, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young eyes, they were passing beautiful, and to our young ears their tones were the very "soul of music." That column bears still their pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183–, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits, like a summer's cloud.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"NEXT, let me say a word or two to the people. It is a remarkable fact, that ministers of the gospel are not able to live on much less than other people. They cannot make a shilling go as far as other people can make a sovereign. Some of them try very hard, but they do not succeed. A member once said to a minister, who wanted a little more salary, as his family increased: 'I did not know that you preached for money.' 'No, I don't,' said the minister. 'I thought you preached for souls.' 'So I do, but I could not live on souls—and if I could, it would take a good many the size of yours to make a meal.'"—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE MATTER OF-FACT WOMAN.—An editor describes a clergyman's wife who never forgot herself in any momentary fit of enthusiasm. She would count the strokes of the clock amid his kisses, and look to see whether the pot was boiling with her eyes full of tears, which he had wrung from them by a moving story. While he was listening in rapture to her singing, she would break off in the middle of a verse to ask him what she should cook for supper; and he would never forgive her having once interrupted him while she was listening with deep emotion to his very best sermon, to tell him not to put on his left stocking the next morning till she had mended it.

WHEN the bugle sounded the recall for the regiment of Dragoon guards (Prussian), on the evening following the battle of Metz, 602 riderless horses answered the familiar signal of their own accord. Some of them came dashing gayly up; others again, came up at a weary walk; and yet others pressed forward, halting painfully on three feet, or covered with blood and wounds, but they all took their wonted places in the ranks of the regiment, and as they ranged themselves into the line, the empty saddles upon their backs were sad reminders of the probable fate of their absent masters.

SOME MINDS seem to be governed by a sort of evil fate, which makes them energetic in whatever concerns worldly business, but backward in religious work. How common are the complaints: "I havn't time;" and, "I am not adapted to this work!" made, too, by men who never lack either time or talent for trade, for political meetings, for study, for any kind of secular work which their hearts are set on.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Geo. J. Ball

Vol. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1871. No. 9.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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54 North Sixth Street.

JAS E RODGERS CO., PRINTERS

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GUARDIAN, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII.—SEPTEMBER, 1871.—No. 9.

MAGDALENA LENZ, OR A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS.

From the German, published anonymously by the Rauhe Haus.

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

I.

Death in the house at the joyous Christmas tide! How sharp and painful is the contrast between the sadness of the present, and the pleasure of the years gone by! how overwhelming to the heart the sense of its desolation! Thus was it in the house of Jacob Lenz, whose spirit departed, just as the early bell of the distant Steinthaler church pealed forth its summons to morning worship. A few minutes before, he had opened his fast-glazing eyes, and with a slight motion of his lips, summoned his wife closer to his side. She leaned over him, and heard him whisper, faintly:

"I forgive her, Anna! may God also forgive me!"

"Oh my dear love! my life! if you were but restored to health, my whole life should show how I thank you for those precious words! God in Heaven bless you for them! You suffer less now, dear husband—perhaps—Oh, God!"

While she spoke, he was dead.

Twenty-two years had they been man and wife, and for nineteen of those years, their married life had been most happy and peaceful. The husband had been to his wife, the medium of the will of God; to him, she had looked for guidance, and she would have almost counted it a sin against the reverence due him, had she ventured only to think him too severe; yet, as certainly as he was just and upright, so certainly was he also hard, stern, and inexorble. And for the last three sad years, her heart had risen against

him in silent rebellion, amid tears and murmurs; his tyranny had overcome the long habit of submissiveness, and poisoned the very source whence her former cheerful, loving reverence had flowed. But those last blessed words had won her heart once more to him, and filled it with grief for that sad estrangement.

She resisted all the entreaties of her sons, that she should go down stairs and see the kind neighbors, who dropped in, one after another, on their way home from church, to offer sympathy and consolation. No! she must remain beside the corpse of her husband, who had at last spoken such precious words, after three long years' delay; how could she know whether, if she had been more patient, if she had not closed her heart against him in bitterness, he might have yielded sooner, and not just now, when it was, alas! too late.

She sat by the bedside, swaying restlessly to and fro in her distress, while the footsteps of those, who were passing in and out below, sounded in her ears, heard, yet unheeded. She had borne grief and care too long to give way to any passionate outburst; but the furrows on her pale cheeks were deep-sunken, and her tears flowed, silent and constant, the livelong day.

But the early winter twilight approached; the neighbors had all gone to their homes, when she rose and went to the window, and gazed out with a longing look, far out over the dark and dreary plain. She did not hear her son, when he spoke to her at the door, nor his footsteps as he crossed the room—she started, when he laid his hand lightly on hers.

"Mother, come down to us! No one is there now, but Wilhelm and I. Dear mother, we want you so much!" The poor boy's voice trembled, and he wept.

It cost Frau Lenz an effort to turn away from the window; she sighed deeply, but granted her son's request.

The two sons had done their best to make the house pleasant and cheerful for her. She, herself, when awaiting her husband's return from work, had never kindled a brighter fire upon a cleaner hearth than her boys had prepared for her. The tea-service was on the table, the kettle sang merrily, and the two sons had subdued their grief to a quiet, almost cheerful aspect. They were assiduous in their attentions to their mother, yet she seemed scarcely to notice anything, but received all with an absorbed air, apparently almost unconscious.

After tea, Wilhelm replaced the dishes in the cupboard; his mother leaned wearily back in her chair.

"Mother, may Thomas read a chapter from the Bible to you? He can read better than I."

"Yes, my child!" she answered quickly, showing, at last, some

interest, "read me the story of the prodigal son! That is what I need—thank you!"

Thomas turned to the chapter, and read it out in the high key, so common in the village schools. His mother leaned forward, her lips parted, her eyes eagerly opened, her whole attitude one of the most earnest attention; but Wilhelm sat lost in thought, with bowed head. He knew well why this chapter had been his mother's choice; it recalled, but too forcibly, the shame and sorrow of the household. The reading was ended, and still he sat moodily silent, gazing on the floor. The mother's face, on the contrary, was more cheerful than it had been during the whole day. Her eyes looked as dreamy as if she beheld some face unseen by others; slowly she drew the Bible towards her, and following the words with her finger, began to read the precious history for herself. She repeated the words of the humbled, penitent son, but dwelt with deeper delight, and with a still brightening eye upon the father's loving welcome.

Thus passed the Christmas festival at the Meadow Farm. On the day before the father's burial, the snow fell thick and heavy. Silent and dark hung the threatening sky over the white earth, when they bore forth from the house, the body of him, who had so long been its master. The mourners followed, two by two; they formed a long black line, curving and winding across the snow toward the church, now lost in some hollow upon the moor, now slowly ascending a hill-side. There was but few minutes' delay after the burial; for the winter days were short, and many among those who had assembled to pay this last tribute to the departed, had come from a distance; besides, the heavy flakes which were beginning to fall slowly around, foretold an approaching storm. One aged friend alone, accompanied the widow and her two sons to their home.

The "Meadow Farm" had been for many years the property of the Lenz family; but the possession of it placed them scarcely beyond the condition of day-laborers. The dwelling and outbuildings were very old, and the farm consisted of about seven acres of barren land, which the family had always lacked the means of rendering profitable. They could scarcely, indeed, obtain from it the necessaries of life, and for this reason, their sons had always been apprenticed to trades.

Jacob Lenz had made a will, which was left in the care of the aged man, who accompanied the widow home from the funeral. He now prepared to read it aloud. Jacob had left his little farm to his faithful wife, Anna Lenz, to be hers as long as she should live, and at her death, to pass to their son Wilhelm. A little over a hundred thalers, laid up in a savings bank, were to be left there to accumulate for Thomas.

After the reading was finished, Anna Lenz sat for a little while in silence; then she desired to speak alone to old Samuel Knapp. The boys went into the back kitchen, and then out into the open fields, regardless of the heavy flakes of snow that were falling. The brothers clung affectionately to each other, although—perhaps *because* their dispositions were entirely different. Wilhelm, the elder, resembled his father; like him, he was stubborn, resolute, and conscientiously upright; Thomas, ten years younger than his brother, was tender and gentle as a girl, in his manners as well as in his character. He had always been fond of his mother, and feared his father. The youths did not converse as they walked out together; they were not accustomed to speak of anything but external affairs, and it never occurred to them to exchange their sentiments,—indeed, they could scarcely have known how to clothe those sentiments in words.

After they had left the room, their mother caught Samuel Knapp's arm eagerly, with trembling hand, saying:

"Samuel, I must let the farm—I *must!*"

"Let the farm? Are you beside yourself?"

"Oh Samuel," she answered, her eyes swimming in tears, "I can have no peace here. I must go to M. I must let the farm."

The old man looked thoughtfully at her; it was some time before he answered her, but at last he said:

"If you are determined to go, I can say nothing against it. But it will be very hard for you to live in that smoky town, and to learn the different ways there; then you will have to buy your potatoes, which you have never done in your life; still it is not my affair. And now I think of it, our Jenny is going to be married to Thomas Hilmer, and he says that he must have a piece of land for a beginning. When his father dies, the Birch Farm will be his,—but until then—"

"And will he take the farm?"

"Yes, yes, I believe he will be glad to get it. But I will make no bargain with you now. It would not be right. We will wait a while, and think over the matter."

"No, no! I cannot wait; let us finish it at once!"

"Well, well, then—I will talk to Wilhelm about it. I see him out there. I will go and speak to him at once."

Samuel Knapp went out and joined the two boys, and without delay, broke the matter to them in these words:

"Wilhelm, your mother wants to go and live in M., and to let the farm. I should like to take it for Thomas Hilmer; but I am a very close hand at a bargain, and it would not do to be higgling with your mother just now. You and I, my lad, are rather better acquainted, and so we can try the thing together, and see which

can best over-reach the other. It will keep us warm, this cold night."

"Let the farm?" exclaimed the brothers, in a breath. "Live in M.(?)"

When Samuel found that the plan had never been mentioned either to Wilhelm or to Thomas, he said he would have nothing to do with it, until they had talked with their mother about it. Perhaps grief for the loss of her husband had affected her judgment; he would wait some days, and not mention the business to any one, not even to Thomas Hilmer, lest he should set his heart upon getting the farm. He advised the boys to go in and talk to their mother, and so bade them farewell, and left them.

Wilhelm looked gloomy, but uttered not a word until they had almost reached the house. Then he said:

"Thomas, go to the barn, and give the cows their fodder; I must speak with mother alone."

When he entered, he found her standing on the hearth, gazing into the coals. She did not hear him enter.

"Mother," he asked, "what is this about going to M.?"

"Oh, Willy," she cried beseechingly, turning quickly toward him, "I must go and seek our Lina! I can have no rest, no peace here. I am always thinking of her. How often I have crept away from your father while he was asleep, and gone to the window, and looked and looked towards M., until my eyes ached, and until I felt as if I must go away, and run over moor and meadow until I should be there, and raise every bowed head, and look into the face, until I should find our Lina! And often, when the south wind blew gently over the fields, I have fancied I heard her weeping, and calling to me, and that her voice came nearer and nearer, until just at the door, she sobbed out, 'Mother!' Then I have gone down softly, and unlocked the door and looked out into the still, dark, dark night, to see her, if I could! and then I have gone back, sad and heavy-hearted; for I could hear no breath of life, nothing but the sigh of the wind, dying away over the barren heath. Oh, don't ask me to stay here! My whole soul is drawing me to M. Perhaps she is perishing of hunger there, like the poor boy in the parable!" And the mother wept aloud.

Wilhelm was much troubled. He had been old enough to understand the disgrace of the family, when, a little more than two years before, the father's letter to his daughter, at service in M., had been returned with the news, that Lina had left her place,—and for such a reason. His father's sullen anger had met with a response in his own bosom, though, indeed, he could not but think it hard, that the poor sorrowing mother should be forbidden to go in search of her poor fallen child, to try to reclaim her from the

error of her ways; hard when his father declared that he no more had a daughter, that henceforth she should be as one dead; that her name should no more be mentioned at the table, or on a holy day, in prayer or in blessing. Wilhelm had listened in silence, with lips compressed, when the neighbors would remark before him, how much older his parents seemed since Lina's death, and how it was to be feared, that they would never recover from the loss of their dear and only daughter.

(*To be continued*).

A DAY IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane."

There was great commotion in many a kitchen the day before. And great rummaging through well-stored pantries to get the best therein contained. Baskets were well packed, their contents considerately selected, to suit the tastes of the guests. The next morning, a June morning, hung a cloud-vail over its dawning face. Will it rain to-day? That is the question. No, say the weather prophets. The wish is father to the thought. With the morning train hundreds hie away to Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; hie away to the beat of the drum and the sound of merry music.

A charming part of the Park was selected as the rendezvous for the day. The soft green grass was without a stain or blemish. The trees looked as staid, simple and tidy as a Quaker matron, and with tireless courtesy held their leafy parasols over us all the day long. The birds and the band blended their music. Parents with innocent pride watched their infant offspring chirping and rambling about on the green grass. Others sailed up the Schuylkill to Laurel Hill Cemetery, rode down to the city, or through the Park. Many had invited their city friends to spend the day with them under the trees in the Park. Half a dozen of the city clergy, bringing their families with them, and many of their members too, met and socially mingled with the merry crowd.

As the cars stopped, I saw the tall, familiar form of a friend among the expectant people at the station. "Yonder is my coach and horses," he remarked, as he warmly grasped my hand. "The

team will be at your service to-day. Pick your passengers and we will ride through the Park." We did ride through it twice, to all the charming places in it, more than twenty miles altogether.

"I have an infirm fondness for holding the reins," I remarked to my friend.

"Certainly, you must drive," was the reply. We rode behind a gay span of chestnut bays, with arched necks, and shaggy manes, proudly waving in the breeze. Can a horse reason? He certainly is a very knowing animal, whether his knowing is the result of reasoning, instinct, a sort of animal intuition, or whatever else it may be. Very harmless and gentle were the dear fellows under the guidance of their master. Would you believe it? No sooner did I seize the lines than they champed the bit and chafed under my restraint. Perhaps they thought; "now we will have some fun with this clerical countryman. He takes us for his square-backed Conestoga animals. As for those sleek, country chaps, they may know well enough how to drag plows and wagons, but they are too unrefined to take gentle city folk riding through the Park." Or perhaps they partook of the amiable qualities of the master, and wished to give their visiting friends as much pleasure as possible. The latter is the most likely view.

Just wait, my good fellows, we shall get to a level track by and by. There, now, off with you. Didn't they make those coach wheels spin? Around the circling road they proudly careered, well-nigh pulling the carriage with their bridle-bits. Ah, my charitable reader, who canst forgivingly regard the fun-loving inclination of thy fellows, allow one who has the bridle on him and reins tightly drawn all the year round for once to unbend—to slip off his bridle and put it on some body else—to hold the lines himself—to sit in the driver's seat instead of being driven by the editorial and pastoral lash. There is glory in that. Hast never heard of the learned young Professor, hastening to meet his lady-love? Pausing a few moments at a country inn to water his horse, the landlord, seeing the foaming animal panting for breath, remarked, "Stranger, you had better spare your horse or you will kill him." "O no, sir," quoth the learned man," I am sailing on the wings of love," then cracked the whip, and dashed towards the arms of his beloved on love's downy wings. On Jezreel's wall stood a watchman, looking for a coming foe. Far out on the plain he sees a company, and a man riding in a chariot. Who is the man? "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously" (2 Kings ix. 20). So judgeth the watchman. In all the borders of Jezreel was Jehu known by his furious driving; as a dashing young man. Indeed the only fast driver, whose furious feats are recorded in the Bible.

Sporting characters my soul abhors, but really this Jehu, with all his faults, one can't but admire. I claim a high degree of courage for daring to avow that there is a fascination in occasionally feeling oneself among "the fast men"—among the 2.40 men—of the world. When you feel certain, that no one can drive around you, that you could drive ahead of other folks, if you thought proper to do so. There is glory in that.

On they dashed, the two noble animals of my friend, with heads erect, like the steeds of Apollo. Presently I saw a man in gray uniform, about a mile ahead of us, placing himself in the middle of the road, facing us with an air of silent authority. Lo! One of the Park guards! Fast driving here is a finable offence. And polite as he is, he must enforce the law. Surely he will not arrest the driver, least of all this driver; this clerical son of Nimshi! Does he not see his white cravat, and the aspect of his ministerial raiment? Hold on my fleet steeds, or the law will lash us. Reader, hast thou ever read Cowper's inimitable story of John Gilpin? His horse had his own notions about things, and ran faster and further than John had intended he should do.

"But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein."

Could these horses have designed to play a trick on me? For they refused to be curbed. As if they thought: now comes the cream of the joke. "On ye brave." What thoughts flashed through my mind during that minute of restraint. The fine! That would be a trifle. But to have the morning papers announce that we had been fined for fast driving in the Park, would set hundreds of teasing friends mirthfully roaring around their breakfast tables at his expense. The kind-hearted policeman, doubtless seeing that I, at least, tried to do my duty, politely stepped aside and forgave the offence as I drove past him; knowing full well, that the horses and not the driver deserved to be fined.

Fortunately Bergh was not about, otherwise he might have made an example of me. I hold, with good authority, that "a righteous man hath mercy on his beast." Hold, too, that all brutal tormentors should be tormented in turn. But my sort of driving, instead of its being a cruelty to the animals, is a kindness. Think of a pair of young, well-fed, well-groomed horses, "feeling their oats,"

with high spirits, and joints and muscles unspoiled by burdens, sick for a jolly race some whither. To them a run through the Park is a pleasure. As they turn into a level road among the trees, they seem to say: Please let us have a little fun; a little run, to stretch our joints and snuff the pure air. Is it not merciful when the righteous man loosens the lines and gives the word go!

Whether Philadelphia be a well or an ill-governed city, her authorities have certainly shown great taste and enterprise in the purchasing of this Park. Not as extensively improved as the New York Central Park, it promises to equal, if not excel it, in due course of time. In no Park in Europe or America can one find such an obliging, gentlemanly set of guards; sober, courteous servants of the public. A blessing on the city that provides its population with such a play-ground.

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. VI.

The Money of the Greeks.

"The Isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung:
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set."—*Byron.*

Twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ, Augustus had assumed the imperial purple. During his reign the gates of the temple of Janus were closed at last, because no nation was strong enough to resist the Roman power, and the whole world was therefore nominally at peace. Hence, Augustus issued a medal, representing a globe and two olive branches, with the inscription: PAX ORBIS TERRARUM, indicating a period of universal tranquility. The position of the emperor was probably similar to that of a certain Spanish king, who, being required by his confessor, on his death-bed, to forgive his enemies, exclaimed: "Holy Father, I have no enemies—I killed them all, long ago."

Nevertheless, the Romans could not at once destroy the influence of Greece. By her superior culture, she had as truly conquered

the world as the Romans had done by force of arms. Even Judea had learned her language, and, had, to a certain extent, become familiar with her literature; and it is therefore, not surprising that her money should have been extensively circulated.

We propose to consider briefly, the Grecian money mentioned in the New Testament, leaving that of Roman origin, to be discussed in a subsequent article.

THE DRACHMA

Was one of the principal silver coins of Greece, and existed in hundreds of varieties. Its name originally signified "a day's wages," and it was worth from sixteen to eighteen cents, or a little more than the Roman penny, which was the sum ordinarily paid for a day's work in the time of Christ. Matth. xx. 2.

Though often referred to in the second book of the Maccabees, the drachma is mentioned but once in the New Testament. The word, indeed, does not appear in our version, but is generally found in the margin, where it is erroneously stated to be equal in value to the Roman penny. "Either what woman," we are told, "having ten *drachmas*"—not merely in general terms, "pieces of silver"—"if she lose one *drachma*, doth not light a candle, and seek diligently till she find it?" Luke xv. 8. Our Saviour probably mentioned the drachma in this parable, in preference to any other piece of money, because, though composed of precious metal, it was not generally considered very valuable. So to the world in general, a human soul is of very little account; but to the Church, its value should be beyond all price; for the souls she has saved will be the jewels in her celestial crown. Hence a mediæval sings:

> "Thy drachma shall be found again
> In realms all glorious and divine;
> Thy jewel cleansed from earthly stain
> Far brighter than the stars shall shine."

THE DIDRACHM.

As its name indicates, the Didrachm was equal in value to two drachmas. It weighed nearly as much as a shekel, but after the Jewish half-shekel, had become obsolete, it was received in lieu of the half-shekel which each Israelite was bound to contribute annually to the support of the sanctuary. Exodus, xxx. 10–15. The priests probably had no objection to this arrangement, as the didrachm was worth a little more than the half-shekel, and the revenue of the temple was thereby somewhat increased. With reference to this contribution the receivers of the tribute came to Peter and inquired, according to the original, "Doth not your master pay the *didrachms?*" Matt. xvii. 24.

In his remarks to Peter, Christ proved that no obligation rested upon him to pay this tribute. He was the Son of God, and, as the Lord of the temple, he was, therefore, under no obligation to contribute to its support. "Nevertheless," he said, "lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take and give unto them for me and thee." Matt. xvii. 27.

THE STATER OR TETRADRACHM.

This was the "piece of money" which was found by Peter in the mouth of the fish. It was worth four drachmas, or twice as much as a didrachm, and was therefore just enough to pay the tribute for Christ and Peter. The word *stater* signifies "standard," and it probably derived its name from the fact, that it was the usual standard in monetary calculations, just as our standard in computing money is the dollar, and not, for instance, the dime. According to Madden, our best English authority on the subject, the stater was not coined after the first century of our era, and the fact of its being mentioned in the gospels thus becomes a proof of their authenticity. How the stater came into the mouth of the fish we cannot tell, but our Saviour certainly manifested the highest attributes of the Deity in foreknowing the fact, in drawing the fish to that spot, and in ordaining that it should swallow the hook. We see too that Christ's poverty was but another side of His true riches, and that, if it had pleased Him, He might have gathered around Him all the treasures of the universe. "Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty might be rich." 2 Cor. viii. 9.

THE MITE.

This coin, which is called in Greek, *lepton*, was the smallest piece known to the ancients, and is believed to have been first struck at a time of great scarcity, during the Peloponnesian war. Its value has been variously estimated at from one fourth to one sixth of a cent. As the "widow's mite," it is familiar to all readers of the Scriptures. Mark xi. 41. Luke xxi. 1.

We should, however, remember, that money was much more valuable then than it is now, and that two mites were really worth as much as four or five cents would be at present. It has been supposed, that this was the amount of the wages of a hired woman; but at any rate, the widow showed her liberality by giving all she had to live upon that day, "even all her living;" therefore, our Saviour said: "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all." The mite is now one of the rarest of coins, and some

eminent authorities have even asserted, that, in their opinion, it is no longer extant. There is, however, a diminutive piece in the U. S. mint, which is said, by Col. Snowdon, to have been found near the site of the temple at Jerusalem, and which appears to be a genuine, ancient mite. It is smaller than a silver three-cent piece, is composed of a mixture of tin and copper, and bears no distinguishing mark but the Greek letter *Lambda*, the initial of the word *Lepton*.

The passages of Scripture, which relate to the widow's contribution of two mites, have been greatly misused by those, who attempt to use them as a cloak for their own covetousness. It should be remembered, that it is only from widows—and *poor* widows—that God will accept mites; from others, He requires talents. Nevertheless, among those, whose crowns are brightest in the celestial world, there are none more glorious than the poor, whose gifts were enriched by saving faith, and who, though able to give but little, cast in all that they had.

NO HARM IN A GLASS OF WINE.

BY THIRZA.

"There is no harm in a glass of wine," said a friend, one day. "Drink; it will strengthen you."

On my way home, with her words sounding in my ears, I thought of a story of a glass of wine, that a friend had told me long ago. She was traveling on a steamer, with some relatives, and as the weather was very warm, one of them proposed a cooling drink. "What shall we have, Bertha?" he asked of her. She said she had been accustomed to the use of wine at home, and without fear of evil consequences, replied, "Iced champagne would be pleasant."

Three years from that time, that young man was a confirmed drunkard; a grief and a trouble to all his family. One day, deeply distressed about him, this lady tried kindly to remonstrate with him; urging him to give up his intemperate habits. "Bertha," said he, "the champagne I ordered, at your suggestion, was the first glass of wine I ever drank."

Bitterly did my friend repent of her thoughtlessness, but no repentant efforts could bring back the one, whom she had been the means of leading into temptation; and too late to save him at least, she resolved never to take wine again, unless it was ordered by her physician.

Do you think this was an extreme case, and that you and I need not be so rigid; that there are none whom we could harm in this way? God does give us luscious, beautiful grapes, that refresh and strengthen us; but I question whether He ever intended us to press and ferment their juices, until they became a power for evil all through the world; a power that bound men and women as with fetters of iron, and led them helpless slaves straight to misery, poverty, disgrace and death.

No one can deny that Intemperance is coming in upon the land like a mighty flood; and that many of our noblest and most generous natures are constantly being borne upon its dangerous and rapid current, and are powerless to "stem the flood."

We acknowledge this, "in the abstract," as our Scotch friends say; but how is it with us, how does it, how ought it, to affect us? If there is one among us who can say, "I have no friend or relative who has been led astray by wine," that man ought to consider himself supremely blest.

Any one visiting among the poor, is able to trace seven-eighths of their poverty and suffering to intemperance; seven-eighths of our prisoners became such from the results of strong drink; the poor man's earnings spent for liquor, his wife and family in want and misery at home, sometimes, too, in fear and danger of their lives, is an every-day tale.

Since these things are so, what is our duty, yours and mine, my friend, in regard to Temperance? Shall we sip our wine serenely, and say, "Let those, who have not moral courage enough to resist temptation, sign temperance pledges; we need no such safe-guard; there is no fear of our disgracing ourselves, or our families, by drinking more than we ought."

Years ago, we heard a young man, the pride and delight of a large circle of friends, reply on this wise, to a friend, who feared that he was acquiring a taste for wine. "Do you think that I could ever stoop so low, could ever so disgrace you all?" Ten years later, he was on the verge of death, from intemperance; was saved from it as by fire, saved only by witnessing the grief and agony he brought upon those who loved him best. "I will take the pledge, if it kills me," said he, in reply to the entreaties of a friend. He did take the pledge, and, humanly speaking, it has "saved him, (to use his own words) from ruin, and worse than ruin."

Since total abstinence is for many the only safe-guard, since wine is a sore temptation to them, are we not, as Christians, responsible for our example?

St. Paul's advice to Timothy, purely medical, beyond a doubt, and suited to his peculiar necessities, has been the glory of moderate drinkers for years. They quote it triumphantly; they are the

victors, we the vanquished. If the prescription had been a more nauseous one, we should hear less about it.

But let us see what are St. Paul's teachings on Temperance. Plainly, and clearly, so that he who runs may read, and mistake not; he says: "*It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak.*" "*And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?*"

"When ye sin against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, *ye sin against Christ.*"

"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, *I will eat no meat while the world standeth.*"

Meat offered to idols, is no temptation to our brethren in these days; but strong drink poured in exhaustless libations upon the altar of self-indulgence, is a stumbling block in many a brother's way. If Christian people would only strive to be consistent! St. Paul would have deprived himself of meat, a necessity of existence, for a weaker brother's sake; whilst we, professing to strive to carry out his teachings, are unwilling to deprive ourselves of what is only a luxury, often a real injury to us.

If Christian people wish to accomplish anything, in the great warfare which must be waged constantly, against the hosts of evil in the world, they must be consistent; if they wish their weaker brethren to give up habits, that are leading them astray, they can teach them a thousand times better by example than by precept.

It seems to be fashionable in the world, and sometimes even in the Church, to look down from heights of condescending pity upon all temperance reforms. There are Christians, who pride themselves upon being allowed so many of the indulgences of the world, that they often frown on those, who feel that there must be, somewhere, a marked dividing line. Neutrality, however, is often dangerous, and sometimes criminal.

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day *must* win,
To doubt, would be disloyalty,
To falter, would be *sin*."

If our Pastors and Sunday-school Teachers would preach and teach temperance, total abstinence, to their children, how would the millenian dawn be hastened. A world freed from all the evils that intemperance brings with it, would be "like a little heaven below."

Dear reader, it would perhaps cost you not the least effort to say: "God helping me, *for the sake of my weaker brethren, I will touch wine no more.*" For their sake, for the sake of their sor-

rowing, suffering wives and children, I implore you to take this stand, and give the whole weight of your example and influence against the use, sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks.

If, as professing Christians, we persist in practices that bring sorrow and ruin to our weaker brethren, are we not responsible for our influence, and will not our brother's blood be eventually required at our hands?

A WESTERN DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and some dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; she had never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked it up under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll.

I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way though, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing, broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing! All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and again it was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm

not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that cry, and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour, when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me, she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder, with her mother, in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think, (but then, I'm her father and partial may be)—the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—*The Sword and Trowel.*

WHAT KATY DID.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Unseen, loud chirping, merry Kate,
Of one whole tree the potentate,
What ails thee now at this round rate?
Still on to twitter?
Green drest, they say, in robes of state!
No mantle fitter.

Poor tiny thing, life's tenant brief,
To drop ere falls the fading leaf!
Meanwhile thou'rt charmed from all mischief
Thy foes would hatch thee.
No flying fiend, no lurking thief,
Can ever catch thee."

—*Prof. W. M. Nevin.*

Full well do I remember the spot, where the song of the Katydids set me a dreaming. I was a boy. Sent on an errand, I returned through a lonely grove, just after nightfall. Ill at ease, through boyish fear, with hurrying steps I hastened homeward. The more I hurried, the louder became the confused croak and twitter of these autumnal insects. Every leaf, in every tree, seemed to be vocal with their unmelodious speech. The air seemed to be alive with fairies shouting after me: "Stop boy, stop and think of coming days."

By the side of a tree I stood, as if held by the charm of some unseen power. How those myriads of Katys preached to the boy, until he forgot his fear, and the darkness seemed as the noon-day. They set me dreaming about coming life. It was not all a dream. As I walked away, to betake me to my little bed, I wondered whether they would keep up this universal revelry all night, or would they too, go to bed soon? The trees have been hewn down, and the grove has become a plowed field, but the spot remains sacred to the memory of the Katydids.

This autumnal visitant, though rarely seen, is a melancholy preacher, a singer of Jeremiads. A peculiarly pensive mood its croakings produce. Seat yourself in some orchard or forest, at eventide, and see if they will not set you sadly musing over some dreary things that have been, that now are, or may be coming. A

pleasing melancholy you feel. They throw you into a reverie, which makes you forgetful of many pleasing and painful things of life, and sets you brooding over "things a thousand years ago, or a thousand years to come." Their song, in point of music, is anything but fascinating. Their vocal organs are sadly out of tune, seldom getting beyond a screech. Their tune is greatly at fault, although, at times, there is an evident attempt to chant responsively. Some seem hoarse, and others do not observe the pauses. All are talking confusedly, like unmannerly folk, or people out of mind. And yet, their jabbering sounds as if there were a certain "method in their madness."

Still, I love to hear the Katydid preach; and wonder how it can tell when I touch the bark of the tree on which it twitters. For a touch will hush its tongue, if it has a tongue. In what hole of the tree is its home? Within what leaf enrobed? Are there any little Katys therein? Are they nestled in pleasant slumbers, or do they, like their parents, have all their fun when other people are asleep? Where are they in day-time? Where in the winter? Why does the noise give one such a strange and sad sensation? Why does it give you a vague feeling of home-sickness, a sad longing for some loving heart, some peaceful world?

It croaks the live-long night, but where the croaking comes from, no one knows. Whether

> "From out his side the noises spring
> Or from his thigh and sturdy wing,
> By scraping them together."

> "Approach the tree, with stealthy pace
> Whereon he sits, and gently place
> Your finger's end against it;
> No more the harsh, discordant sound
> Disturbs the peaceful scene around;
> That stills him in an instant."

A faithful theme for poetry has the Katydid furnished. Our friend, Prof. W. M. Nevin, has written two charming poems for earlier volumes of the "Guardian," on the Katydid, and we doubt not that his prolific poetic genius could write a half a score more about the "merry Kate," if he felt so disposed. I charge you, ye Lancasterian Kates, to set up such a discordant concert around his study window, as to give no sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eye-lids, until he shall allow his genial Muse weave another garland of poesy in praise of the Katydid. Meanwhile I will let Oliver Wendell Holmes praise him (?) (What is the gender, Prof.? The doctor says feminine. You say masculine. I say really I don't know. You never put us to parsing Katydid. Do please parse him, her, it, or whatever you may call the animal, for me).

The one you heard must have sung bass, or spoken in tones of gruff authority; the Doctor's may have sung tenor, and spoken saucily to her husband or lover. Let Dr. Holmes tell us what Katy did.

TO AN INSECT.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
  Wherever thou art hid.
Thou testy little dogmatist,
  Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
  Old gentlefolks are they,
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
  In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid;
  I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
  So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
  Beneath the hollow tree,
A knot of spinster Katydids,
  Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
  And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
  My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
  So often down the lane,
And all that tore them locks of black,
  Or wet them eyes of blue,
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
  What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
  What stood for ages still,
The rock shall send its mossy base
  And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
  Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid,
  Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
  And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
  Beneath the autumn sun,

Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

A CHERUB'S SMILE WILL TAME A SAVAGE.

The houses of the Cabyle were all but deserted and empty; the women and children were sent for protection to neighboring tribes, farther removed from the seat of war. In one, a Zouave, mad for plunder, was struck by observing a huge jar of rudely baked earthenware standing in the corner. To rush forward and dash it into pieces with his musket-butt was the affair of a second, when, to his surprise, out rolled a poor little Cabyle child, who, forgotten amidst the general confusion and flight, had crept into the jar for shelter. The Zouave raised his musket, but the little cherub smiled on its assailant as though perfectly at home. The rude Zouave's heart was touched. Perhaps he thought of some far-off home in France, where a brother or a sister might be playing in the sunshine like the poor Cabyle child, who smiled unconscious of the threatening musket. Perhaps it was merely his better nature touched by that smile. I know not how this was, but I do know that the Zouave, laying down his musket on the ground, secured the child on his back with his turban, and then rushed forward on his way. The poor baby was thus borne through the thickest of the fray, but it seemed to have a charmed life. The balls whistled harmlessly by it; and though that night the brave Zouave was found lying on his face, with a ball through his brain, the child was asleep and unharmed. It was subsequently adopted by the officers of the regiment, and is yet alive.—*Sketches of Algeria.*

CREDIT IN HEAVEN.

"Jeems the Doorkeeper" is the name of a new sketch from the life, by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, author of "Rab and his Friends." We have not yet seen it; but we find in the Drawer of Harper's Magazine an incident taken from it, that has a moral worth putting into a religious newspaper.

Jeems was a doorkeeper at the United Presbyterian Church in Broughton Place, Edinburgh. On one occasion, after a charity

sermon, one of the congregation by accident put a crown-piece into the plate instead of a penny, and starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back. But Jeems, who held the plate, said: "In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, Na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

Jeems hit the nail on the head when he hit the stingy Scotchman. It is precious little "credit" that anybody will get in heaven; but it is well to bear in mind, that God looks on the heart and judges us by the motives that prompt our action. Doing good by accident, or to be seen of men, or to serve ourselves, will not help us in heaven's court. We cannot make a penny pass for a pound in the sight of God. We shall get credit only for what we mean to do.

WONDERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo is fifty feet; at New Orleans the difference is but twelve feet. The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased, yet immense additions are made to the quantity of water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western side of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises, what becomes of this vast added volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans, and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course, it is not confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region South of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas bottom, water is found as soon as the water level of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down, the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw-mill, some twenty miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine, during the late flood. When the water receded, his well went down till his hose would no longer reach the water, and finally his well was dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake to let water into the well; the lake was drained, and the well was dry again, having literally drank ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is, that the whole valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to the highlands on either side, rests on a porous substratum which absorbs the redundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf but for this provision of nature, to which alone her safety is attributable.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

THE ORDINARY METHOD OF EXPLORING BIBLE LANDS.

BY DR. ROBERT MORRIS,

Secretary of The Scholars' Holy Land Exploration.

The Bible-student, yearning to enjoy the indescribable privilege of comparing the Book with the Land, must be struck with surprise at the jejune and barren descriptions given by the swarms of travelers, who fill the "correspondence" columns of the religious press annually with "Letters from the East." It is hard to conceive anything where performance stands farther from promise. To try their utter worthlessness, take one of these series into your Sunday-school and invite *questions* from your pupils; you will find no *answers;* but in their place a muddled array of notes, hastily taken at the close of wearisome days' journeys—some facts from Murray's Hand-book,—and the remainder the thrice-worn and thread-bare commonplaces of Scripture, which it requires no visit to Palestine to quote. In my scrap-book I have scores of these "Letters from Palestine," and they bear dreary witness to what I have said.

Now how shall this be explained? Is it possible, that the expensive and painful tour, to which half the Christian traveler's life has been a preparation, yields nothing better than this? Is it false, then, that the *country* of the Scriptures has a voice to confirm our faith in the Scriptures? Or is this failure the result of a mistaken method of travel and research? I answer, unhesitatingly, *the latter.* I aver, without fear of contradiction, that the system of dragomans and contract-travel, in Syria and Palestine, is destructive of every real interest that can induce a Christian to go there, and that it consumes his money, wastes his time, fills his mind with the tergiversations of the most unscrupulous liars in the world, and sends him home again a disappointed man, to fill newspaper columns with maudlin, and the ears of hearers with trash too superficial to merit the name of Lectures.

"This is a serious statement." It is; but to establish its truth, ask the first man you meet, who has "been to the Holy Land," these two questions: How did you travel? How long were you there? and no other evidence of the truth of my statements will be needed.

For look you; we go to the Holy Land *to study the Scriptures.* There is absolutely nothing worth seeing there, *save as it sheds light upon Scripture.* There are no ruins, as in Egypt,—no beautiful champaigns, as in Italy,—no splendid specimens of existing architecture, as in the great cities of Europe. A peeled and desolate land, presenting vallies untilled, and mountain-slopes, whose very earth has been washed off by the rains and neglect of ages,—such is now the "promised possession," which Jehovah, in the plenitude of His riches, gave to His most faithful servant, Abram, and to his seed, as an inheritance.

To gather, in such a country, any light or knowledge, that can avail in the study of Scripture, demands careful research and ample time for the purpose. The mind must be kept in a studious condition. The passage over those wearisome roads must be made slowly, sparing the body from excessive fatigue. The companionship must be genial. The sources of information must be reliable. Otherwise failure ensues.

But how is it with the ordinary system of travel? You hire a dragoman at so exorbitant a daily fee, that you feel your funds running out through his hands from hour to hour, like sands through the glass. The dragoman himself is, by profession, a renegade, a cheat, a liar of the most accomplished character. Your contract requires that you make daily journies of eight hours' duration; journies leaving scarcely a moment of leisure for note-making or reflection. During the two weeks of your tarry, you must see a certain number of places, and travel over a certain amount of country. It is done. Landing at Beyrout, you find yourself fourteen days later at Joppa, embarking for home, having skimmed hastily and uselessly, the most remarkable country in the world, with less real knowledge of the land, the people, the customs, and the animal and vegetable life, than a two weeks' study of the subject in the pages of *real* explorers, who have gone this way before you.

Instead of this, the following method should be adopted: For two *weeks,* substitute two *months.* This is done by sacrificing your European tour, and your voyage up the Nile, and all your hoped-for visits to Rome and the cities, libraries and museums of Europe, to the one purpose of *exploring the Holy Land.* The mistake of American tourists, lies in their attempting too much in one season. Most of them, having but one opportunity in a life-time to cross the sea, endeavor to comprise in that single opportunity what demands two or three. But the Bible-student *must* sacrifice all things to his work. If he has but this one opportunity, let him make such a use of it as will redound to the glory of God. In other words, let him pass hastily through Europe, turning neither to the right

hand nor the left, land at Beyrout or Joppa, as may be most convenient, and promise the good Spirit, who has given him the glorious privilege of visiting the land of Christ, that he will permit nothing to interfere with making this privilege available. If he can make his stay *three* months, happy is he; if *four*, as the writer did, those scenes of holiest interest will become as familiar to his eyes, and the customs of the country as commonplace to his mind, as those in his own home. *Curiosity* having its edge blunted, solid *reasoning* assumes sway. He measures, weighs, climbs, creeps, investigates coolly and deliberately. Sitting for whole days at a stay, among the people of Cana, Tiberias, Jericho, and the other renowned places, he familiarizes himself with their language, their turns of thought, their costume and its uses, their food and the mode of preparation, their religious faith, legends and hopes.

He learns, as the inspired writers did, of animated creation. The busy ant tells *him* the story that it denies the superficial tourist, only intent upon straining over his eight hours' ride and eating his luxurious dinner at the close. The sparrow chatters to *him* upon every house-top. To *him* the lily of the field nods thoughtfully. To *him* the fountains murmur, the west wind promises rain and the south wind heat.

Let then the Christian student, to whom a visit to Palestine is the expenditure of the savings of years, and the realization of a life's hopes and desires—let him prepare himself by some acquaintance with the two languages spoken in the East, French and Arabic. Let him go through the country slowly, thoughtfully, economically. One servant is sufficient for his purpose, a native, not a dragoman. In every *town* there is a hotel, boarding-house, or convent, in which he will find entertainment. In every *village* the sheikh will furnish him a room for a moderate consideration. A little *roughing* is appropriate to such a journey. And when he finally embarks for his native country, he knows more about the Lands of the Bible than all the thousands of tourists who have made themselves miserable and their dragomans rich since the Crusades.

EDUCATION.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

THE EDITOR'S DRAWER.

On a hot July day a genial clerical friend warmly pressed me to accompany him on a vacation ramble along the banks of the Potomac. "We will have a charming time. Do come along." Alas! duty forbade the pleasure. It is the home of his boyhood. I know it all. Now he writes:

"I very much regret that you are not here. If I had your company, I should enjoy myself very much. As matters stand, I feel like visiting my friends, and then hastening back to my post of duty. There is something sad, as well as pleasant, in these annual visits to the home of our youthful days. Old acquaintances are rapidly taking their place in the graveyard, and I am becoming a stranger amid familiar scenes. The effect of all this is a deep impression of the brevity of life and the importance of earnest labor. Personally I feel that my season is short; I am already in full view of the end of the journey, and peculiar are the sensations produced—sensations of which only those similarly circumstanced can have a live conception. My earnest desire is for grace rightly to improve the remnant of life, that I may redeem, if possible, some of the lost past.

Last week I visited 'Dixie,' and found some of the traces of the war still remaining. The people have not yet recovered from its impoverishing influence."

This letter reminds me of the remark of a venerable preceptor, who, speaking of a visit to the home of his childhood, said: "I felt strange and lost everywhere, *save* on the God's Acre aside of the church. There I spent much of my time reading the names of my early companions on their tombstones, and calling to mind their life and features, and the pleasing as well as sad associations of the past. But among the living of the familiar neighborhood, I felt like a stranger among strangers."

* * * * * * *

Two of our lady contributors have not been heard from recently. We knew that their many duties left them little time to give to the "Guardian." Perhaps it was cruel to remind them that we missed them. Very pleasing is the receipt of the following reply: "I hope you will believe, that, if I have 'deserted' the 'Guardian,' as I understand you said, the desertion has been against my will. Every time I look at a number, it seems to wear a kind of re-

proachful expression—especially when I see how many of the articles bear the Editor's own signature. But, indeed, I have been too busy for a year past, here and in M——, to use my pen very much. For K——, if I may venture, unauthorized, to apologize for her, she has been, besides teaching the school I formerly taught, constantly engaged in her good Christian fashion, in working for everybody about her. I know she would like to write, as well as I do."

Can you see it, dear reader? This note gives a dawning hope. Both feel ill at ease amid their literary silence. Call it conscience or kindness, something is stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance.

The "Guardian" has, from its origin, had a goodly number of lady contributors. It still has them, and they add no little to its merits. Ladies see things through their own glasses; have their own way of putting things, and they generally put them in a pointed, pithy way. De Quincy says: "Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate, yet sinewy in its composition—steal the mail bags, and break open all letters in female handwriting."

We fully endorse this opinion, so far as the style of said letters is concerned. A breach of the eighth commandment, we cannot recommend. Secretly peeping into the letters of other people, without their consent, would be very naughty, albeit many a tale not found in the newspapers, would they unfold. Possibly many a lady correspondent would, for the sake of promoting the learning of our noble English tongue, occasionally consent to such a robbery of the mail, at the risk of disclosing many a secret.

"Magdalena Lentz, or a Mother's Faithfulness," is the title of a charming serial commenced in this number of the "Guardian." The translation is fully worthy of the original. Miss Schively has acquired a considerable reputation as an apt translator. The Reformed and the Lutheran Publication Boards have issued some half a dozen volumes, translated by her, which are among the most readable—indeed in every respect among the best Sunday School books we know of. Where an author is somewhat clouded, as is occasionally the case with even the best German writers, she possesses the power of dispelling the cloud in the act of clothing the idea in an English dress. Should the author of Magdalena Lentz be still living, we doubt not it would greatly please him to see how presentable and pretty, and how thoroughly English, his child has become in its adopted country; how purely it speaks the language of its adoption, wherein the most fastidious reader could not say: "Thy speech betrayeth thee."

"An Old Family," in the last "Guardian," was served up in two dishes, contrary to the intention of the cook. "The Gathering of the Clan," was put in the manuscript as a sub-heading, which, however, the printer mistook for the heading of a separate article. As the two parts follow in immediate succession, the reader may have noticed, that, what the Editor united, the printer should not have put asunder. Besides this sundering (now don't make it *thundering*) quarrel in the Addams family, he makes me call Parson Stoy's horse "a hunting steed," when I said "a panting steed." I say not this to chide the printer, but to get rid of the mortification of making a fool of myself in the presence of polite company. Without doubt, he has a sorry time of it, to decipher the hieroglyphics of some manuscripts, and makes many a correction for which he never receives credit. My dear fellow, most tenderly do I sympathize with thee, trying to disentangle the confused, interlined stuff dumped into your "copy." Among all the readers of the "Guardian," there are not five who have ever seen thee. Indeed, I myself know thee not personally, only as I follow thy finger-prints on the nicely printed page. To me thou art a mysterious being, cooped in a low room, on some third or fifth story, with tireless patience pow-wowing over type cases, toiling for the entertainment of hundreds, who, in reading the words thy hands have made, never dream what a laborious process produced the printed lines which we so easily read.

A blessing on the printer. Besides his actual service, he is a convenient scapegoat. Many a bungling writer puts all his defects on the printer. The easiest way to get rid of one's literary stupidities is to call them typographical errors. Half-written words he must guess out, and woe unto him should he guess erroneously. Errors of spelling he corrects, and often mends a bad sentence. Yet he never receives credit for either. Not only poets, but

> "Printers lose half the praise they should have got
> Could it be known what they discreetly blot."

THE WIDE SHOCK OF WAR.

Emerson has told us in rugged verse of the "embattled farmers," who, on the 19th of April, 1775, by the bridge at Concord,

> "Fired a shot heard round the world."

No country having great commercial interests can engage in civil war without more or less convulsing the world. The effects, physically and morally, are like a universal earthquake. The

London correspondent of the New York *Times* makes the following statement:

"The close of the war in America has been a great disaster to Bombay, in the East Indies. It reminds one of the philosophical experiment of striking an ivory ball, and seeing another fly off from the opposite side. Bombay, on the opposite side of the world, feels the concussion of the sudden cessation of hostilities more than London. Of course, London's turn is coming, for the failure of half the commercial houses in Bombay cannot but affect their English correspondents. The rise in cotton, and the immense influx of money to pay for it, had caused such a fever of speculation as the East had never known. All kinds of joint stock companies were formed, and shares which cost five hundred pounds went up to fifteen thousand pounds. The news of General Lee's surrender sent down the price of cotton one-half, and exploded all these wonderful speculations. The Parsees are in mourning, their sun is darkened. General Grant little thought that, when his artillery compelled the evacuation of Richmond, there was a city on the other side of the planet, on which his batteries rained ruin."

TO FARMER BOYS.

"I'm sick of hoeing in the corn,
And following the plow;
Of working hard from dewy morn
Till eve, with heated brow.
No longer will I stay to mow,
Or pitch the scented hay;
To the great city I will go,
Where wealth is gained by play."

Tut, tut, my man, hush up that song:
Let wisdom be your guide;
That dream of wealth may lead you wrong,
And wreck you on the tide.
Sit down with me upon this stone,
Your team will take no harm.
If we ain't kings upon a throne,
We're kings upon a farm.

God's healthy breezes round you blow
His birds your music make,
And sweetest rest is yours you know,
When night doth overtake.
The harvest will your toil repay;
Those fields of waving grain
Are growing through the sunny day
And in the summer rain.

Men work as well as you in shade,
  O'er books and papers bent;
The work of life is easy made,
  Only by sweet content.
It may be news, my friend, to you,
  But 'tis the truth I tell—
All work is very hard to do
  To those who do it well.

In speculation you must stand
  The rough commercial shocks;
You may in safety reach the land
  You may land on the rocks.
Your pay is certain on the farm,
  Though grain may not be sold,
In panics you feel no alarm—
  Wheat is as good as gold.

Pick up your whip and bid your team
  Drag on the noble plow,
And do not let that idle dream
  Becloud your youthful brow.
In years to come, when children roam,
  You'll take them by the arm,
And say: "You'd better stay at home
  Upon the good old farm."

DESTROYED BY LUXURY.

The season from May to September is a very pleasant time with my sparrows. Pairing and nest building begin often earlier than May, but seldom later, and then the air is alive with the busy little creatures. One year I made a great mistake. I was so much amused by seeing my birds carrying up scraps of matting, feathers, &c., to their nests, that I scattered a quantity of scraps, chiefly of white and pink wadding, on the grass, and amongst the plants and shrubs, and the results were for the present highly amusing, though, alas, fraught with danger for the future broods. Dozens of sparrows, male and female, came down, even whilst I stood amongst the stores, and carried off these "loan blankets," three or four at a time, until within a few minutes not a bit was left unappropriated. Not content with one piece, the saucy things would gather three or four, some of pink, and some of white, into their little bills at once, so that their loads, the material being light, looked nearly as large as themselves as they flew through the air, and speedily returned for more, leaving the mate to arrange the supplies in the nest. Sometimes the male bird was the carrier and

the female arranger, and at others it was managed on the contrary fashion, but both were steady workers, and it is interesting to see how completely the male and female of the sparrow share the whole of the work of building, incubation, and care of the young when hatched, and long after the little ones are fully fledged and able to feed themselves. Pleased with my success, I scattered more and more building materials, and soon more and more were carried off by the builders, much to the amusement of myself and other watchers. Of course, I expected that, as I had observed the direction in which the materials were carried, and so marked the position of an unusually large number of nests, I should in due time be visited by an unusual number of young birds, and accordingly watched for them, but in vain; for a lesson was given me on the folly of too lavishly aiding nature. From all my nests only two solitary young birds were produced. No doubt all the eggs had been overwhelmed, or the young suffocated by the over-luxury that my care had provided, and in consequence my poor little friends had to bear the frustration of their hopes. They soon, however, set to work again, built new nests, and, not being overloaded with charitable supplies, brought out as fine a flock of young birds as need be.—*Leisure Hour.*

HOW ANIMALS ARE TREATED IN HINDOSTAN.

The Hindoo saint extends hospitality alike to friends and enemies. When he eats he shares his food with whatever creature presents itself. He refrains from honey from reluctance to deprive bees of their nourishment. He will not eat flesh, because he shrinks from causing the death of any animal. He avoids lighting a candle at night, lest insects should be drawn into the flame; and he filters the water he drinks, lest he should incautiously swallow some creature. Hindoos will die rather than taste beef, a fact which has often been proved on board of vessels, where all the provisions were expended except salt beef. Indeed, all animals have a degree of sacredness to a devout Hindoo. Those that subsist on vegetables are supposed to be flavored by divine beings. They believe every animal is endowed with thought and memory, and has some mode of communicating ideas to its own species.

At Surat is a Banian hospital, where diseased and aged animals are watched with tenderest care. Kindness towards animals, inculcated in all the sacred books, and everywhere practiced as a religious duty, forms a lovely feature in Asiatic religions, which

Christianity would do well to imitate. True, it is founded on sympathy produced by belief in the transmigration of souls. But a friendly relation between men and animals is beautiful and good; and though Christians do not believe the soul of an ancestor may have passed into a horse, they might practice humanity from a higher motive. Tenderness towards the dumb creatures of God harmonizes with the spirit of the religion they profess; and to acquire it they merely need to apply the first and most obvious rule of natural religion: "How should I like to be treated if I were a horse?"—*Progress of Religious Ideas, by Lydia Maria Child.*

The following beautiful lines from the Dublin University Magazine will remind the reader of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress:"

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide;
  And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
  Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped, they who return
  No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
  To Land unseen, unknown, that lies
                Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
  How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
  In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
  Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
  Reflected from the glorious light
                Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
  Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
  And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
  Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
  Of harps and voices' blended notes,
                Beyond the river.

There are our lov'd ones in their rest;
  They've crossed Time's River, now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
  Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.

But there pure love can live, can last,
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

BRAZILIAN WOMEN.

Mrs. Agassiz gives the following account of the ignorance and dependence of Brazilian women: The education of women is little regarded in Brazil, and the standard of instruction for girls in the public schools is low. The majority of girls in Brazil, who go to school at all, are sent at about seven or eight years of age, and are considered to have finished their education at thirteen or fourteen. The next step in their life is marriage. There is not a Brazilian senora who has thought upon the subject at all, who is not aware that her life is one of repression and constraint. She cannot go out of her house, except under certain conditions, without awakening scandal. Her education leaves her wholly ignorant of the most common topics of a wide interest, though perhaps with a tolerable knowledge of French and music. The world of books is closed to her; for there is little Portuguese literature, into which she is allowed to look, and that of other languages is still less at her command. She knows little of the history of her own country, almost nothing of that of others, and she is hardly aware that there is any religious faith except the uniform one of Brazil; she has probably never heard of the Reformation, nor does she dream that there is a sea of thought surging in the world outside, constantly developing new phases of national and individual life; indeed of all but her own narrow domestic existence she is profoundly ignorant.

CHEERFULNESS.—Dante places in his lowest hell those who in life were melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine; and in some of the ancient Christian systems of virtues and vices, melancholy is unholy, and a vice; cheerfulness is holy, and a virtue.

What moments, hours, days of exquisite felicity, must Christ, our Redeemer, have had, though it has become too customary to place Him before us only in the attitude of pain and sorrow! Why should He be always crowned with thorns, bleeding with wounds, weeping over the world He was appointed to heal, to save, to reconcile with God?—*Mrs. Jameson.*

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

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THE GUARDIAN.

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MAGDALENA LENZ, OR A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS.

From the German, published anonymously by the Rauhe Haus.

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

II.

Wilhelm felt as though he himself had grown old before his time, and he had envied Thomas the tears he shed for their "poor, pretty, innocent sister," whom the younger brother believed dead. Sometimes he thought and thought about her, until he gnashed his teeth with anger, and would have been almost ready to strike her down, if she had appeared before him.

"Mother," he said at last, "perhaps she is dead; perhaps she has been dead a long while."

"No, Wilhelm, she is not dead," cried Frau Lenz. "God will not let her die, until I have seen her again. You do not know how I have prayed, again and again, that I might see her dear face, if but once more, and tell her that I forgive her all, though she has broken my heart. You do not know that, Wilhelm, else you could not say she might be dead; God is merciful, my son! oh, how merciful He is! Yes, He is far more compassionate than man. Never could I have plead with your father as I have with Him, yet your father himself, Wilhelm, forgave her at last. The last words he spoke were that he forgave her. You will not be harder than your father, Willy? Do not try to hinder me from going to seek for her, I *must* go."

Wilhelm was silent for a few moments, but said at last, "I will not hinder you. I think she must be dead; but that has nothing to do with it."

"She is not dead," repeated the mother with quiet confidence. Wilhelm seemed not to observe the interruption, and continued:

"We will all go to M. for a year, and let the farm to Thomas Hilmer. I will engage as journeyman to a smith, and Thomas can go to school, as he is so eager to do. When the year is ended, mother, then you will come home, and not seek any longer in vain for Lina, nor distress yourself any more; you can believe then as I do, that she is no longer living. It seems to me a greater comfort to believe her dead, than alive. Are you agreed, mother?"

"I consent, my son. I will seek her myself in M., and if I see or hear nothing of her within a year, my heart will be broken; and I can have no love nor care for her when I am laid in my grave. Well, Wilhelm, we are agreed."

Ere the violets bloomed in the sheltered spots near the farmhouse, the Lenz family had removed to M. Frau Lenz seemed to feel their many privations less than her sons. There was more animation in her countenance than there had been for many months before; for now she had a hope, a sad, a distressful one indeed, yet still it was a hope. She fulfilled all her housekeeping duties with quiet faithfulness, difficult and complicated as those duties were for her, by reason of the unaccustomed requirements of town life. But when the labors of the day were over, and her sons had both come home, she would take her bonnet and cloak and slip quietly out, unobserved, as she thought, but unconsciously accompanied by many a deep sigh from Wilhelm, as the house-door closed behind her.

It was often long after midnight before she returned, pale and weary, with an almost guilty expression in her face—that face which displayed so clearly the sickness of hope deferred, that Wilhelm could never find it in his heart to tell her what he thought of the folly and uselessness of her search. Evening after evening it was renewed, until days had grown to weeks, weeks to months. All this time, Wilhelm fulfilled his duty toward her as faithfully as he could, yet without feeling any particular sympathy for her. On account of Thomas he spent his evenings at home, often wishing that he could derive as much pleasure from reading as his younger brother did; for the time passed slowly and wearily while he sat up, often until a very late hour, waiting for his mother.

It is scarcely necessary to relate how the mother spent those long, weary hours. She wandered about, at first as if aimlessly, but soon collected her thoughts and concentrated her energies on one object. With patient perseverance she traversed the retired streets of the town, gazing in the faces of those she passed, with a longing, beseeching look; sometimes the shadow of some figure

fell upon her, which resembled that of her lost child; then would she follow that figure with unwearying feet, until the light from some window or street lamp, revealed a strange countenance. Once or twice a passer-by struck by her sad and anxious expression, stopped and offered her assistance, inquiring what she wanted. When thus addressed, she would only say:

"Do you know anything of a poor girl, called Magdalena Lenz?"

And when the stranger denied having any acquaintance with her daughter, she would shake her head, and pass on her way, and many a one supposed she was not in her right mind. But she never spoke to any one without being first addressed. Occasionally she would rest for a few minutes on some door-step, and sometimes she would bow her head upon her hands, and weep bitterly; not often, though, for she had no time to lose, and while her eyes were blinded with tears, perhaps her poor lost darling might pass by unbeheld.

One evening, at that lovely season when the days begin to lengthen, Wilhelm saw in the street, an elderly man, who, without being exactly intoxicated, was not able to walk very steadily, and whose staggering gait the idle boys of the neighborhood were mocking. For his father's sake, Wilhelm cherished a respect for age, even when unaccompanied by that virtue to which his father had so strictly adhered. He, therefore, led the old man to his home, and listened with assumed credence to his repeated assurances, that he had drank "nothing but water." The stranger tried to walk more steadily as he approached his house, as though some one might be waiting for him there, whose good opinion he prized, or whose feelings he wished to spare. The little dwelling was extraordinarily neat and inviting, even as to its exterior; the door-steps, the windows, the window-sills, revealed the spirit of purity that reigned within.

Wilhelm was rewarded for his attentions by a look full of gratitude from a young girl, who seemed to be a little more than twenty years of age; but the glance was instantly followed by a blush, as the girl perceived her father's condition. She said but little, and did not second the old man's invitation to his young companion to enter and take a seat. It seemed to pain her, that a third person should witness her father's vain efforts to appear sober, and Wilhelm could not persuade himself to remain and increase her confusion. But when the old man, with many a trembling pressure of the hand, repeatedly invited him to come some other evening, and give them the pleasure of a visit, Wilhelm sought the young girl's averted eye, and though he could not read its expression, he answered, timidly:

"If it is agreeable to both of you, I shall be glad to come."

Still the girl, to whom his answer was particularly addressed, made no reply, and Wilhelm left the house.

He thought much about her on the next day, and the day following; he chid himself for his folly in thinking of her, and then he commenced anew, and thought more about her than before. He tried to lower her in his own eyes; he said to himself that she was not pretty, and then, vexed with himself for the thought, he answered himself that he liked her appearance better than that of the most brilliant beauty in the world. He wished he did not look so like a peasant, that he was not so round-shouldered and so ruddy, while she had the appearance of a lady, with her delicate pure complexion, her shining black hair, and her spotless dress. Pretty or not, he could not overcome his longing to see her again, and half wished that he might find some fault in her, that would free his heart from the net in which it was entangled, and of which the young girl had no suspicion.

There she was, pure and maidenly as before. He sat and gazed, giving her father confused answers, while she sat as far back as possible in the corner by the fire. The spirit by which he was possessed, impelled him to rise and move the candle, under the pretext that she could see her needlework better, but in reality that he might look more closely at her; she, however, left the room, saying that she must go and put her little niece to sleep. In the meantime, Wilhelm gained the old man's affections by being a good listener; for the old gentleman was one of those talkers, who, provided they are not interrupted, are not very particular how much attention is paid to the meaning of what they say, nor what kind of answers they receive.

But this much Wilhelm understood of the old man's history: that he had formerly carried on a considerable business, and had been bankrupted for a large amount of money. This failure appeared to have been the greatest event of his life, to which he reverted with a singular sort of pride. It seemed that he was now reposing from his fruitless labors, and allowing himself to be maintained by his daughter, who taught a school for little children. But all these particulars, Welhelm only recollected and clearly understood, after he had left the house; for while there, his thoughts were fixed entirely on Susanna.

After he had established himself on a friendly footing with Herr Palm, he was never long without a reason for visiting at the house. He listened to the father, prattled with the little Anna, but constantly watched and admired Susanna,—nothing further. Herr Palm talked much of his former affluence, and their different manner of living, what he said being confirmed to the young man's mind by the gentle, gracious, and discreet Susanna, who gave evi-

dence of refinement and cultivation. She said but little, being almost constantly occupied in sewing; but when she did speak, it was with so sweet a voice and manner, that her speech and her silence, her motion and her repose, seemed alike to belong to some hallowed sphere, beyond poor Wilhelm's reach.

And suppose she should learn the story of his sister's disgrace, which was constantly kept before his mind by his mother's nightly search among the outcast and degraded of her sex, would not the pure Susanna turn away from him with loathing, as though he himself were tainted by the hated relationship? This was his fear, and for this reason he resolved to tear himself from her beloved presence, before it should be too late. He resisted the temptation, therefore, powerful as it was, remained at home, suffered and sighed.

He was vexed at his mother's unwearied perseverance in seeking one, who, he could almost hope, nay, even wish, might be numbered among the dead. He spoke shortly to her, but received only such gentle, sorrowful, deprecating replies, that he reproached himself most bitterly, and lost his peace of mind more and more every day. Such a struggle could not continue long, without injuring his health, and Thomas, his only companion, during the long evening hours, at last, observed his increasing lassitude and restless irritability; the boy's brotherly anxiety being awakened he determined to call his mother's attention to Wilhelm's altered and sorrowful appearance, the cause of which he could not at all imagine. The mother listened as though only just recalled to the recollection, that her son had claim upon her affectionate care. But she, too, now observed his loss of appetite, and his half-repressed sighs.

"Wilhelm, Wilhelm, what ails you, my son?" she asked him, as he sat idly gazing into the fire.

"Nothing particular," he replied, as if the inquiry annoyed him.

"But, my child, I am sure there is something."

He did not reply, and she did not even know whether he had heard her, he sat so motionless, still gazing vacantly before him.

"Is it that you want to go back to the Meadow Farm?" she asked sadly.

"It is just the time for berries," remarked Thomas. Wilhelm only shook his head. The mother looked scrutinizingly at him, as if she would have read in his face the solution of her perplexity.

"Wilhelm, and you too Thomas, you can go," she said, "but I must stay here, you know, until I have found her," she added in a lower tone.

Wilhelm turned suddenly, and with the authoritative manner which he always used toward Thomas, bade him go to bed. When his brother had left, he collected himself to speak.

(*To be continued*).

THE GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

A Translation of the favorite German Hymn, "Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens."

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

Come, O come, Thou Holy Spirit,
God of Life for evermore!
Though no grace of Thine we merit,
Leave, ah! leave us nevermore;
May the Spirit, truth, and light
Dwell with us in sorrow's night.

Give the mortals that adore Thee
Wisdom, counsel, power to do
Only what is right before Thee
And to keep the pure and true;
In Thy wisdom grant us gain,
Free us all from error's chain.

Show us, Lord, the steps of blessing,
On Thy paths us gently lead,
And remove, while onward pressing,
All that might our race impede.
May we drain contrition's cup!
When we stumble, lift us up!

With Thy witness ever bless us,
That we are the sons of God,
Who, whenever sorrows press us,
Humbly bow and kiss the rod;
For our Father's rod of love
Points us to the realms above.

Give us strength to come before Him;
Grant us courage, we implore;
Fill our hearts when we adore Him;
Plead our cause forevermore;
Then the Lord will grant us peace,
And our confidence increase.

Should our hearts, when comforts fail us,
Cry aloud, while dangers throng,
"See, O Lord, our foes assail us!
O, our God, how long—how long?"
Comfort Thou the mourning breast,
Give us patience, strength, and rest.

O Thou Lord of strength and power,
  Grant us boldness ne'er to yield,
When the foe, in some dread hour,
  Seeks to drive us from the field;
Give us weapons tried and true:
May we gain the victory too!

Grant Thy grace in ample measure!
  Ne'er by Satan, Death, or scorn
Let our faith, our chiefest treasure,
  From our trembling grasp be torn;
Though our flesh incline to yield
May Thy word maintain the field.

When, at last, death hovers near us,
  In our gloomy, final hour,
With the blest assurance cheer us
  That, as heirs of bliss and power,
We our crowns will soon have won—
Gifts of God through Christ His Son.

ST. PAUL'S THORN IN THE FLESH.

BY PERKIOMEN.

That we should learn not to think *above* that which is written, is no excuse for us not to try to understand what is written. There is a pleasure in thinking—*per se* and *per aliud*. Some approach toward the truth will result from it, even if no appulsion against it.

The wisest of heads, and the most loving of hearts have meditated ardently and thought profoundly over the "*sting*," "*stake*" or "*thorn*," which was allotted to St. Paul, as "the messenger of Satan to buffet him," though anticipating throughout only an exciting pursuit, rather than a satisfactory possession. "Nor do we count ourselves to have apprehended; but this one thing we do * * * * * we press toward the mark."

Secrecy seems to be an attendant characteristic of St. Paul's ecstacy in the Temple (2 Cor. xii. 3–9). The narrative is full of reticence. The vision itself the Apostle kept to himself for about fourteen years. The burden of his revelation lay in "unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter," and the cross imposed on himself, he both names and defines in an enigmatical way.

Why wonder then over the multitude of conjectures to which his mysterious affliction has furnished material?

Numberless authorities locate the thorn wholly in the outer, or physical man. Among those, some pretend to see an explanation in the phrase, "as of one born out of due time." Not here or there must we look for it, consequently, but regard it as something constitutional rather, and as pervading his entire *physique;* as a general debility, not bidding fair for vigor, extended usefulness or long life. Was not "his bodily presence weak" (2 Cor. x. 10)? But as a counter thought, it is maintained, from the office he had filled under the high-priest, and the terror he occasioned as a persecutor, that he could not have been so very weakly constituted.

If not such, then some bodily deformity, others say. Nicephorus, a writer in the fourteenth century, thus describes him: "Paul was a little man, crooked and almost bent like a bow; with a pale countenance, long, and full of wrinkles; a bald head, his eyes full of fire and benevolence; his beard long, thick, and interspersed with gray hairs, as was also his head." But another writer makes St. Paul "four feet, and six inches high, and yet, nevertheless, touching the heavens," thus denying any pigmy stature to the apostle.

But his *stammering tongue* explains the mystery, it is further said; for was not, according to his statement, "his speech contemptible" (2 Cor. x. 10)? But is it not strange then, that the Lycaonians were so ready to mistake Paul for *Mercury*, the god of eloquence, on account of his persuasive words and graceful elocution?

A *defective eye-sight* constituted his chief ailing, according to others. Why else would he declare the Galatians to have been willing "to pluck out their own eyes and give them to him, if it had been possible" (Gal. iv. 15)? Only, we are met here again by the declaration, that such sayings as, "'*to give one's eyes,*' '*dearer than one's eyes,*' and '*dearer than the apple of one's eye,*'" are proverbial expressions, and intimate the liveliest tokens of strongest affection.

Nameless authors have pronounced the "thorn," a "*nervous disorder of the face, a Tic Douloureux.*" Spurgeon says, every pulpit effort of his costs him forty-eight hours of stinging pain. We may admit the truth in the case of the great Baptist; but that will not oblige us to concede the same in that of the great apostle. It is after all but a fancy or surmise.

Tertullian calls it a *dolor auriculæ*, ear-ache. Chrysostom and St. Basil think it to have been *megrim*, head-ache, even though they subsequently make the source of trouble a more general one. Cyprian lays stress on the *carnis et corporis multa ac gravia tormenta*, "Many grievous bodily Torments."

Augustine, Thomas, and Jerome, as well as Bede, call it, "*A temptation of the flesh,*" an opinion which Gordeau has undertaken to establish in a choice thesis.

Others favor such disorders, as hemorrhoids, hypochondria, melancholia, dyspepsia, epilepsy, and even some one or more of that class of diseases, which render a surgical operation necessary. *Lithotomy* was rendered necessary, according to Luther.

On the other hand, there are by no means wanting respectable and numerous writers, who probe for the fiery core of the thorn in the *inner* man exclusively. The theory, that the sting consisted of a *Satanic torment*, in the form of "blasphemous thoughts," or of "remorse of conscience," because of his earlier ungodly persecution against the infant Church;—this theory, we say, has its grave authorities and zealous advocates. Nor can any view prove even partially satisfactory, we should judge, that does not in some way conduct the effect of the thorn, at least, over into the spiritual man. Mere corporeal torture never made any man a better man, either at the stake, or in the cloister, in human or Divine economies. Only as *penalty* becomes *penance*, can it fruit into something good for the victim. Paul would hardly have thought any sheer bodily ache worth mentioning, especially after having endured it for fourteen years in silence. It is not a fashion among the saints, from the Prince of martyrs down, to retail the ills of the flesh.

But, as if anxious to move to a still further extreme, another class transfers the apostle's sore evil wholly outside of himself. His *bitter foes* were for him the "buffeting messenger of Satan." Among the early writers there are found advocates to this view. Theodoret is found in this class. Chrysostom and St. Basil incline in this way, in their later expositions, in spite of an apparent inconsistency.

Happily such authors as Osiander and others, take an *irenical* position and combine the various theories in one. Under this view, St. Paul's *foreign adversaries* aggravated his *inner evil motions*, which latter had their ground *in the infirmity of the flesh.* The rays of heat radiating from the external fires built around him, and playing angrily upon the physical man, were brought to a *focus* in the inner chamber of the spiritual Paul.

With so much *data* before us, we may "press toward the mark." That the "thorn" must be regarded as an affliction, personal in its nature and application, as well as peculiar in kind, no one will question. The bare fact, that St. Paul considers the circumstance worthy of special mention, is already full of significance. In the enumeration of his tribulations in another place (2 Cor. xi. 23–29.), he refrains from including this cross, and reserves it as something to be placed by itself, and extraordinary. It is consequently difficult to regard the "thorn" in the light of a *common* physical ailing; both from the fact, that we have no intimation of any of the apostles ever having been subject to an interrupting sickness,

as well as, because, in cataloguing his sufferings, Paul says not a word of having been at any time the victim of a current disease.

Nevertheless, a *corporeal* affliction must be conceded as one ingredient in his cup. It is a "*thorn in the flesh.*" Besides, the term, "buffet" carries with it the sense of *beating with the fists*—"*Mit Faüsten schlage.*" (See Luther's German version.)

Now such a physical "thorn," fixed and rankling in the flesh, would cause great and grievous pain, naturally. But along with this, his usefulness must thereby have been obstructed, a circumstance which would weigh still heavier on so zealous a nature as St. Paul's had been, and would afford Satan an opportunity to tempt him to impatience and discouragement. This then is the buffeting of the *inner* man. As in the case of Job, so in that of the apostle, the thorn is attributed to Satan, the source and origin of all evil. Had the "thorn" been lodged in the outer and physical man exclusively, then Paul must have known that he was "in the body," a circumstance over which he declares himself in doubt. The inner temptation, to which the outer affliction gave motion, is but a natural complement. In some way the inner life of Paul must have been reached, or it is not easy to see how any dignity attaches to his physical suffering. Body *and* soul, we venture to declare, must have been seriously influenced by the cross imposed.

Nor need we ignore entirely the view maintained by such grave authorities, that the conflict originated wholly outside of the apostle's person, *i. e., in his adversaries*, who became live "messengers of Satan" for him. Doubtless Satan was ever near at hand, employing his foes as instruments, and directing their shafts toward his weakest and sorest point. All combined and solidified into a hard, and sharp "thorn" for his sensitive and sanctified nature.

The most satisfactory solution then seems to be, to concede a fearful physical "thorn," as the groundwork or primal cause of the apostle's affliction, and, at the same time, an inner motion toward evil, as the supervening "messenger of Satan," which combining, afforded his adversaries finally an occasion to "buffet" him. Thus St. Paul becomes the Job of the New Testament. And as we know the sum of the ancient sufferer's affliction, rather than the *aliquot* term which will exhaust all the individual torments, so does the modern martyr but tell us of the goad, without counting the pricks affixed thereto. Scarcely too greatly can we exaggerate the "thorn," as long as we hear him exclaim: "*O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*" The open door of hope and comfort we have before us, however: "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, *My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*"

THE ARTILLERYMAN.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

With gleaming sword, and gleaming gun,
Beneath the bright, unclouded sun,
The battle now is well begun.

With broken sword, and broken gun,
Beneath the war-clouds rolling dun,
The battle's o'er,—the flight begun.

The artillerymen, across the plain,
Their flying horses urge amain;
With iron wheels they crush the slain.

They madly fly, in deadly fear;
The battle thund'ring in their rear;
The charging foemen crowding near.

And know they not, that all alone,
In pale despair, beside the gun,
A comrade clings with strength undone?

That as they turned to seek retreat,
He started quick on ready feet,
But failed to reach his wonted seat?

Yes, yes, they know, that all alone,
In pale despair, beside the gun,
A comrade clings with strength undone.

Yet, fiercely urged by voice and hand,
The horses tramp the bloody land,
And not a moment stay or stand.

And know they not as on they spring,
With heavy jolt, and sudden swing;
That now he there can scarcely cling?

That fall he will, that fall he must,
And the great wheels, so harsh with rust,
Will grind his bones into the dust?

They know, they know,—but to delay
Will yield the foe a helpless prey;
So recklessly, away! away!

Oh, did he not his life unfold,
By warm camp-fire at midnight cold?
Of wife and child hath he not told?

Of days of pleasure, days of tears,
Of all the hopes his bosom bears,
Of joys to come in future years?

They know, they know,—tis life or death,—
So he must cling with failing breath,
Or fall and die the wheels beneath.

Ho, comrades, stay! A shrieking shell,
As on the ground it bursting fell,
Quick drown'd the voice they knew so well.

Ho, comrades, stay! They hear his cry,
Yet not a word speak in reply,
Nor give one glance of sympathy.

Ho, comrades. Ah! as round they're sped,
With dripping blood the wheels are red,
And in the dust he lieth dead.

LUTHER'S KATIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Reformers were favorable to the marriage of the ministry. Yet they were no extremists on the subject. Luther says:

"A preacher of the gospel, being regularly called, ought, above all things, first to purify himself before he teaches others. Is he able, with a good conscience, to remain unmarried? let him so remain; but if he cannot abstain living chastely, then let him take a wife; God has made that plaster for that sore.

Both the Old and New Testament attribute eminence to the married state. Abraham had three wives. Jesus Christ was present at a marriage ceremony, and performed his first miracle there. St. Paul, himself, a widower (?) enjoins bishops to marry, and predicts that the injunction of celibacy will cause much evil; St. Peter had a son-in-law, and consequently must have been himself married; St. James, our Saviour's brother, and indeed, all the apostles except St. John, were married men."

As to the qualifications of a wife, he says: "A woman is, or at least should be, a friendly, courteous, and merry companion in life, whence they are named by the Holy Ghost, house-honors, the honor and ornament of the house, and inclined to tenderness, for thereunto are they chiefly created, to bear children, and be the

pleasure, joy, and solace of their husbands." With great plainness of speech does Martin Luther dilate upon the duties and beauties of a true and faithful wife; more indeed, than upon the duties of husbands, among whom were many in his day no less than they are now, who are wholly unfit and unworthy to have a wife of his description. True, the fault may lie on either side, or on both. But, in either case, the devil has a hand in it, as Luther holds.

"'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the devil rarely permits it. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation, and when they are together, they cannot endure the always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: 'I can neither live with thee, nor without thee.' Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the devil."

Luther had assumed the vows of celibacy, common with the priesthood of the Catholic Church. A vow is a solemn act. No conscientious person can lightly break it. Luther broke his, but only after a long conflict. His aged father, and many of his friends urged him to marry. "God may change my heart," he said, "if it be His pleasure; but now, at least, I have no thought of taking a wife; not that I do not feel any attractions in that estate; I am neither a stock nor a stone; but every day I expect the death and the punishment of a heretic."

Others of his friends warned him not to marry. Schurff, the lawyer, said: "If this monk should marry, he will make all the world, and the devil himself burst with laughter, and will destroy the work that he has begun."

"Well, then," said the monk, Martin, "I will do it; I will play the devil and the world this trick; I will content my father, and marry Catharine."

Near Grunnia, in Saxony, was there a convent. Nine nuns therein read much in God's word. At length they wrote to their parents: "The salvation of our souls will not permit us to remain any longer in a cloister." The parents forbade them to leave. Still, their consciences command them to depart. But how shall they get away? whither shall they go? Two friends brought them on their way, with a wagon. One day the seven knocked at the door of Martin Luther's old Augustine convent, in Wittenberg. "This is not my dome," he exclaimed. "But would to God that I could empty all cloisters." Luther vainly wrote to their relatives for support. Thereupon he raised a collection in their behalf.

Among the seven was Catharine Bora. She found a welcome home with the burgomaster of Wittenberg. The rest were received into other Christian homes of this city. It was a saying of Luther's: "Whom our Lord God loveth, to him giveth He a Katie."

Luther's Katie he brought to his door. And from the time of her coming, the modest, blushing maiden seemed to make her way to his heart. A great conflict did she cause in him—love and an indistinct sense of duty fought a battle therein. "Day and night he prayed and entreated the Lord to deliver him from uncertainty." Meanwhile, he unselfishly offered Katie's hand to two of his friends. First to Baumgartner, of Nuremburg, then to Dr. Glatz, of Orlamund. The first did not want her; the second she did not want. Thereupon Luther asked himself seriously, "whether he ought not to think of marrying her himself." For does not God say: 'It is not good that man should be alone?'" And if it is not good for a man ordinarily, how can it be good for a reformer? In the face of his enemies he marries a nun; "for the edification of the weak, to bear this striking testimony to what I teach here below."

At the house of his friend, Arnsdorff, he offered Catharine his hand and heart. The marriage ceremony was at once performed at the same place, by Pomeranus; for he held that for him a short espousal was best. Lucas Cranach, and Dr. John Appella and Bugenhagen were present as witnesses. A frugal wedding feast was had, at which the wives of Cranach and Dr. Jonas were present, in addition to the forementioned.

Luther's marriage raised a violent storm among his enemies. It had its effect upon the bridegroom; for he was greatly troubled. Melancthon wrote: "It is false and slanderous to maintain, that there is anything unbecoming in Luther's marriage. I think, that in marrying, he must have done violence to himself. A married life is one of humility, but it is also a holy state, if there be any such in the world, and the Scriptures everywhere represent it as honorable in the eyes of God."

Luther was forty-two years of age when he married Catharine Bora, after she had spent two years at Wittenberg. Several weeks after his marriage he held a wedding feast, at which his parents were among the happy guests. Much happiness did this faithful wife bring to the stormy nature of the reformer. He soon learned, that "the best gift of God, is a pious, amiable wife, who fears God, loves her family, with whom a man may live in peace, and in whom he may safely confide."

Without possessing superior intelligence, Luther's Katie was a godly, industrious housewife. She had no great personal beauty, and was of simple modest manners. His income was 200 florins and his expenses 500 a year. Yet he gave to every one that asked, and loved to have his table well crowded with friendly guests. To keep open house with an empty purse was no easy task for the frugal housewife. When the booksellers offered him 400 florins

a year for the privilege of printing and selling his books, he replied, "I will not sell the grace of God." The printers were enriched with what belonged to Luther's family. Erasmus well said: "The *poor* Luther made many rich." With all his learning he had less sense than his wife in the practical matters of home life.

Once a poor man asked for help while Katie was sick. Luther gave him the money recently given as a baptismal present to their child. "God is rich," he said, in reply to her complaint, when she missed the money in the savings box. "He will provide in some other way."

A poor student comes for help. The moneyless reformer seizes a silver cup, which the Elector had presented to him. In vain did the embarrassed wife hint with winks and looks not to press the cup upon the stranger. "I have no use for a silver cup; here take it, and keep all you can get for it," was the reply. To Spalatins' bride Luther gives a golden cup, which the grateful receiver would fain present to Luther's bride, were he not afraid it might offend her husband. A noble trait in the character of Luther is his generosity; only one cannot see why his perplexed Katie should not be as much entitled to its benefits as anybody else. She was unquestionably his superior in the domestic department. In matters of Theology, she was not so well at home; yet, at times, was not backward to express her opinion; sometimes committing blunders which seem to annoy Luther. Neither has he always the most amiable way to correct her. One day she very innocently tells him:

"Sir, I heard your cousin, John Palmer, preach this afternoon in the parish church, whom I understand better than Dr. Pommer, though the doctor is held to be a very excellent preacher." Luther answered: "John Palmer preaches as ye women use to talk; for what comes into your minds, ye speak. A preacher ought to remain by the text, and deliver that which he has before him, to the end people may well understand it. But a preacher that will speak everything that comes into his mind, is like a maid that goes to market, and meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold a goose-market together."

Yet Katie was not an ignorant wife. Her sound common sense and terse-telling way of expressing herself, led Luther to tell an English guest at his table—who found difficulty to speak German: "I will give you my wife for a school-mistress. She shall teach you German readily; for she therein far surpasses me. Yet, when women are ready in speaking, it is not to be commended. It becomes them much better when they keep silence and speak little."

Although a meek submissive woman, she seems to have tried to enforce a certain kind of authority in her department. She presided over it with perceptible dignity. Sometimes Luther would call her: "My lord Katie." One day, he playfully remarked, that if he were to marry again, he would "carve an obedient wife for himself out of a block of stone; for it is impossible to find such a one in reality."

At certain times her influence over him was very great. This government of hers, he could not always submit to with becoming grace. He tells her: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you, with all my heart, the command in all household matters, reserving my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures, but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men to error."

A strange power had this godly wife over her husband. Now and then her magic hold on his heart seems to annoy him. He must be the independent Reformer, uninfluenced even by Katie. But, in this respect, too, he is human. Sitting by him, she, with her knitting, and he with his books at severe study, she asks many a quaint and curious question; asks some silly ones too, now and then, trying to pry into things too high for her. His sharp rebuke does not ruffle her in the least.

She suffers greatly with a modern malady. Her servants are dull, deceitful and lazy, in which worry, many a reader of the "Guardian" can sympathize with Katie Luther. She complains to her husband about it. Can not he help her out of her trouble? Alas! No. He can reform the Church, but not the race of servant girls. This he replies to his wife's complaint:

"A faithful and good servant is a real God-send, but, truly, 'tis a *rare bird in the land.* We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people; we must govern them Turkish fashion, so much work, so much victuals, as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt."

In his frequent afflictions, Luther had no earthly friend like Katie. Once he was in great pain, and she anointed his feet. He remarked to her: "Now thou anointest me, but in former times the wives were anointed by their husbands; for this word in Latin, *uxor*, comes from *unguendo*, 'anointing;' for as the heathen saw that many rubs and hindrances were in the state of matrimony; therefore, to prevent such misfortunes, they used to anoint both limbs of the newly-married women." Once he fretted about her, when thinking that he would die. She said: "My dear doctor, if it is God's will, I would rather see you with God in heaven, than with myself."

He speaks of her in his will, as his "dear faithful housewife;" as a pious, true wife, in whom the heart of her husband could confide; "one who had always demeaned herself in a becoming, affectionate manner;" "not only has she affectionately nursed and cared for me, but served me like an obedient maid;" "I value her more highly than the kingdom of France or the dominion of Venice."

In his dejection she cheered him, by relieving him, as far as possible, from all household care, and repeating to him passages from the Bible. During his leisure moments, she sat near him with her knitting or embroidery, reminding him now and then of some cheering bit of news, or of some friends whose letters he had forgotten to answer. Her presence always seemed to cheer him, even in his greatest trials. In his letters he called her "his dear and gracious wife, his dear and affectionate Katie." He is in danger of idolizing her. "I expect more goodness from Katie, my wife, from Philip Melanchthon, and from other friends, than from my sweet and blessed Saviour Christ Jesus. This, my foolish weakness, grieves me very much."

Katie Luther gave birth to six children. She passed through the sorrows incident to her sex. One child she buried in infancy. Another, Magdalena, in her fourteenth year. She was a very affectionate and gifted child. The night before her death, her mother dreamed that two youths had come to lead the dying girl to the bridal altar. The next morning she told her dream to Philip Melanchthon. The dream being interpreted, meaneth this, he said: "The two youths are the dear angels; these will come to lead this maiden to her true marriage glory in heaven." Then came the angels and took her with them. Was it a wonder that her mother wept as if her heart would break? Luther's great heart, too, must sob out its grief. Still he must try to bear up for the mother's sake. "Dear Katie, think whither she has gone. It is well with her." Thus he bids her be of good cheer.

A greater sorrow remained in store. On a visit to Eisleben, Luther was taken fatally ill. His wife naturally worried greatly about him, which worries her invalid husband. He writes:

"Do thou, dear Katie, read St. John and the smaller catechism, of which you once said: 'Really, everything in this book is applicable to me.' For you want to care for your God, precisely as if He were not Almighty, and could create ten Dr. Martins, if this aged one should perish in the Saale, or in the oven, or on Wolf's bird-decoy. I pray you do not disturb me with your cares; for I have one that cares for me better than you or angels can. He lies in a manger, and hangs on the breast of a virgin, but is also seated at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. Therefore, be unconcerned. Amen."

Later, he again writes: "To the devout, care-ridden lady, Catharine Luther, my gracious, dear wife. We most sincerely thank you for your great anxiety, which would not permit you to sleep; for since you have been caring for us, the fire made attempts to devour us, quite close to the door of my room; and yesterday, no doubt, in virtue of your anxiety, a stone came very near falling upon our head, and crushing us like a mouse-trap. I am apprehensive, that if you do not cease your cares, the earth will at last swallow us up, and all the elements will pursue us. Do you thus teach the catechism and the Creed? Do you pray and suffer God to care. Your holiness' willing servant, Martin Luther."

Poor Katie; she had just cause for anxiety. She no more saw him alive. He died at Eisleben, where he had been born and baptized. Through the Elster gate of Wittenberg, a large procession bore the corpse of Luther, devoutly singing hymns to God as they bore it. First came ninety-five horsemen, then in a small carriage came "the wife of the doctor, Lady Catharine Luther, with several matrons," amid a crowd of people, such "as had never before been seen at Wittenberg."

Luther left her a property worth nine thousand florins. For a while, she received pensions from Protestant princes. At length, war drove her and her children from Wittenberg. After a short absence she returned. Her property became encumbered with taxes. The princes ceased paying her pension. At length she had to pawn some of her valuables to support her family, as the rent of her house would not suffice. Melanchthon and Bugenhagen vainly wrote to Christian III, of Denmark, in her behalf. At length, necessity constrained her to write, which secured the needed help. How sad that the wife of Luther must go a begging among her husband's royal friends and admirers! Her relief she could not enjoy long. The pestilence again drove her from Wittenberg. The horses ran away with the carriage; trying to save her children, she fell into a ravine. Fright and a severe cold, brought on consumption, and soon after, her death, seven years after Luther had fallen asleep. Her last prayer was for her children and the Church. On the 21st of September, 1552, she was buried in the village church, at Torgau.

Some writers describe the nun, Katie Bora, as very pretty. Others, as not possessed of remarkable beauty. All esteem her as a godly help-mate to Luther. The woman that knit the stockings, baked the bread, cheered the lonely hours of Luther, and knelt by his side at his family altar, and by the bed-side of his dying children, had no insignificant share in the great work of the Reformation. She too is a Reformer—Reformeress—albeit the annals of the Reformation rarely mention the name of Katie Luther.

TALKS ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

The Sun.

BY PROF. A. F. BECHDOLL, OF MERCERSBURG COLLEGE, PA.

During the past ten years Astronomers and Scientists generally have looked forward to the times of the Sun's eclipse with great anxiety. More has been done in discovering its nature in that time, than in the long ages during which man has looked upon it. Governments have fitted out scientific expeditions to go to places where these eclipses were to be observed—for instance, the recent expedition fitted out by the United States to observe the eclipse in Sicily.

It seems very wonderful to hear scientific men say, that there is iron, sodium, hydrogen, etc., in the Sun; that there are terrible storms there, that currents of wind move across it at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles a second—that is ten thousand and eight hundred times faster than an express train, moving at the rate of forty miles an hour; that there are red flames there shooting up to the height of eighty thousand miles. All this is wonderful to hear. But still more wonderful in its simplicity is the way in which they have proved it. Many young, inquiring minds doubtless have read these statements in the papers, and asked themselves how can people find out such things about the Sun, who is ninety-one millions of miles from us. The little beam of sunlight, that has sought out for itself a hole in the closed shutter, and lighting up a dusty path for itself across the room, falls as a white spot on the wall, will tell us the greater part of it, if we ask it in the right way. We must understand its language to do that. Scientists have found out its grammar and dictionary, and they are combined in a triangular piece of glass, such as hang from old-fashioned chandeliers, called by scientific men, a prism.

Now, with this in our hands, let us speak to the beam of our sunlight. We will take the very smallest one that creeps in through the shutter-cracks. Let us hold this prism in its path across the room. Instead of a beam of white light, we have now a number of colors, ranging from red to violet, in one line against the wall. This image is called the spectrum of light. All the colors that are in the spectrum are in the white light, only here

they are crowded together into such a small bundle, that we can't see the rainbow colors, but only the white light. The prism has sifted them and ranged them side by side.

Any solid, or liquid, or *dense* gas when heated to a white heat, will give such a spectrum. Before we start off for the Sun, we have some arrangements yet to make here upon little mother earth. So let us go about these next. If we light the gas and hold a knitting needle, dipped in a solution of soda, into it, the flame will flare up yellow for a moment. The same would have happened, had we wet the needle with saliva and held it in, or even if we had breathed against the flame. Had we taken potash instead of soda, we would have had a violet color, strontian, a red, copper, an emerald green, etc. If now we interpose the prism, we find that each one of these substances, when in the state of vapor (and nothing is so solid but that it can be reduced to a state of vapor by heating it sufficiently), has its own peculiar spectrum. If we take sodium, for instance, we have a bright yellow line, which once seen can never be mistaken. It is always present, no matter where the sodium comes from, whether from our salt-cellar, or from one hundred, or one thousand, or one million miles away. Nor does it matter whether we have it burning here before us or millions on millions of miles away from us, provided though we see its light. What is true of soda holds of every other elementary body. Each substance has its own spectrum, consisting of certain colored lines, ranged in certain places in the spectrum, and always the same for the same substance. This has been of immense use to the chemist.

By looking at the flames shooting from the top of a furnace stack, he can tell what they are smelting and the progress of the work. He has found by means of the prism four new elementary bodies. Of course, he does not use the simple prism—he has it combined with a telescope and another tube for regulating the admission of light. The instrument thus made is called a spectroscope. It is not only the spectrum of white light that we see, when we look at the Sun with the spectroscope. As far back as eighteen hundred and fourteen a German optician, Frauenhofer by name, discovered, that the spectrum was crossed throughout its entire length by a great number of dark lines of different breadths. Frauenhofer measured and mapped out the exact place of each most important dark line in the spectrum, and left this record as his legacy to science. Ten years ago no body knew what Frauenhofer's lines meant. They were always present in the light of the moon, and planets, Mars, Jupiter, etc. These, as you know, reflect the Sun's light—but they differed in the spectra derived from stars, which are suns, and consequently shine with their own light; hence they must indicate phenomena arising from the constitution of the

bodies, and not from our atmosphere. Frauenhofer had noticed this and drawn his conclusion. What is it in the Sun that causes these dark lines? Another German Professor, Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg, found that certain of these dark lines correspond exactly with the bright lines of the spectra of some of the substances of which we have spoken. He found, for instance, that every line of the iron spectrum has a corresponding dark line in the sun spectrum. So, also, for hydrogen. He could only conclude from this, that iron and hydrogen are present in the Sun. But now comes another question. Why are these lines in the solar spectrum dark? The answer to this was soon found after the fact was known. Let us return again to the soda spectrum, which, you will remember, can be known by its brilliant yellow line. If we now vaporize some soda and pass the light from the prism through that, we have then no longer a yellow line, but a black one. The sodium line has been absorbed in the passage through its vapor. The same holds good of the other elementary bodies.

We know, from astronomical and other observations, that the Sun is very hot. What is solid here, is in a state of vapor there. Around the glowing central mass roll these vapors of hydrogen, iron, etc., absorbing the bright lines from the central mass and giving us these dark lines, as standing telegraphic despatches from the Sun, and as yet only deciphered in part by man. Our atmosphere also exercises an influence on these dark lines. If an observation be made when the Sun is near the horizon and its light comes to us through a dense atmosphere certain dark lines appear that are peculiar to our atmosphere. We have now answered one part of the question, and are richly repaid if we have given to any one a higher sense of the majesty of God than he had before. It is He, who, from the very beginning, has locked up these secrets for us in the sunbeam. We shall have something about sun spots to tell you the next time.

SLEEP AND PRAYER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dr. Harbaugh was on a certain occasion asked by a friend how he found time to do so much work—be the pastor of a large congregation, prepare several sermons and lectures every week, write books, edit a periodical, etc. Surely he must work well nigh all night. "Not at all," was his reply. "I go to bed early, and rise

late, and keep wide awake all day long." About early rising a great deal has been written that is foolish and false. The man that turns night into day, whether for work or dissipation, reverses a great natural law, and will sooner or later have to bear the penalty of its violation. They speak falsely who tell us that the time we spend in sleep is mis-spent. Full well do we remember the pernicious teachings of self-taught philosophers, who made us boys believe, that all the time spent in sleeping was time lost. Franklin's couplet:

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

is a safe rule to follow, provided "early to rise" is not made to mean two o'clock in the morning. Some years ago the London Punch amended these lines thus:

"PUNCH" ever so long ago said that

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes."

A late writer observes that "He who would thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it. For, if

> "He who would thrive must rise at five,"

it must follow naturally

> "He who'd thrive more must rise at four;"

and it will insure as a consequence, that

> "He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And he who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two."

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

> "He who'd never be outdone
> Must ever rise as soon as one."

But the best illustration would be,

> "He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all."

Human nature must have sleep—at the proper time and a full quantity. And by sleeping we work no less than by waking. The farmer's corn and potatoes grow, and his money bears interest when he sleeps as well as when he wakes. His children grow when asleep, and his own body gains strength from sleep. "So he giveth his beloved sleep" (Psalm 127: 2).

Our advice is: retire betimes, as a rule never after ten o'clock. Rise no later than six; if you can get done sleeping in time, let it be at five, especially in summer. Avoid the unnatural and unwise fashion of retiring after midnight and sleeping till nine. "They that sleep, sleep in the night," and that is the time they ought to do it. And many who put off sleeping till daylight "are drunken in the night," or do other things equally wicked (1 Thess. v. 7).

Sleep is a great blessing. Pity the sufferers who have to spend long sleepless nights, watching wearily for the dawn of the day. How sweet is sleep to childhood. Give the children enough of it. Sweet, too, is the sleep of a hard-working person—whether he work with the body or mind, or with both. It is a suitable mark of sincere devotion when we thank God, in our morning prayers, for quiet and refreshing rest during the night. Every act of retiring to rest at night solemnly reminds us of the night of death and the grave, wherein no man can work.

In a certain wealthy English family there were several daughters. One was devotedly pious, the others were gay and worldly. In the giddy, fashionable home the pious one could find no closet —no place of unseen and undisturbed retirement for prayer. A short distance from the house was a grove covered with old trees and thickets. Thither she stole every evening; in the thickets she found a "closet," where she could be alone in prayer and communion with God. Precious to her soul were these forest meetings with her Saviour. Her absence from the gay and frivolous evening company was annoying to her sisters. "Where is sister?" they frequently asked. At length they suspected the reason of her absence, and cruelly chided her for it. It was unbecoming for a lady of her social position to act thus. Was she not ashamed to have people know that she indulged in such a silly (!) practice? Thus spoke the sisters. The poor girl felt keenly wounded, yet ceased not nightly to repair to her forest closet. The reply she gave her sisters and their ridiculing associates, she embodied in the hymn, "I love to steal awhile away"—the 492d Hymn in our Reformed hymn book. Thus she happened to become the author of verses, with which thousands of devout hearts have become familiar. The touching history of the origin of this hymn will give comfort and encouragement to many, who seek to be alone with God in prayer, ere they lay them to rest.

"I love to steal awhile away
  From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
  In humble, child-like prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
  The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
  Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past
  And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
  On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
  Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
  While here by tempests driven.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
  May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
  And lead to endless day."

A JUDICIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF HOLY LAND TRAVEL.

BY DR. ROBERT MORRIS.

Secretary of the Scholars' Holy Land Exploration.

Having shown up (on pages 282 *et seq.*) with not too much harshness, I hope, the barrenness of the results of ordinary travel in the Holy Land, my subject demands now a presentation of the other side, viz: *How to make such a journey profitable.*

The annual explorations conducted under the auspices of our Society, are prepared with so much care, embody so much experience, and present so few points for improvement, that I cannot do better than to make them the basis of the present article.

The plan comprises the ideas of *co-operation*, with its *sequelæ* of economy and mutual aid. *Industry*, and the steady use of time in a given direction. *Singleness of aim*, that is to visit Palestine and Syria only, omitting Europe and all other countries that may offer attractions. *Simplicity*, having a programme at setting out, to *work up to it* every hour. *Piety*, making all researches *tell* in behalf of Bible study. Add to this a sufficient *time* in the sacred fields to accomplish the work that is on the programme.

Our idea of *co-operation* extends only to this, to make it the interest of every member to remain with the party. But there is no joint purse. Every person carries his own funds, and is strictly independent in his notions, being at liberty to leave the party at his own option. In case of one or more persons being taken sick, or meeting with accidents, it will not be required that the entire

movement should cease. In such cases, each member takes the same responsibility that he would if he went alone. At regular intervals the Committee of management (chosen by the members), assesses each member for his share of the current expenses. By the principle of co-operation these are kept within about half the amount that travelers are accustomed to pay; $700, (in gold) covering the cost of the round trip from New York and return.

The necessity of passing by so many places of interest in Europe, is deemed a hardship by some of our correspondents, as if they suppose they can see the world and all that is in it for $700. Of course, after the solid and useful part of the excursion is over, if any of the members desire to expend time and money and scatter all the useful impressions they have received, among the theatres and dissipations of Europe, they may do so. But we should make a poor display of our studies in practical economy if we could not see that in this way $700 soon turns into $1400. Nor is that the worst; the mind, filled and enlightened with the great truths of Bible Lands, becomes inflated with the frivolities of modern Europe, and so the real benefits of an eastern tour are lost. How many persons in my acquaintance, I can point to, to whom these animadversions may be applied!

We leave New York February 8, 1872; land at Alexandria, Egypt, March 4, and have eight days to visit the Pyramids, the Crossing Place of the Israelites, on the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal. Reaching Joppa, March 15, we tarry three days. Our agent, one of the directors of our Society, lives there, and will have everything ready for us in the way of transportation and provisions and native servants.

We reach Jerusalem, March 18; Jacob's Well, March 31; Nazareth, April 5; the Sea of Galilee, April 8; Mount Hermon, April 14; Damascus, April 18; Baalbec, April 22; Beyrout, April 25; Gaza, May 13; Hebron, May 19; Jerusalem, May 24; Joppa, May 26; and embark there to arrive home June 24. Of course, these dates are varied a day or two either way, but the footing up is the same.

To make this sketch plain, the reader will examine it on the map, and will see how thoroughly it bisects the country, and enables us, in the ample time allotted to the whole journey, to visit all important localities, from Joppa to Jerusalem—ten days for the circle, embracing the Dead Sea, &c.; Jerusalem northern, and embracing Bethel, Shiloh, Nablous, Samaria, &c.; Beyrout to Gaza embracing all the towns on the coast, Sidon, Tyre, Acre, &c. Seventy days amidst sacred scenes, spent industriously and systematically, is a period amply sufficient to familiarize the mind with places, customs of people, the animated creation, and the natural

history of the country traversed. The places where Sabbath rests will be had, are: Alexandria, Egypt; Suez; Jerusalem (two Sabbaths); Jacob's Well; Sea of Galilee; Mt. Hermon; Baalbec; Beyrout; Mt. Carmel; Gaza; Hebron.

The whole prospectus of these co-operative expeditions is in print, and will be sent free of charge, to those readers of the "Guardian," who contemplate a Holy Land journey.* It will be found exhaustive in answering all possible inquiries, having been prepared expressly for that purpose.

To make a good companion, on such a journey as this, each member ought to be a Christian in action as well as heart, an earnest, outspoken, uniform Christian, a genial, warm-hearted friend and brother. Strict rules of morality and discipline will be subscribed to by each, and enforced by the majority. A religious tone will pervade all the proceedings. Members must go prepared to submit to some privations, although food, ample and healthful, warm and clean beds and tent shelter, will be guaranteed to all. None but males can join this expedition; this is simply on the score of expense. The reader contemplating such a journey should begin at once to make preparations, acquiring enough of the French phrases, to converse at least brokenly, familiarizing himself with maps and histories, and particularly the history of histories, the Holy Scriptures. Among the questions to which the expedition next year will give special attention, are these, and it is expected that each member will make a speciality of some one of them, viz:

The capacity of Palestine to support the immense population accredited to it by ancient writers.

The capacity of Jerusalem from the same stand-point.

The probable change in the seasons of Palestine since historic times.

The acoustical property of the atmosphere.

The orange groves and fruit supplies generally.

The ancient tombs.

The ancient springs, wells, and fountains.

Inscriptions, coins, cities of refuge, &c., &c.

The limit of the party is one hundred. Professional gentlemen, teachers, physicians, counsellors at law, and ministers, will be solicited to select topics more nearly within the provision of their studies and experience. Copies of *all information* collected, must be furnished to the Society for preservation among our files, but may be used by the members respectively in any way they choose.

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*Address, Dr. Robert Morris, at Chicago, Illinois.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

A wounded boy lay on the field,
  A bitter field of death;
I, crouching near to catch the word,
  Borne on his parting breath,
Heard—"*Now I lay me*"—but no more
  The fainting sufferer saith.

With closed eyes he moans in pain;
  Again I bend me low,
Quick tremors thrill thro' all his frame,
  Then muttered, faint and slow—
"*I pray the Lord*"—falls on my ear,
  His words no further go.

His water flask I, filling, press
  Against his parched lips;
A smile flits o'er his lifted face
  As weariedly he sips,
But while "*If I should die,*" he says,
  The rest from memory slips.

Scarce breathing now, he seems to sleep,
  With pulsing, sunken cheek;
Exhausted life flows ebbing fast,
  Its hold how very weak!
Yet suddenly—"*My soul to take,*"
  He summons strength to speak.

"Poor lad!" I said, "a mother's prayer
  Lives in thy heart from yore;
A mother's love attends her child
  E'en to the farther shore;"
"*For Jesus' sake,*" he gasped aloud,
  Then sighed—and breathed no more!

A YOUNG HERO.

Our readers will perhaps remember a boy, who, several years ago, was cruelly beaten to death because he refused to tell a falsehood. By inches was he tortured, yet firmly held out to the bitter end. The following tells of a boy equally heroic.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old, the poor

little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course, he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. "He said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often enough been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship bound to this country finds, one or two days out to sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome as well as expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the little boy's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story, nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him, unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him on the yard-arm. A frightful threat, indeed! Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in his hand, counting tick-tick-tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid? no, not a bit!

Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth, and save your life, boy!"

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy then knelt down on the deck, with hands clasped, and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—*never!* All eyes were turned toward him, and sobs broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this—a poor, unfriended child willing to face death for truth's sake!

He could die; but lie—*never!* God bless him. Yes, God stands by those who stand by Him. And the rest of the voyage, you may well think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody now was ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.—*Child's Paper.*

THE SETTING SUN.

BY PROF. S. V. RUBY, A. M., PALATINATE COLLEGE, MEYERSTOWN, PA.

Oh! the sweetly setting sun,
  How it mellows at the rill,
How in beauty does it run,
  Thro' the vale and o'er the hill.

In its splendor I would live,
  While its grandeur feeds my soul,
And its loveliness does give
  Heart to hear the ages roll.

Welcome to its beauty then,
  Pictured in the soft blue sky,
Fast receding through the glen,
  Hastening but too soon to die.

When the dream of life is o'er,
  And its day is almost done,
Will my heart in music pour
  Welcome to its setting sun.

When the hour has come at last,
  And its beauty I have won,
I'll not look upon the past,
  But across that setting sun.

There to view the golden shore,
  There to see the life begun,
That will live for evermore,
  Far beyond this setting sun.

SAINT PAUL'S SOJOURN IN ARABIA.

BY PERKIOMEN.

St. Luke is silent concerning Paul's tarrying in the Syrian desert for three years—more or less. The reason for such a reticence is plain. Though the earliest of Church historians, Luke is still but an annalist rather, and records merely the public and *official* 'Acts of the Apostles.' He does not pretend to exhaust the personal and *inner* experiences of that choice order of holy men. Every member of the Apostolic circle came by his own peculiar ordeal into the sacred office—not by a way common to all.

As the *novitiate* period of his Christian history belongs rather to Paul himself, than to the Church in general, who, beside himself,

could inform us as to his whereabouts? Hence St. Luke's reticence is admirable, and delicately fine—fully as much so, as is Paul's revelation of the event, satisfactory.

True, the total ignoring of the Apostle's sojourn in Arabia in the ix. chapter of the Book of Acts, and the close coupling together of his conversion with his subsequent official labors, as well as the phrase—"and *straightway* he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God"—all this is apt to mislead the mere devotional reader, and leaves the impression on his mind, that Paul left the bloody path of the persecutor for the better way of the Apostle, the same day, as it were, and without so much even as any interval as a "feast of preparation." A brother, whose beard had more fully developed than his brain, pronounced us a liar—and with real *Johannean* authority too—for inserting a link which St. Paul himself furnishes us (Galatians i. 15–19). But it is hard to convince a *hairy-tic* of such an order.

PAUL'S AIM IN SOJOURNING IN ARABIA.

As Revelation is silent on this point, that position is to be taken only, which can be best sustained by argument. There are those who maintain that, Paul *preached the Gospel in Arabia.* Neander even inclines toward this view.

It may be piquantly asked, however;—*a*) Are there any traces of once or still existing congregations to be discovered in this field? *b*) Where and who are his converts and disciples? So faithful and efficient a servant would, we think, have harvested some fruits, of which the Church ought still to know something traditionally, at least. The monuments of an early Christian activity are still to be known and read of in territories no less waste and deserted.

Far more reasonable is the view advocated by our most critical theologians, which regards this Arabian episode in St. Paul's life, *as a preparatory season to his Apostolic career.*

I. It was for St. Paul a substitute for a parallel three years' personal intercourse with the Lord, which the other Apostles enjoyed. It was not meet that Paul should be behind them a whit in anything. Indeed he tells us so—2 Cor. xi. 5.

II. The temperament of St. Paul called for such a disciplinary ordeal. Retirement, meditation, prayer and fasting were admirable sedatives to follow in the wake of such a violent revolution of sentiment and belief. The study of Christian tradition and doctrine was thus rendered possible for him—not by means of any "conference with flesh and blood," but by direct and ecstatic communion with God. The Old Testament economy—with the letter of which we may allow him to have been abundantly familiar—must now be contemplated and interpreted in the spirit, and in its relation to

the New; and this not magically, but intelligently and supernaturally. Prejudices must be eradicated, and the plan of Redemption must be so implanted as to develop from out of himself. A calm is just as natural after a storm, as before it.

III. For the honor of the infant Church, such a temporary retirement was necessary. How indelicate must it not have seemed to St. Paul himself, to be anointed as an Apostle, before a sufficient time would elapse, in which to wash away the soil of persecution! Who could listen to Paul, as a minister of Jesus, while his hands were still red with the blood of saints? Reason, and Revelation, doubtless, joined in the suggestion—"Go and wash your hands!"

IV. The opposition which confronted him, both in Damascus and Jerusalem, *even after a retirement and comparative silence of three years*, confirms the view. Barnabas must mediate between the Church and Paul, ere they would trust him. Had he labored, however, as a Christian Apostle for the space of three years already even down in Arabia, the Church at Jerusalem would have heard of the fact, and would have had abundant time to believe and trust his conversion, as well as to rejoice over his mission. But concede a retirement for three years—more or less—and it is natural that the disciples should grow alarmed at his first advent and exclaim—"Beware of this bloody man!"

V. The record in Acts (ix. 20), does not militate against the view maintained, nor does it conflict with Paul's own teaching in his Epistle to the Galatians. The phrase "preached," is capable of a wider and narrower meaning. In the sense of "exhorting" —"solemnly declaiming," &c., we may concede that he *preached*. Indeed it seems proper that he should in this way have justified and explained himself in the synagogues, among his companions in the *Jewish* faith, and by a relation of his experience, endeavor to persuade them to follow him in their conversion.

We know too, that he served the Church in the inferior order of "prophet and teacher," down even to A. D., 44. But only at this date—seven years after his miraculous conversion—do we read of what we must regard as his ordination, at Antioch, and his regular commission, in consequence of which he now makes his formal appearance with independent authority as Apostle of the Gentiles.

Paul's Christian history can be best understood by following the now generally admitted system of chronology. According to this we learn, that he was thrice *called*—*a*) from his mother's womb; *b*) on his way to Damascus, and *c*) in the temple at Jerusalem, during his Pentecostal experience, or vision; that he was *converted* in or about the year 37; that he was *ordained*, finally, at Antioch, A. D., 44.

Thus some "seven years" intervened between his conversion and his official advent as the Apostle of the Gentiles. Leaving four of

the seven years, for him to have served the Church in a subordinate capacity of "teacher and prophet," at Antioch and elsewhere, we can afford to allot a margin of "three years" (less some months or days) to Paul's sojourn in Arabia—in solitude, retirement and with God.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE THREE KINGS, translated from the German of Gustav Nievitz, by Rebecca Schively. Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication, pp. 223.

An excellent volume, such as rarely grace our Sunday School libraries. The author weaves a beautiful and edifying story out of the Wise Men of the East, who were led by the star to the cradle of the new-born Saviour. According to an old tradition, he makes these wise men to be three kings. Where these kings came from, who they were, how they met and traveled together, and how they found the child Jesus with Mary and Joseph in the stable, and how the German king found his lost little girl aside of the manger —all this the book sweetly tells. Few Sunday School books suit so well for Christmas reading as this—indeed suit so well for any other season of the year.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

The following are the contents of this monthly, for October: 1) An Island on Fire, Illustrated. *T. M. Coan;* 2) The Last of the Pequods, Illustrated. *Bensing J. Lossing;* 3) Was Adam the First Man? *Enoch J. Fancher;* 4) The Philosophy of Good Wealth. *Edward Spencer;* 5) Sonnet. *Rachel G. Alsop;* 6) Water, Its Ways and Uses, Illustrated; 7) How the Storm Came, Illustrated. *W. E. D.*; 8) The Eleventh Cot. *Albert Webster, Jr.;* 9) A Summer Trip to Newfoundland. *S. G. W. Benjamin*; 10) The Cloak-Cubby and the Blue Room. How we lost Aunt Fanny. *Mrs. E. A. Walker*; 11) The Rajah's Gift. *Sarah H. Browne;* 12) Wilfrid Cumbermede: An Autobiogphical Story. Chapters, xliii–xlvii. *George MacDonald;* 13) In the Valley of Shadows. Poem. *H. E. Wanner;* 14) Topics of the Time. *Charles Scribner.* Shepherds and their Flocks. The Difficulty with Dickens. The Improved American; 15) The Old Cabinet. The Shaker Service at Mount Lebanon; 16) Home and Society. Best Parlors. Forest Furnishings; 17) Culture and Progress Abroad; 18) Culture and Progress at Home; 19) Etchings, A New England Town Meeting. Designed by *C. G. Bush.*

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia

Vol. XXII. NOVEMBER, 1871. No. 11.

"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. Bausman, A.M., Editor.

PHILADELPHIA:
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THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII.—NOVEMBER, 1871.—No. 11.

MAGDALENA LENZ, OR A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS.

From the German, published anonymously by the Rauhe Haus.

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

III.

"Mother," Wilhelm began, "why do you persist in believing that she is still alive? If she were dead, we should not hear her name any more. We have never heard from her since father wrote that letter to her; indeed, we do not even know whether she ever received it or not. She had left her place already before that time. Many a one has died, who———"

"O Willy, Willy, do not say such things! you will break my heart," interrupted his mother, with a long sigh. She composed herself instantly; for she longed so to make him believe as she did. "You have never asked, and you are too much like your father for me to tell you, unless you should ask—but I chose to live in this part of M., just in order to be near Lina's old home. Directly after we came here, I visited the family she had lived with, and asked to speak with them. I would have reproached them for sending away my poor child, without letting us know what they intended to do. But they were in trouble, and seemed so distressed, that I had not the heart to do it. Still, I asked about our Lina. The master would have sent her away at once—may he meet with more mercy in the world where he has gone, than he showed to my poor child!—and when his wife asked Lina whether she should write to us, she only shook her head. The mistress urged her, until the poor girl fell on her knees before her, and entreated her not to do it; for it would break my heart, as, God knows, it has done! and" here the unhappy mother's dis-

tress almost choked her utterance, "and her father would curse her! Oh, Lord, grant me patience!" for a few minutes she could not speak.

"And the poor girl threatened that she would throw herself into the canal, if the lady should write to us, and, and so—Well, at any rate, I have found a trace of my child. The mistress thought that she had gone to the hospital; so I went there, and found that indeed she had been there, but that they had sent her away as soon as she was strong enough to go, telling her she was young and healthy enough to work. But oh, how could she get work, and what could she do, to support both herself and her little child?"

Wilhelm heard his mother's tale with the deepest sympathy, yet not unmingled with the old, bitter sense of shame. But now, when she had opened her heart to him, the bar that had closed his, was removed, and after a few minutes' silence, he said:

"Mother, I think I had better go home, Thomas can stay with you. I know I ought to stay here too, but I cannot,—I cannot stay and be at peace, so near to *her*—without seeing her—I mean Susanna Palm."

"Has old Herr Palm, of whom you have told me, a daughter?"

"Yes, he has. And I love her more than is good for me. And this is why I want to leave M. Now you know all."

Frau Lenz tried in vain to understand the sense of his words.

"Why, could you not tell her, then, that you love her? You are surely not ill-looking. You are diligent and strong, and could support her well. When I die, you will have the Meadow Farm; and, indeed, I would give it up to you now, and earn my living by a little washing and ironing. It seems to me a strange way of winning her, to leave M."

"Oh, mother, she is so good and gentle, and so pure. No breath of sin has ever come near her, and could I ask her to marry me, when I know how it has been with Lina, and how much worse we have to fear? I do not know whether she would think of one like me, in any case; but when she learns about my sister, it would open such a gulf between us, as she would shudder to pass. You do not know how good she is, mother!"

"Wilhelm, if she is really so good, she will pity such a child as my poor Lina. If she could have no sympathy for her, she would be a hard, self-righteous Pharisee, and you would do well to think no more of her."

He only shook his head and sighed, and, for the time, the subject was dropped.

But a new train of thoughts had been awakened in the mind of Frau Lenz, and occupied her attention almost exclusively. She

thought she must go and see Susanna Palm, and speak for her Wilhelm, and tell her about Lina, and just according to the compassion she might show for the poor erring girl, the mother would know her to be worthy or unworthy. So she resolved to visit Susanna on the next afternoon, without imparting her intention to any one.

She put on her old-fashioned black taffeta bonnet, trimmed with real lace, and the scarlet shawl, which she had worn ever since her marriage, and, cleanly and neat as ever, set out for her visit.

Anna Lenz knew that the Palms lived in the Kronen-strasse, but did not remember where she had learned this, nor exactly where their house stood; so, modestly inquiring her way, she reached the street about a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon. She stopped before a window, at which a woman was looking out, and inquired their number; the woman told her that Susanna's school would not be closed until four o'clock, and invited her to come in and rest while she waited.

"Have you known Susanna Palm for a long time?" asked Frau Lenz, after a little conversation.

"Just as long as they have lived in our street. Our Sophie goes to her school."

"What kind of a young girl is she?—I have never seen her. Is she proud?"

"Proud? anything but that! I have never in my life, seen any one so unassuming. She is one, who, wherever she goes, seems always to do just the right thing—the thing needed, at the moment. Little services, perhaps, such as any one could do, but which no one else would think of. She always carries her thimble in her pocket, and, at night, when the children are gone to bed, she will put their clothes in order, sewing on a button, or mending a rent, where it was needed. She writes all of old Elizabeth Klemm's letters to her grand-daughter, who is away at service; and she is never in any one's way, nor ever troublesome, which is itself a great deal to say, as I think. But there go the children; the school is out. Now, ma'am, you will find her ready either to listen or to help. But none of us ever venture to disturb her during school-hours."

The heart of poor Frau Lenz beat fast; for all she heard made Susanna seem quite a lady. She knocked timidly at the door, which was pointed out to her, and when it was opened, courtesied without speaking. Susanna had her little niece on her arm, but she put her down, and placed a chair for her visitor, in the pleasantest corner, as soon as Frau Lenz had told her who she was.

"It was not Wilhelm who asked me to come," the mother said, apologetically. "I myself wished to see you and speak with you."

Susanna blushed to her very temples, and stooped to take up the little toddling child at her feet. After a pause of a minute or two, Frau Lenz resumed:

"Wilhelm thinks you cannot respect us any longer, when you know all; but I am sure you will sympathize with us in the trouble God has permitted to fall upon us. So I put on my bonnet and came here, without saying anything about it to the boys. Every one says you are good, and that God has mercifully kept you from straying from His ways; but perhaps you have never been so tried and tempted as some others are. Perhaps I am speaking too freely, but my heart is almost broken, and I cannot choose and order my words like those who are happy. Listen, I will tell you all the truth! Wilhelm is afraid for you to hear it, but I will conceal nothing from you. You must know"—but here the poor woman stopped, and could only rock nervously backward and forward, gazing fixedly into Susanna's face, with her sad eyes, as though they could have revealed to her, the sorrow her tongue refused to speak. Her look drew tears from the young girl's eyes, and as though this token of sympathy had reassured the mother, and given her new power to express herself, she continued in a low tone:

"I had a daughter, loved as the apple of my eye. Her father thought I made too much of her, and that she would be spoiled, if she stayed at home. So he said she should go away among strangers. She was young, and the idea of seeing a little of the world, pleased her. Her father heard of a place here in M. But I will not weary you. The poor girl was led astray, and the first news we received of it, was, that a letter from her father to her, was sent back by the people with whom she lived, with the word, that she had left her place, or rather, that the master had sent her away as soon as he learned her condition,—and she was not yet seventeen!"

She sobbed aloud, and Susanna, too, wept. The little girl looked up into their faces, and feeling their distress, though not understanding it, she too, began to weep and cry, Susanna lifted her gently into her lap, and hiding her face on the little neck for a moment, sought to repress her own tears, that she might comfort the mother. At last she said:

"Where is she now?"

"I do not know," replied Frau Lenz, checking her sobs, to impart this aggravation of sorrow. "Madame Leman told me—"

"Madame Leman? Which Madame Leman?"

"The one who lives in Fleming Street. She told me that my child had gone from her house to the hospital. I will say nothing against the dead,—but if her father had but left me free to do as

I pleased—but he was one who had no idea—no, I will not talk of it—better say nothing at all. Still, he forgave her on his dying bed."

"Will you take the child from me for a moment?"

"Certainly, if she will come to me. Children used to love me, but now, my face has grown so sad and worn with grieving, that I am afraid I almost frighten them."

But the little one clung close to her beloved Susanna; so she carried her up stairs with her. Frau Lenz sat alone below, how long she could not have told. Directly, however, Susanna returned, bringing a bundle of little clothing, nearly worn out.

"You must listen to me, for a little while, and not think too much of what I am going to tell you. Anna is not my niece, nor any relation to me, so far as I know. I used to go out every day to sew. One evening, as I was coming home, I thought a woman was following me, and turned around to see. The woman, before I could see her face—she had turned it away from me—offered me something. Involuntarily I held out my hands to receive it, and she gave me a bundle, with a bitter cry of anguish, which wrung my heart. It was a very little child; when I looked around, the woman was gone, quick as lightning. There was a very small bundle of clothing with the baby, little dresses, that looked as if they had been cut down from the mother's; for they were of large patterns, such as we do not choose for children.

"I have always loved little children; but my father thinks I could not have known very well what I was doing; for it was a very cold night. So when I found that the street was almost deserted—it was nearly ten o'clock—and there was no one who could take the little creature from me, I brought it home, and warmed it. Father was very much displeased, when he came home, and said that I must take it the next morning to the police, that it might be put in the poor-house; indeed, he quite scolded me. But when morning came, I could not find it in my heart to give the little one up, especially since it had slept all night in my arms; and I had heard how little children are brought up, in the poor-house. So I talked with my father, and told him I would give up going out to work, and stay at home and open a school, if I might keep the child. He thought a little while, and then said, that if I could earn enough in that way, for him to have all the necessaries and conveniences he was accustomed to, I might do as I pleased. But he never has cared much for the child.

"No! no! do not tremble so! I have but little more to tell, and perhaps I am doing wrong to say so much. But I used sometimes to work for Madame Leman, in Fleming Street, and I heard the servants talking of Magda's being sent away; that was what

they called her there. I did not know whether I had ever seen her; but the time corresponded with the age of the child, and I have sometimes almost believed it to be her's. And now, would you like to look at the little dresses? Poor, dear soul—God help her!"

But Frau Lenz had become insensible. It was some time before Susanna could restore her to consciousness. And now she sat in eager, trembling impatience to see the little garments. Among them lay a paper, which Susanna had forgotten to mention, and which had been fastened to the bundle. Upon it was written, in a stiff, awkward hand:

"Call her Anna. She does not cry much, and can already talk a little. God bless her, and forgive me!"

The writing gave no clue; but the name, Anna, common though it was, seemed to afford grounds for suspecting that the child was Lina's. But, as soon as Frau Lenz had seen the little dress, she recognized the material which she and her daughter had bought at Steinthal. She rose, and held her hands, as in blessing, over Susanna's bowed head.

"God bless you," she said, "and may His mercy be upon you in your hour of need; for this that you have done for my child."

She took the infant in her arms, and trying to call a smile upon her sad face, exclaimed over and over again:

"Anna, Anna, my darling little Anna!"

"The child has her eyes!" she said to Susanna.

"I have never seen her, so far as I know. I think it must be her child, by the dress. But where can she herself be?"

"God knows!" returned Frau Lenz. "I cannot believe that she is dead. I am sure she must be alive!"

"No, she is not dead! Now and then a little package is slipped under our front door, with two eight shilling pieces, or sometimes a dollar in it; once there was a whole ducat. I have now, nineteen marks and seven shillings laid by for little Anna. I never touch the money, but I have often thought that it must be a pleasure to the poor mother to bring it for her child. Father spoke of engaging the police to watch for her, but I said, 'No;' for I feared that if she were watched, she would not come any more, and her coming seemed to me so sacred a labor, that I could not find it in my heart to interrupt it."

"Oh, if we could but find her! I would take her in my arms, and then we might lie down and die together."

"No, no, do not say so!" Susanna expostulated, gently; "for after all that is past and gone, she may yet be brought into the right way. So it was with Mary Magdalene, you know."

"Ah, I was right! I thought better of you than Wilhelm did.

He feared you would never care to see him again, if you knew about poor Lina."

"I am sorry he thought me so hard-hearted," said the young girl, blushing, and in a low tone. And Frau Lenz, in her motherly heart, feared that she had injured Wilhelm in Susanna's eyes.

"You see, Willy thinks so highly of you! In his eyes, gold is scarcely good enough for you to tread upon. He said, you would scarcely think of him at all, more especially as he is the brother of a poor lost girl. He loves you so well, that nothing he possesses seems good enough to come near you. But he is a good young man, and a kind son, and he would be a good husband, if you would have him. Pray do not think less of him for anything I have said."

But Susanna sat with bowed head, without answering. She had, until this time, scarcely suspected that Wilhelm regarded her with affection; and even yet, the words of Frau Lenz seemed to promise too much happiness. She could scarcely realize their truth. And maidenly modesty led her to refrain from any word or look, that might reveal her own feelings to a third person, even though that person were Wilhelm's mother. She, therefore, turned the conversation again upon the child.

"I am certain, he must love little Anna," she said. "There never was such a sweet, affectionate little creature as she is. Do you not think she will steal his heart, when he knows she is his own little niece, and perhaps will make him think lovingly of his poor sister?"

"I do not know," replied Frau Lenz, shaking her head. "He has something in his eye that is like his father; that makes me doubtful. But he is good, through and through. But you see, I do not know exactly how to deal with people; a stern look distresses me so much, that I say just the opposite of what I should say, I am so confused. There is nothing I should like better, than to take little Anna home with me; but Thomas does not know that his sister is not dead, and I cannot talk with Wilhelm about it. I have not the heart to do so. But do not think ill of Wilhelm for this. He is so good himself, that he cannot understand how any one can do wrong, and above all, I know he loves you dearly."

"I do not think I could part with my little Nannie," said Susanna, wishing to divert the mother from talking of Wilhelm's affection for herself. "He will soon learn to love her; I am sure of that. Meanwhile, I will watch closely for the mother, and try to keep her, the next time she comes with her little package of money."

"Yes, Susanna, we must indeed, try to find her! My poor Lina. I do love you, for your compassion for my child; but oh, if you could restore her to me, I would pray for you, even though I were so near death, that I could no longer speak a word. And so long as I live, I will serve you, next to *her*, for she is the first. God bless you, Susanna! my heart is so much lighter than when I came here. But the boys will be looking for me, and I must go, and leave this little treasure behind," she said, kissing the child. "If I can bring myself to do it, I shall tell Wilhelm all that has passed between us. He may come again and see you, may he not?"

"I know that father will always be glad to see him," was Susanna's reply. But her manner satisfied the mother's anxious heart, that she had not injured her son's cause, and after kissing the little girl tenderly, over and over again, and uttering once more a heartfelt blessing upon Susanna, with tears in her eyes, she turned her steps homeward.

(*To be Continued.*)

MEASURING THE BABY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And heart like a jewelled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the blue birds whistled
  High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never for a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice sill!

His eyes were wide as blue bells—
  His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day.
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the rising dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
  Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childish moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown!

—*Hearth and Home.*

A RIDE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A friend wishing to give his pastor a pleasant airing on the Schuylkill mountains, invited us to a ride. It was early in October. He being an officer on the P. & R. R., had occasion to make a business visit along this road in the mountains. We two rode in a special car, a small coach where the engine is in the car, and the passenger sits on, or aside of the boiler. It is a charming autumn day. The car is ready. "All aboard." Away we go; through deep cuts, through bridges, around curves our bustling coach puffs and rolls. We have seen autumn leaves in many a clime, but never any to equal those on the mountains, a few miles north of Hamburg. A score of tints, and of various shades of color,—dark red, scarlet, light and dark yellow, the green of the pine, etc., all blended in the enchanting picture, seen in the pure morning air two hours after sunrise. Others agree with us in the judgment, that the autumn foliage in the coal regions has its own peculiar colors, found nowhere else. The underground mineral

qualities seem to paint the trees they nourish with a rare glory. Was there ever a mortal born, however great a master in his art, who could worthily represent such a scene with the pencil? Verily do we believe, that as our Saviour said of the lilies of the East, we might say of these mountains—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

One feels a peculiar pleasure in traveling in a special car. He is near the engineer, and can see how he handles the helm. He can stop wherever he pleases. Besides there is a certain sense of self-importance in the thing. The engineer is the driver, whose coach is at your service. A privilege not usually accorded to travelers.

We followed a regular passenger train. The little thing skipped after the noisy locomotive, like a lap dog after a Newfoundland. Now its shrill whistle would bark close on the heels of the train, then it would follow more leisurely at a distance. At every turn some new thing hove in sight. One new thing, among the rest, that for a few moments was not so pleasant. The large train struck a cow lying on the track, without pulling her out of our way.

Our car dashed after its larger rival. The engineer tried to reverse the motion, but the furious wheels would not stop. On the boiler sat our friend, turning slightly pale. Aside of him sat we, whether pale or otherwise, no one seems to know. "What is the good man thinking about just now?" He having been a sailor, and a practical engineer, we took it for granted that he knew how matters would go. "You turned pale," we remarked to him afterwards.

"Yes, for your sake," he kindly replied.

"But I sat still."

"Yes, so did I."

To sit still at such a time requires some nerve. Many a thought flitted through our minds during those ten seconds. Would the car simply leap over the cow, and keep on the rails? Would it be thrown off the track? If off, would I be on the left side? If on that, then it would roll down the bank. If down the bank, would not the capsized engine roll on us? Perhaps pour its boiling water on us? We had not time to think of all this before, but after the accident. The small car slipped off the rails, providentially slipped to the right, and jolted a short distance over the cross-ties. But was it not a naughty trick for the large train to leave such a stumbling-block in the way of the little skipper? While a wreck train attended to the little unfortunate, another coach, no larger, picked us up on our way. It is marvellous how the skill and industry of man has traversed these mountains with rail roads. Up to their tops long trains, with great labor climb. Ours playfully bore us up steep mountains, giving us many a

lovely outlook over deep, narrow dells, all clothed in richest hues. O, this is glorious! The air so mild and genial. No grain fields, or farms of any kind are here found. Nature has laid away her wealth under earth. Above ground she spends her affluent strength in creating scenes of beauty and grandeur. All the summer hath she wrought at these leaves. The sun, the earth, the air have wrought together, and now what a handiwork doth cover these rugged mountains!

It is a novel way of calling on one's friends, this riding in a special car. A few minutes at Schuylkill Haven, were enough to exchange brief greetings with a clerical brother. A half hour in Pottsville, was pleasantly spent in seeing some of its sights. A half hour on the summit of Mahanoy Plains afforded one of the most charming views in Pennsylvania. A half hour at Tamaqua was spent in a pleasant promenade with a ministerial brother of that place.

There is no class of men in this country, to whose hands so many human lives are committed as those of engineers; none whose work is proportionally so little appreciated as theirs. Hundreds of passengers sit for hundreds of miles on their comfortable seats, without ever thinking that their safety, under God, depends on the man at the engine. There he steadily stands with sleepless care, through cold, dark nights, speaking little, but thinking much; watching the gauge of the boiler, watching the road ahead, watching the clock, and with skillful caution working his engine. Half of his passengers may be asleep, at his post he never. Not one in ten thousand ever thanks him for carrying him safely over the journey. Yet it is the engineer, more than any other one, that does it.

This morning I watched our brave guide. He saw approaching danger, saw that he might be scalded, or crushed to death. He was standing at the rear of the car. One leap through the open door would have put him beyond danger. But there he stood at his place, as firm as a rock, guiding his craft with his keen eye and steady hand as best he could; if it lead him to death, he will die at his post. For aught we know, he may not be a Christian, perhaps a man of rough speech, but he is a brave man, who sticks to his post in time of danger. And at his post he stood, all day long, never taking his piercing eagle eye off of the road ahead, setting his engine a whistling at the sight of man or beast, or the slightest bend in the road. Where is there a class of men who serve the public to the same extent, and at so great a risk and sacrifice as these engineers?

Most pleasing to me was it to witness the gentle care this man bestowed on his car. During the brief pauses in our journey, he

patted the polished parts with unconscious pride, as though the engine were a thing of life and feeling; as the kind driver caresses his faithful pretty horse, and strokes his shaggy mane, so caressed, the engineer his car. Again and again would he walk around it, and with a cloth carefully wipe off the oil and dust, in other words clean its hands and face, as carefully as a mother washes and wipes the face of her child.

Now for the moral of our story. 1. People travel a great distance at home and abroad, to visit art galleries, and see the works of the great masters. Greater works than these does the Master of all great masters hang over the earth, and allows high and low, rich and poor, to see them without money, and without price. It is wise to cultivate a habit of noticing and enjoying the thousand beautiful objects, which the lavish hand of the bountiful Creator spreads over the earth. Those, who spend little time out of doors in spring and autumn, lose immeasurably more than those who are deprived of seeing the most famous Galleries of Art in the world. Learn to look at the starry heavens, the green meadows, the mountains robed in gorgeous beauty, with a receptive, appreciative heart.

2. The courage, skill, and watchfulness of the faithful engineer should teach Christians a solemn lesson. They, too, are called to watch, to be zealous in good works, and "having done all, to stand." Deserting one's post in time of trial, or danger, is treason in the Christian no less than in the civil sphere. Thus stood the old martyrs, stood up for Christ, until they were torn by wild beasts, burned at the stake, or crucified. Blessed is he, who! with a watchful eye, and a brave heart looks ahead whether his Christian road is clear, and if not, learns how to meet danger and death.

3. How mercifully and mightily God watches over us. In our boyhood an associate of ours became an assistant engineer on the rail road. An accident upset the engine. Under the wreck he was held fast, whilst the boiling water poured on him. The disfigured form of our friend, as we last saw him in his coffin, haunts us to this day. The hand of Our Father kept us from injury and death; keeps us thus every day, when most of the time we are unconscious of His care, and what is worse, ungrateful for it. How wise, how comforting to commit ourself every morning and evening into the hands of Israel's keeper, who "shall neither slumber nor sleep."

"When I sleep my Guardian wakes,
And revives my wearied mind;
Every morning on me breaks
With some mark of love most kind;

Had my God not stood my Friend,
Had His countenance not been
Here my guide, I had not seen
Many a trial reach its end,
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye."

TALK ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

Sun Spots.

BY A. F. BECHDOLT.

In our last talk with you, we endeavored to make clear to you how scientific men have succeeded, in finding out so many things about the nature of the Sun, by means of the spectroscope. This instrument, as we explained to you then, chiefly consists of a three cornered piece of glass, called a prism. All that was spoken of in our last talk was found out, by immersing the spectroscope in a beam of sunlight. We had the general light of the Sun there to deal with, and considered the Sun as a whole, just as we would a star that gives us only a glimmering beam of light.

The Sun is a star, but it is the nearest star to us, and is so large that we can examine only part of it at a time with the telescope. The star nearest to the Sun is distant from the Sun 7000 times the Sun's distance from us; that is 7000 times 91,000,000 miles. Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Neptune, etc., are not stars proper, but are planets, bodies moving around our Sun. Stars are suns just like our Sun, only God has placed them so far from us, that they seem to be little spots of light.

This time we are to speak to you about Sun spots. Over two hundred years ago it had already been noticed, that the Sun was not equally bright, that there are spots on it brighter than the surrounding portion, which those people called "faculæ," or torches, and also dark spots, called by them "maculæ," or spots. They had a very definite notion, as they thought, as to what a Sun spot really was. In a drawing over two hundred years old, the bright spots are represented by large fires, and the dark spots by dense columns of smoke. Sir William Herschel had announced in the last century, that the Sun was probably a cool globe, and that it might have on it mountains, rivers, valleys, and woods just like our earth, that it was surrounded by bright clouds, which gave us light. The Sun spots were rifts in the clouds, exposing the cool surface of the cool globe beneath.

From the last talk you know that the spectroscope has upset this theory, and proved the Sun to be an intensely hot body.

From observations made during a long period, we know that these spots are not of a uniform darkness. There are irregular bright portions mingled among them. These spots are never constant, but change immensely in the space of ten minutes. If we follow a spot around to the edge of the Sun, as it revolves, we find that they are saucer-like hollows.

Sometimes the moon comes between us and the Sun so that no light comes to us from the Sun. Around the edge of the Sun, when eclipsed, are seen bright points and prominences of light. Some of these prominences are from twenty-seven thousand to eighty thousand miles high.

But outside there are often seen bands of light, and rays such as painters love to paint about the head of Christ. These bands and rays are supposed to indicate a comparatively cool atmosphere around the Sun. This atmosphere must be cooler than the Sun itself, else there could be no dense vapors between us and the Sun, and consequently no dark lines or absorption bands, as they are called, in the spectrum.

In order to examine the Sun bit by bit, we must use the telescope, and so arrange matters, that we shall receive through it only the light of that portion of the Sun we wish to examine. But, as you can easily see by a moment's thought, the telescope will transmit to us not only the light desired, but also some of the atmospheric light, which would give us a continuous spectrum from red to violet. To the eye-glass of the telescope a spectroscope is attached, having more than one prism. The one used by Mr. Norman Lockyer, who probably knows more about the Sun than any other man living, has seven prisms. It has been observed, that when the rays from a body giving a continuous spectrum are passed through a number of prisms, they are absorbed or gobbled up. This is not the case with the rays from a body giving only a partial spectrum.

If now we turn our instrument on one of the "maculæ," or spots, we have the dark lines of hydrogen, sodium, etc. These dark lines are thickened also. This proves to us, that, between us and the surface of the glowing Sun, there is a comparatively cool vapor of hydrogen, sodium, etc., absorbing the light from the glowing body beneath. Hence the spot seems dark to us. The thickening of the lines is due to the immense pressure these cool masses of vapor are subject to, as has been proved by experiments on gases confined in tubes and then examined by the spectroscope

If next we turn our instrument on to the "facula," or brightest bit of Sun we can find, we have here no dark lines, and the lines that are thickened in the "macula" are thin in the "facula."

The prominences seen on the edge of the Sun are called by

many "red flames," "red prominences." They give to us the spectrum of hydrogen; furthermore, hydrogen when heated by electric discharge is red. Hence we cannot go wrong to call them hydrogen flames. Whenever there is a storm on the Sun, and these red hydrogen flames shoot up, there are injected into them underneath vapors, whose bright lines we see thickened and dark in a spot

We spoke above of a storm in the Sun. It remains for us to prove, that such a wind storm does exist there. We have told you of these bright and dark spots, and that in the space of ten minutes bright spots frequently change into dark ones. We have shown you, that these dark spots are cooler masses of vapor undergoing great density. If now we can prove, that these bright spots are vapor masses, flames, shooting up at the rate of thirty or forty miles a second, up into the Sun's atmosphere to the distance of from twenty-seven thousand to eighty thousand miles, we must conclude that there are terrible storms on the Sun. In order to do this we must go back and consider what light is. Light is a wave-like motion of particles in the air. These are not air particles, but ether particles, an infinitely rare and elastic medium, diffused throughout all nature and permeating even the most solid bodies.

A ray of light is made up of seven primary colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. To produce these colors there are light waves of different lengths, and moving at different rates of motion.

The motions that produce red are slower, and the waves longer than those that produce violet, the other extreme of the spectrum. We can illustrate this by a fiddle string. If the bow is drawn across it slowly so that the vibration will be slow, and the waves of the string long we have a deep note; if quickly, a shrill, high note. There are sound and light waves, moving so slow or so fast, that the ear and the eye cannot take them in.

Let us take two other illustrations. If a person is walking and a procession of soldiers is coming toward him in single file, it is plain that he will meet more soldiers in a given time, than if he were standing still. It is the same as if he were standing still, and the procession were moving at their rate of motion with his added on to it. If a strong swimmer in the surf at the ocean side is swimming against the waves, he will meet more waves, and they will seem to be shorter to him, than if he were standing still and the waves broke over him. On the contrary, if he is swimming with the waves, he will meet less waves, and they will seem longer to him than if he stood still and they broke over him.

Now we may take the light coming to us from the Sun and stars to be such waves, and the earth to be the swimmer. The

stars have, many of them, a color peculiar to themselves. If such a star is moving toward us, and we toward it, more waves of light will come to the earth in a certain time, than if one or the other body stood still, or moved in a direction perpendicular to one another's course. The reverse holds true, if they move from one another. In the one case the light waves are quickened, and the color of the star approaches nearer to the violet end of the spectrum. In the other case they will be retarded, and the color will approach the red end of the spectrum.

Let us turn now to the Sun. Light moves at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second, and it would seem as if this motion were so immense, that we could not compare the motions of these gas flames with it, and yet these flames give as clear a change of wave length as when a star is transferred from one space to another. In the spectroscope the lines from these sun spots are not really straight, but twist now toward the violet end, now toward the red end of the spectrum. These contortions change with every moment of time. By carefully measuring these contortions the rate of motion is calculated. If the twisting is toward the violet end, the region of shorter waves, the flames are then shooting up towards us, if they are toward the red end, the region of longer waves, the flames are going from us, that is they are sinking down into the Sun. We can watch storms pass over the Sun at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in a second, that is ten thousand and eight hundred times faster than an express train, moving at the rate of forty miles in an hour. We can see the Sun's covering torn up and carried high up into the solar atmosphere, at the rate of forty miles a second, and then again down into the Sun, how far we cannot tell.

In conclusion, what shall we say? Before the Infinite majesty displayed in such a creation, man stands stupified. We know this, and with our hearts should we continually speak it. God has done all this that man should see and glorify Him for it.

INTIMACY WITH THE HEAVENLY WORLD.—The nearer one gets to the heavenly world, and the more he is in sympathy with all holy spirits, the less is the probability that he will ever lose the life of God in the soul. And if any one feels a painful foreboding of apostasy from Christ, let him hasten from the *frontier* of God into its interior, and there, with his soul deeply fixed in God, let him forever rest. * * The intellect can never rest until it has attained the true knowledge of God. * * * The obedience rendered to God by those who dwell in love, is not a chain which the soul reluctantly drags, but a wreath of freedom which it rejoices to wear.—*Evans' Happy Islands.*

THE WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the first half of the last century Weymouth, Massachusetts, was an humble country village. It then had a small Congregational Church, whose pastor was the Rev. William Smith. He is said to have been a man of humble means and habits, but of earnest piety and ardent zeal. Himself, and wife, and a few affectionate daughters, constituted their happy home circle. The children received a good home training and education, but nothing more. Indeed this home education then, was more thorough and practically useful than many a young lady now-a-days receives from a full course of study in institutions of learning.

It seems that, in the last century, many good people were, from principle, opposed to sending their daughters away to school. It was thought they were in danger of learning more evil than good therein. That it would turn their heads, fill them with vanity and conceit, and make them unwilling to perform the practical duties of life. So-called "female learning," was a subject of ridicule. Mrs. Adams assures us, that in her day "female education, in the best families, went no further than reading, writing, and arithmetic; in some, and rare instances, music and dancing."

Abigail Smith, who afterwards became the wife of John Adams, did not even receive the limited benefits of the small village school. On account of her delicate health she was deprived of this advantage. But her pious and intelligent parents were better teachers for their daughter than the best schools could then afford; indeed, perhaps better than any could now afford. For, many a school girl with all the education and artificial polish that the most popular female seminaries afford, returns home with false views of life and very often a character that unfits her to be a kind and obedient child. No longer than thirty years ago, good Dr. J. W. Alexander said: "I find no girls decently educated except at home or in the country."

Abigail Smith could not parade a diploma. A poor figure would she make among many of the elated lady graduates of our day, who assume airs of great learning, and regard home duties a drudgery intended only for servant-girls. In later life she says: "I have not forgotten the excellent lessons which I received from

my grandmother, at a very early period of life. I frequently think they made more durable impression upon my mind than those which I received from my own parents. I love and revere her memory; her lively, cheerful disposition animated all around her, while she edified all by her unaffected piety. This tribute is due to the memory of those virtues, the sweet remembrance of which will flourish though she has long slept with her ancestors."

One is surprised to find, that this home-spun education should produce the highest style of mental cultivation. In the last century the country was yet thinly settled. Young people ordinarily had few facilities for social intercourse. In the absence of railroads, they could not, in a few hours, exchange visits with friends fifty miles off. These inconveniences gave rise to frequent correspondence by letter. And nothing is better adapted to cultivate an elegant and clear style, than letter-writing. In the absence of social intercourse they sought society in books. These were always at hand to entertain them with their charming style and thoughts. Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Adams, and many ladies of that time quote from many of the best English authors with a marvellous readiness. Rarely do they quote from a work of fiction. They sought to store their minds with facts and not visionary gossamer webs.

Take the following as a specimen extract from a letter of Abigail Smith to a friend.

You have, like King Ahasuerus, held forth, though not a golden sceptre, yet one more valuable,—the sceptre of friendship, if I may so call it. Like Esther, I would draw nigh and touch it. Well, you proceed and say, 'What wilt thou,' and 'What is thy request? It shall be given thee though it be half of my heart.' Why no, I think I will not have so dangerous a present, lest your good man should find it out and challenge me.

And now let me ask you, whether you do not think that many of our disappointments, and much of our unhappiness, arise from our forming false notions from things and persons. We strangely impose on ourselves; we create a fairy land of happiness. Fancy is fruitful, and promises fair, but like the dog in the fable, we catch at a shadow, and, when we find the disappointment, we are vexed not with ourselves, who are really the impostors, but with the poor, innocent thing, or person, of whom we have formed such strange ideas.

You bid me tell one of my sparks—I think that was the word—to bring me to see you. Why I believe you think they are as plenty as herrings, when, alas, there is as great a scarcity of them as there is of justice, honesty, prudence, and many other virtues. I've no pretensions to one. Wealth, wealth is the only thing that is looked after now. 'Tis said Plato thought, if virtue would appear to the world, all mankind would be enamored of her; but now interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean."

So it would seem that, then as now, people worshiped at the shrine of wealth; and that young ladies were expected to love

young gentlemen, on account of what they possessed and not of what they were. For I suspect that poor Abigail Smith had an unwilling controversy between her heart and her father. A certain John Adams, whose father tried to support his family on a small farm, paid his addresses to good Parson Smith's second daughter. Many pious people of that day regarded the law as a profession, in which it was hard for a man to enter the kingdom of heaven. John Adams was a lawyer, the son of a poor man. Notwithstanding, Abigail Smith loved him, to the great annoyance of her father. It is possible, that the father, besides objecting to the lawyer, feared that his daughter might come to want by marrying a poor man. Then too, he may have thought, that the family on the small farm were socially inferior to that of the pastor. Even his members made considerable ado about it; they perhaps more than her father.

The eldest daughter, Mary, was married first, to Richard Cranch. The parents were greatly pleased with the choice of their daughter. So much so, that, on the Sunday following the wedding, Parson Smith preached on the text, "And *Mary* hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her." The newly-wedded couple were present, most likely fancying that every body was looking at them during the sermon.

Next came Abigail's turn. She was twenty years of age. She will have John Adams, and no other. Of course, such a pious daughter as she is, grieves that her sense of duty is in conflict with the wishes of her father. At length he cheerfully acquiesces in her choice. But the members of his parish persist in crying out against the young lawyer. Truly he is of sober, steady habits, and talented, but poor, and a lawyer. Such an upstart will make a pretty husband for our pastor's daughter! She might have had the choice among the first young men of the district. It is the old trouble with Mrs. Grundy—with the silly gossip of irresponsible meddlers. The public claims the right to wag its silly tongue, as though Abigail Smith were its bond-slave, compelled to allow its clashing, gossipy opinions to choose a husband for her. Parson Smith is given to a certain weakness of dragging his domestic matters into his sermons. Abigail, too, must have a wedding text. The people seem to have had some objection to Mary's husband. And now they are croaking against John Adams. And he must defend John.

"For *John* came neither eating bread, nor drinking wine, and ye say, he hath a devil."

This was the text, on which Parson Smith preached a wedding sermon for his daughter Abigail, before his congregation. With what feelings John Adams listened to the argument, proving that he had not a devil, and how his bride must have enjoyed it, we

will let our readers imagine. Certain it is that, whatever the text might say to the contrary, the bridegroom was given to eating bread, rather than locusts, and would take an occasional sip of wine, too; but ever used it with great moderation.

John Adams became a great and good man, and his wife Abigail helped to make him such. A successful lawyer, a celebrated statesman, and one of the founders of the Republic. Parson Smith never had reason to feel ashamed of the character of his son-in-law, John Adams. The first ten years of his married life, he devoted to his profession. Meanwhile three sons, and one daughter were born to him. One of the sons was John Quincy Adams. John Adams took a deep interest in the approaching national troubles. In 1774 he went to Philadelphia, as a delegate to the Congress to be held there. Mrs. Adams foresaw the coming storm. Right valiantly does she demean herself in the absence of her husband. She writes to him:

"The great distance between us makes the time appear very long to me. It seems already a month since you left me. The great anxiety I feel for my country, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious, and the night unpleasant. The rocks and the quicksands appear on every side. What course you can and will take is all wrapped in the bosom of futurity. * * * I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History. I am determined to go through it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it. I want much to hear from you. I long impatiently to have you upon the stage of action. I wish you every public and private blessing, and that wisdom which is profitable for instruction and edification, to conduct you in this difficult day."

Think of a young married lady reading Rollin's Ancient History, and enjoying it.

For the next ten years John Adams spent but little time with his family. The signs of coming war with Great Britain filled his wife with alarm. "Whether the end will be tragical, Heaven only knows. You can not be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars, nor rumors of wars, in a firm belief, that, through the mercy of its King, we shall both rejoice there together." Thus she unburdens her heart to her absent husband.

In those earnest times members of Congress served their country at the peril of their lives, and the sacrifice of private fortune. Now, as a rule, when a man is elected to Congress, his fortune is made. He is on a very fair way to wealth. John Adams did not receive enough salary to support his family. Indeed, we are told, that after his long civil life, and after having been President of the United States, he would have died a poor man, and left his

family in want, had it not been for his thrifty, industrious wife. During ten years of professional practice he acquired a small farm. This she husbanded with skill, during his long absence, and thereby secured a comfortable home to the family. She strove to train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When an old man, John Quincy Adams said, that every night as he laid him to rest, he continued to pray the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which his mother had taught him when a child.

She felt the responsibility of her position as a mother. Writing on this subject, she says: "I have always thought it of very great importance, that children should, in the early part of life, be unaccustomed to such examples as would tend to corrupt the purity of their words and actions, that they may chill with horror at the sound of an oath, and blush with indignation at an obscene expression. These first principles, which grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, neither time nor custom can totally eradicate."

Their home was near the sea-coast, where the vessels of the enemy could land, and forage the country, and frighten the people. This exposure kept the inhabitants in a state of nervous alarm. The slightest rumor of the enemy's approach, sent the affrighted families flying in all directions. One early morning the bells were ringing, drums beating, and alarm guns fired, to arouse the people. Several sloops had anchored near by, and carried off a neighbor's hay, filling the district with a panic. She says the enemy seemed to delight in coming on the Sabbath. Twice in succession they could not hold their religious meetings. Their pastor seems to be a sincere, but weak man. She longs for a "Cooper and an Eliot," for one who has "feeling and sensibility," who can take one up with him,

> "And in his duty prompt at every call,
> Can watch, and weep, and pray and feel for all."

At the battle of Bunker Hill, she sees the burning of Charlestown from a house-top. Mr. Adams is personally away from the theatre of peril; but naturally in great anxiety about his family. He assures his wife, that he never fears for himself, but tenderly adds: "I am often concerned for you and our dear babes, surrounded as you are by people, who are too timorous, and too much susceptible of alarm. Many fears and imaginary evils will be suggested to you; but I hope you will not be impressed by them. In case of real danger, fly to the woods with my children."

She, however, bears up bravely. "I would not have you be distressed about me," she writes. "I have been distressed, but

not dismayed. I have felt for my country, and her sons, and have bled with them, and for them."

Washington is appointed to the command of the army, and comes to Cambridge. This gives a sense of greater safety to the people of New England. After an interview with him and General Lee, she writes; "I was struck with General Washington. You had prepared me to entertain a favorable opinion of him; but I thought the half was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. General Lee looks like a careless, hardy veteran. The elegance of his pen far exceeds that of his person."

Ere long the horrors of war visited the Adams home. With it came the pestilence. From the British Army in Boston the dysentery spread over the surrounding country. Mrs. Adams and her whole family were smitten by it. "Our house," she says, "is a hospital in every part, and what, with my own weakness and distress of mind for my family, I have been unhappy enough. And such is the distress of the neighborhood, that I can scarcely find a well person to assist me in looking after the sick. I sit with a heavy heart to write to you (her husband). Woe follows woe, and one affliction treads upon the heels of another." Mrs. Adams goes from one patient to the other, not knowing which should die first, her dear mother, or her children. The dysentery destroys more than the deadly weapons of war. "Some poor parents are mourning the loss of three, four, and five children; and some families are wholly stripped of every member."

The war for Independence begins, of which she cordially approves. The American army tries to drive the enemy from Boston. Mrs. Adams' house shakes with the roar of cannon. The windows rattle, the house jars, and the continual roar of twenty-four pounders, and the bursting of shells give her such ideas, and realize a scene to her, of which she could form scarcely any conception. From a neighboring hill she could see every shell that was thrown.

In 1778 Mr. Adams was appointed one of the commissioners to France. The sea was covered with the piratical ships of Britain, ready at every point to capture the American commissioner. It was rumored, that British emissaries abroad would be likely to kill him with the assassin's knife. In the face of all these dangers, the sturdy patriot, with his son, John Quincy Adams, set sail for France. Imagine the anxious concern of Mrs. Adams, for her husband and son. Especially does her heart tenderly yearn for her boy. May not the corrupt social life of France ruin his moral character? She writes to the father: "To my dear son remember

me in the most affectionate terms. Enjoin it upon him never to disgrace his mother, and to behave worthily of his father." She writes to her boy, urging him "to adhere to those religious sentiments and principles, which were early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all your words and actions. Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value, and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. Dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found a grave in the ocean you have crossed, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child."

Mrs. Adams possessed more talent for practical business affairs, than is common among her sex. During her husband's absence in Europe she managed his money matters at home, which at that time was no easy task. Continental money had greatly depreciated. For a while her means of living were very limited; indeed her family suffered want. "I blush whilst I give you the price current," she writes to her husband. "All meat from a dollar to eight shillings a pound; corn twenty-five dollars a bushel, rye thirty, flour two hundred dollars a hundred pounds; potatoes ten dollars a bushel. I have studied, and do study every method of economy; otherwise a mint of money would not support a family. I could not board our sons under forty dollars a week at school. * * * We have been greatly distressed for grain. I scarcely know the looks or taste of biscuit, or flour for these four months." Afterwards meat sold for eight, and butter for twelve dollars a pound. Corn one hundred and twenty dollars, and rye one hundred and eight a bushel. It took seventy dollars of Continental money to buy one dollar of specie. Well might good Mrs. Adams worry to make ends meet in her family, and that too while her husband was Ambassador to one of the greatest nations of Europe.

In spite of the gay court life at Paris, Mr. Adams felt concerned for the comforts and society of his family. He requests his wife and children to live with him abroad. The plain daughter of Parson Smith, shrinks from the gay, frivolous Parisian society, in which the representatives of foreign nations must move. She says that her education did not adapt her for this. That her highest ambition and delight was to be an affectionate domestic wife, seeing after her well ordered home. "A mere American, as I am, unacquainted with the etiquette of courts, taught to say the thing I mean, and to wear my heart in my countenance—I am sure I should make an awkward figure; and then it would mortify my pride, if I should be thought to disgrace you." Thus wrote she to Mr. Adams.

But she must obey her husband. The accommodations of the ship "Active," in which she made the voyage, were not to her liking; very different from the floating palaces, in which people small and great now voyage the seas. Her family were stowed away in a small dirty room. She says: "The cook was a great, dirty, lazy negro, with no more knowledge of cookery, than a savage; nor any kind of order in the distribution of his dishes; but on they came, higgledy-piggledy, with a leg of pork all bristly; a quarter of an hour afterwards a pudding; or perhaps, a pair of roast fowls first of all, and then will follow, one by one, a piece of beef, and when dinner is nearly completed, a plate of potatoes. Such a fellow is a real imposition upon the passengers. But gentlemen know but little about the matter, and if they can get enough to eat five times a day, all goes well."

In Europe she fares better than was expected. Her long absent boy has greatly changed; nothing but the eyes look like his former self. Among a crowd of strangers, she fails to recognize him, until he exclaims: "O my mamma, and my dear sister." Then these three go through the tender scene usual on such occasions, in the presence of the gaping crowd. Although ignorant of the language, she seems to get along in France, with comparative comfort. The wife of Lafayette received her, "with the freedom of an old acquaintance;" took her by the hand and kissed her on each cheek. "She presented me to her mother and sister, who were present with her, all sitting in her bed-room. One of the ladies was knitting. The marquise (Lafayette) was in a chintz gown"—"a middle-sized lady, sprightly and agreeable, very plainly dressed, the paint in her face not exactly put on right." Later, she dined with Mrs. Adams, to whom an American lady whispered, aside: "Good heavens! how awfully she is dressed!"

Afterwards, the Adams family lived at London, whither his country sent him on a certain mission. They were made to feel British hatred of America. Once in two weeks they were expected to attend the circles of the queen. Her dresses she could wear only once during the same season, and nowhere but at court. Needing so many, she ordered them as inexpensive as possible. Her dress consisted of "white lutestring, covered, and full trimmed with white crape, festooned with lilac ribbon and mock point lace, over a hoop of enormous extent; a narrow train of three yards, which is put into a ribbon on the left side. Ruffle cuffs, treble lace ruffles, a very dress cap, with long lace lappets, two white plumes, and a blond lace handkerchief. Two pearl pins in my hair, ear-rings and necklace of the same kind."

They are presented to the king and queen; two hundred persons are present, placed in a circle. The royal family must pass around

the whole circle, and speak to each one, "very prudently in a whisper," "small talk," she calls it. The king is a personable man, but with a red face and white eyebrows. The queen's face is the same. When the king came to me, Lord Onslow said, "Mrs. Adams;" upon which, I drew off my right hand glove, and his majesty saluted my left cheek, then asked me if I had taken a walk to-day. I could have told his majesty, that I had been all the morning preparing to wait upon him; but I replied, "No, sire." "Why don't you love walking?" says he. I answered that I was "rather indolent, in that respect."

Two hours later, the queen reached her, around the other way of the circle. Both were embarrassed. "Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?" the queen inquired. Just such talk, as ladies all over the civilized world would indulge in. The ladies at court, she says, were "in general, very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly; but don't you tell anybody that I say so. The observation did not hold good, that fine feathers make fine birds."

She owns that she never felt herself "in a more contemptible situation," than when she stood four hours together for a gracious smile from majesty. That she received a kiss from the king, she deems a dignified honor; ordinarily ladies do not find this boon every day.

She soon tires of these gayeties, and longs for her cottage home in America. "The birds of Europe had not half the melody of those at home, the fruit was not half so sweet, the flowers half so fragrant, the manners half so pure, nor the people half so virtuous."

After three years spent abroad, she returns home. John Adams becomes Vice President of the United States. The "court" of General Washington is more to her taste. She was in tender sympathy with her great husband; keenly felt his trials and triumphs. When rising to the rulership of the Republic, she prays God to give him an understanding heart, "that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people." In the height of his fame, she adhered to the simple habits of youth. Rose at six, kindled her own fire, called the servants two and three times, before they rose in the morning, superintends the establishment. She was cheerful and contented to a good old age. In 1818 she fell asleep, eight years before the death of her husband.

Her son, John Quincy Adams, in the full tide of political glory, pauses and weeps at his mother's bier. "This is one of the severest afflictions to which human existence is liable," he exclaims: "Life is no longer to me what it was. My home is no

longer the abode of my mother. While she lived, whenever I returned to the paternal roof, I felt as if the joys and charms of childhood returned to make me happy; all was kindness and affection. One of the links which connected me with former ages is no more."

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

BY PERKIOMEN.

The woman of America is supposed to enjoy the fullest freedom in the sanctuary and at the altar. It does appear so. She has liberty to get her brain turned by religious excitements. Religion is allotted her as a field to romance in, at will. But, as Religion is a temper, not a pursuit or profession; a life, not an occupation, the result of her license herein tells lightly on her conduct and intellect. With all the fair show, the churches bind and gag woman, nevertheless. She dare not say a word, nor do a thing on principle, and from right; the little left her is, after all, of sufferance and indulgence. She is expected to attend the Lord's Day services, and that of the weekly meeting—even if man does not. She dare sit among the pews and listen—hear man's sayings. She dare offer of her husband's means to build churches; support the pastors; sustain the beneficiary institutions; teach in the Sunday-school; become a member of the Mite Society; join a sewing-circle, and marry a minister—if she be foolish enough to do so.

This is the extent of her religious charter, her entire "bill of rights." It is easy to see, that her admitted routine is but a series of "toleration acts," and not the result of premises deliberately laid, and consistently acted on, and out to their logical ends. Aside of man, her position is one of passivity throughout. She is an appendage to man's left arm—nothing more.

Where is the prestige with which she was clothed, in the early stages of Christianity? When yet at a tender age, she had been entrusted with the practice of purity and charity in their grandest meaning. The more aged and widowed visited the sick and imprisoned; the martyrs and confessors of the faith. They relieved the indigent, and practised hospitality. The more advanced were ordained deaconesses; by the imposition of hands, *and included amongst the clergy.* Their office was correlative to that of the Deacons—as Deacons once were, and not as they now are—mere

clerical tax-gatherers and ushers. By them were performed all the deeds of mercy that applied to their sex. They visited and relieved poor women and their families; instructed the catechumens; led them to Baptism, and exhorted the novices. Down to the XIIth century the office existed, and had been subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop, to whom the incumbents directly accounted for the manner in which they discharged the functions of their station.

Still further back, you read of women following Jesus more closely than the best of men; of women entertaining the wandering Apostles; of women worshiping in the Catacombs, and dying in the arena.

No doubt, there were people in Pagan Rome, who were scandalized at the unseemly boldness and immodesty of Christian women, who thus ministered publicly and officially; who stood in the amphitheatre; and who were torn to pieces for conscience' sake. But modesty had to succumb before faith and works, whilst the active and public *status* of Christian woman became the theme of the Church Fathers.

Further down, and nearer our own times, spring up convents, orders, sodalities, and sisterhoods—in all of which, woman resembles far more the charitable Dorcas, the hospitable Lydia, and the elect Lady of the Apostolic age, than the "woman of the period."

But what has become of woman's place in the Sanctuary and about the Altar? All shut up, let us say, to save her modesty! Men's hair stand on ends at the bare idea of her entering the Christian arena, in any earnest and heroic way. Anything beyond a silent Quaker worship for her, is already *mannish.* We are told, "Away with innovations!" as if there were any room left here for innovation. As if the Pagan creed had not already had its vestals, its priestesses, and its prophetic sibyls. As if Israel had not known the Prophetesses. Demur on the ground of novelty, and the case is lost.

Now, to plead for an emancipation of woman—an enfranchisement within the kingdom of Him, who had the Virgin Mary for His mother, should not fall strangely on our ears. It is but asking to have her rightful station re-opened to her, and to have her individual worth acknowledged. Even Paganism did so much, and was pleased with the result. The oldest church in Christendom but followed the precedents set by the religious systems of nature, and finds the order a success. Let a similar arrangement pervade all other associations of Christianity, in order that we may know the unmarried Christian woman otherwise, than as an "old maid;" in order that we may find room to apply such strange words as: "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the

Lord, that she may be holy, both in body and in spirit;"—"he that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage, doeth better;"—"that Christian widows may be widows indeed, and honored as such."

But would we have her to preach? Were she even to do that, she could not well fall below the average sermonizing of her weaker brethren—among whom we count ourselves.

But, not to foster the reader's surprise any further, let us at once say, that we would have her do far greater things than what is styled by the world, "the foolishness of preaching." Let her first *be recognized* in the Sanctuary and at the Altar; then would we have her *to do*. Let her be and do what the Gospel itself teaches and preaches. Let her practise, we say, what is already plainly preached—for to practise is more than to preach. It will be possible for her, then, to cover herself by a succession of good works, in a species of brightness, which Victor Hugo calls the "beauty of goodness," which is more than prettiness.

A true Religion is always one and the same, in principle. But religious establishments must adapt themselves to the wants of the age and society, or their end is at hand. A Procrustean organization, admitting of no change in forms, of no variation in discipline, of no development in agencies, of no extension in every direction, to correspond with emergencies constantly existing, will sooner or later be as a mill run dry. A flood cannot be avoided by building a mill-dam of conservatism. If alteration and reformation be not allowed, revolution will take its turn, and will destroy much that is good and that ought to remain. God built the temple at Jerusalem after a grand scale; but He too razed it, after a most tragic manner, because it helped no longer, but hindered history in its march.

Is it not a question worth some consideration, why the Church of Rome is least affected by the question of "Woman's Rights?" We answer for ourselves: the ancient establishment embraces and employs man *and* woman; whilst our organizations claim to be masculine, all through the rituals, with woman placed here and there, like flowers in a lady's bonnet.

The need of an institution in this country, like Pastor Fliedner's, for the training of Deaconesses, at Kaiserwerth, is no longer questioned. Woman is competent to devote herself to mission-work of all kinds—city mission, domestic mission, and foreign mission; to the reformation of fallen women and degraded children; to hospital nursing, and to do a thousand other benefactions.

But a special training is called for; and this can only be acquired in such institutions as make it a speciality. We are glad to see

that such a house is opened in New York city—at once the best and worst city in America.

Among Episcopalians, the Kansas Diocese takes the lead, in recognizing the ecclesiastical rights of woman. On the Board of Examiners for their Diocesan Seminary, are two ladies and six gentlemen. This is the first instance, we are told, of woman's election to such an office, in this country. Besides, in all the Parish meetings, it is reported, that woman is permitted to vote.

What further fruits may grow out of the discussion of the woman question, which the Church may taste and appreciate, these signs already indicate. We hold that the general discussion will bring about woman's emancipation in the churches at large. This will be one good result. She, "who must have her head crowned, because of her proximity to the angels," is both fitted, and will sooner or later be permitted to minister in her way, in the sanctuary and around the altar, to her own and her children's good, and God's glory.

ARBUTUS.

BY MARY.

"Creeps the red Arbute on the ground,
Fair, and which finest fragrance dowers,
The sweetest and the earliest found
Of spring's sweet wild-wood flowers."

This dear modest little flower is found early in Spring, creeping over the hills, half hidden among its own coarse leaves, and the crisp gray moss that must be the shorn locks of the old winter king. Amid so much that is wild and rugged, who would expect to find such delicate grace? The casual observer, he whose heart is lightest, whose step is quickest, passes it by; far from the haunts of business men and women, we must retire to find it. Finding it, we find lessons sweet to learn from such a teacher.

"Fair flowers, a mystery are ye,
A miracle year after year,
Nor meant man's teacher less to be
Than his worn heart to cheer."

How often we find a friend, where we least expected friends. An unattractive exterior often hides a beautiful spirit. A tuneful heart will manifest itself to its kindred, even as the waxen-lipped

Arbutus reveals itself to a lover of the beautiful by its fragrance. We will look for friends along the bleakest hill-sides of life. Amid the trammels of poverty and ignorance, we may find the fair buds of faith, hope, and love.

Under the daily round of stern, unwelcome duty the subduing white of contentment should be found. The sowing and reaping, the frying and boiling, the friction of domestic machinery, all so unsightly in themselves, cannot smother the pink of patient love. They rather borrow from it pinions of light, even as the rugged Arbutus leaves appear beautiful when we know what is hidden beneath them.

Notwithstanding the dark cloak pieced out of the malice of enemies, the deceit of false friends, and the obvious follies and crimes with which our own consciences upbraid us, our poor, selfish human nature bears one frail bud that partakes of the divine. This bud, in the lowest and most depraved, may yet be reached by the Spring breath of heavenly grace, and send incense perfumes to the throne of God.

Beyond the diseases, calamities, and bereavements of this life, throbs the great Father's heart of love. Under the shadow of death's dark leaves gleams the tear-bedewed petals of Heavenly Hope.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Not only is it among the honored returns that shall be made to Christ in the finishing of His work of humiliation, that at His "name every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord," but it is also implied, that in His name is that, which is of the utmost moment for comfort and good. His name is as ointment poured forth; and in the very terms or titles by which He is designated, there is everything that can cheer and animate and elevate the humble believing Christian. Look at some of them.

He is called JESUS. And what a world of meaning there is in this name, when in the rejoicing and happy experience of the soul, it is found, that He saves His people from their sins, cleanses them from all unrighteousness by His blood, sanctifies them wholly by His Spirit, and separates them unto Himself forever, in that He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification! Who would not look unto Him, even from all ends of the earth, assured that in Him, as His name is Jesus, they may be saved?

He is called a SHEPHERD. He knew His sheep by name, and laid down His life for them, and taking it up again, He is evermore the Chief Shepherd who shall yet appear and give them the crown of glory that shall never fade away. In Him, as He leads by still waters and makes to lie down in green pastures, there can be no lack of any good thing. If we are wandering, He restores; if wearied, He gives rest; if walking in the valley of the shadow of death, His hand upholds, and His rod and staff comfort, so that there need be no fear of evil. Who would not hear His voice and follow Him?

He is a FRIEND. Many have borne this name. And the poorest and saddest of all hearts, is his who is forced sometimes to feel that he has no friend. But Jesus is the Brother born for adversity, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the one who says, as no other one could, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. And I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee."

Reader, is this exalted, living, divine One, Jesus,—Saviour, and thus all in all to you? Is He the Shepherd into whose fold you have entered, and whose safe keeping and loving care you enjoy? Is He the Friend to whom you have given your heart's purest, strongest love, and in whom you are trusting and hoping, as He draws you with His cords of love to Himself, for all that is good, for the life that now is, and for that which is to come? On His strong arm, then, lean, and you will never fail. In the light of His countenance, walk, and ye shall never weary. Under the shadow of His wings hide, and no temptation of earth, no deception and wickedness of your own heart, no assault of the gates of hell,—nothing shall ever do you harm. In the hope of His coming and glory live, and you shall grow stronger and stronger, and at length have it, that He shall say of you, as if watching and waiting for you, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."—*Christian Instructor.*

CHRYSOSTOM'S ELOQUENCE.

The following burst of eloquence from Chrysostom, when he was sentenced to banishment, is a good specimen of the style of this "silver-tongued" preacher:

What can I fear? Will it be death? But you know that Christ is my life, and that I shall gain by death. Will it be

exile? But the earth and all its fullness is the Lord's. Will it be the loss of wealth? But we brought nothing into this world, and can carry nothing out. Thus all the terrors of the world are contemptible in my eyes, and I smile at all its good things. Poverty I do not fear. Riches I do not sigh for. Death I do not shrink from, and life I do not desire, save only for the progress to your souls. But you know, my friends, the true cause of my fall. It is that I have not lined my house with rich tapestry. It is that I have not clothed me in robes of silk. It is that I have not flattered the effeminacy and sensuality of certain men, nor laid gold and silver at their feet. But why need I say more? Jezebel is raising her persecution, and Elias must fly. Herodias is taking her pleasure, and John must be bound in chains; the Egyptian wife tells her lie, and Joseph must be thrust into prison. And so if they banish me, I shall be like Elias; if they throw me into the mire, like Jeremiah; if they plunge me into the sea, like the prophet Jonah; if into the pit, like Daniel; if they stone me, it is Stephen that I shall resemble; John, the forerunner, if they cut off my head; Paul, if they beat me with stripes; Isaiah, if they saw me asunder.

GOOD SEED.

Pious lessons, elements of truth, principles of religion and morality, are all like seeds sown in a fertile soil, which must and will germinate and grow in the future. The devout Richard Cecil thus records his experience:

"Nothing used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion, as my mother's counsels and prayers. Frequently she retired with her children to a private room, and, after she had read the Bible with us and given us some good instruction and advice, she kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervor, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us, and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times; it would have been impossible. I felt then it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. Those prayers and counsels, time never will efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."—*Selected.*

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN enters upon its XXIInd volume, on the first of January 1871. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, no changes are proposed. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management is committed, as heretofore, to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN continues to be published by the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. The publishers will use new type on the next volume and promise to continue to use a superior quality of paper; and do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

THE GUARDIAN.

Vol. XXII.—DECEMBER, 1871.—No. 12.

MAGDALENA LENZ, OR A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS.

From the German, published anonymously by the Rauhe Haus.

TRANSLATED BY R. H. S.

IV.

On that evening, the first for a long time, Frau Lenz remained at home. Even Thomas, the student, looked up from his books with surprise, but directly he remembered that Wilhelm did not look well, and thought, that, his mother having observed it, it was quite natural she should stay at home with him. Never did mother watch her child more attentively, more tenderly. Her loving eyes were continually busied with his serious, care-worn features. When Thomas had gone to bed, the mother left her seat, and approached Wilhelm, as he sat gazing into the dying embers on the hearth; he scarcely seemed to observe the movement, but she bent over him, kissed his forehead, and said:

"Wilhelm, I have been to see Susanna Palm!"

She felt him start as she spoke; for she had laid her hand on his shoulder. He was silent for a minute or two, and then said:

"Why did you go there, mother?"

"Well, my son, it was natural I should wish to see one, who is so dear to you; but I was not hasty. I put on my Sunday clothes, and tried to act as I thought you would like. At least, I did so at first, afterwards, indeed, I forgot everything."

She would have been glad, if he had asked her why she had forgotten everything, but he only said:

"And what did you think of her appearance, mother?"

"Willy, you know I have never seen her before, but she is a kind, gentle-looking creature, and I love her, as I have good reason to do."

Wilhelm looked up for an instant with surprise; for he knew his mother to be too reserved to make sudden intimacies with strangers. But still, who could see Susanna, he thought, without being pleased with her? So he asked no more questions, and the poor mother was obliged to summon courage to speak of what lay nearest her heart.

"Willy!" she exclaimed suddenly, despairing of leading by degrees to the subject, "I have told her all!"

"Mother, you have made me miserable!" he cried, springing up.

"No, my dear son, do not look so alarmed. I have not made you any unhappiness," she answered, laying her hands on his shoulders, and looking tenderly into his face. "She is not one, who can close her heart against a mother's grief; she is far too good for that. She is not one to judge and to condemn a sinner; she has learned of Christ too well for that. Sit down, you look so pale."

He obeyed. His mother drew up a foot-stool, and sat down at his feet.

"Did you tell her all about Lina?" he asked, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I did. I told her all, and she wept at my sorrow and the poor girl's sin. And then came a light into her face, quivering and trembling, with a new and happy thought. And what do you suppose it was, Wilhelm? what was that thought? No, I will trust you; I am certain your heart will be full of love and praise to God for all His mercy and grace! The little Anna is not really her niece; she is, our poor Lina's own child, my little grandchild!"

"Did she know it was Lina's child? I do not understand," said Wilhelm, with a sudden glow of excitement.

"She knows it now; at first she did not; but she took the little helpless creature to herself of her own loving, compassionate heart, suspecting only that it was a child of shame; and she has worked for it, and watched over it, ever since it was a little baby, and she loves it fondly. Willy, will you not love it too?" she added, imploringly.

He was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Mother, I will try. Give me time; for all these things are strange and confusing to me. To think that Susanna should have to do with such a child!"

"Yes, Wilhelm, and to think that she should have to do with the poor mother! For she is gentle, and full of pity, and talked of my lost one with hope; and she is going to try and find her for

me, when she comes again, as she has done sometimes, to slip a little package of money under the door. Think of it, Wilhelm! Susanna is pure and good, like the angels in Heaven, and she is one who can have joy over the sinner that repents!

"Wilhelm, my son, I am not afraid to talk to you now; I *must* speak, and you must listen. I am your mother, and I may command you; for I know that I am right, and that God is on my side. When He shall lead that poor erring girl to Susanna's door, and when she shall return to us, weeping and sorrowful, led by that good angel, not one word of reproach for her sin must fall from your lips. You must meet her with love and with help; for she is 'one, who was lost, and is found;' and so God's blessing will rest upon you, and He will grant you to take Susanna home to your cottage as your wife.'"

Her manner was so unusual, and so solemn, that Wilhelm's pride and stubbornness were entirely overcome. He rose quietly while she spoke, and bowed his head submissively to her earnest command. When she had finished, he said, in so subdued a manner, that she was almost alarmed:

"Mother, I will!"

"God bless you for it, Wilhelm! Oh, I am so happy. It seems to me she is already found; my heart is so full of joy."

That evening, Herr Palm stayed out very late. Susanna feared he had fallen into his old habits again, and become intoxicated in some ale-house. The thought caused her great uneasiness, notwithstanding her pleasure in thinking of Wilhelm's affection for her. She sat up late, but at last went to bed, after arranging everything as best she could for her father's return home. She looked at the little rosy-cheeked child that slept with her, with redoubled tenderness and a heart full of prayer. The little arms were thrown around her neck as she lay down; for Nannie slept lightly, and was conscious that the friend she loved, with all the earnestness of a child's heart, was beside her, although she was too much asleep even to murmur any of her little endearing words.

After a while, Susanna heard the father's uncertain step, and then heard him try, first the window, and then the door, with loud, incoherent complaints. The little innocent, whose arm encircled her neck, seemed to her doubly sweet and beloved, when she thought sadly of her erring father. Directly she heard him calling aloud for a light, although she had left a lamp and matches for him on the kitchen table, as she usually did. But fearing some accident from his extraordinarily inebriated condition, she hastily rose, and throwing a cloak around her, went to his assistance.

Alas! that the little caressing arm belonged to so light a sleeper! Nannie missed her darling Susanna, and frightened at finding her-

self alone in the dark, slipped out of bed, and ran in her little night-dress to the door. There was a light below, and there was Susanna, and protection and safety. So she approached the high, steep stair-case, and there overcome with sleep, she stood still, she tottered, and fell. Her little head struck the tiled floor below.

Susanna flew to her, and spoke sweet, loving, beseeching words in her ear; but the white eyelids covered the violet eyes, and no sound issued from the little pale lips. The warm tears that fell on her little bosom, did not awaken her; cold and still she lay on Susanna's lap. Susanna herself was almost stupefied with terror; but at last she carried the child up stairs, and laid her tenderly on the bed; then dressed herself with trembling hands. Her father had fallen asleep at the foot of the stairs, and if he had been awake, he would have been even worse than useless. Susanna ran out of the front door and along the street to the house of the nearest physician. Swiftly she ran, but just as swiftly she was followed by a shadowy figure, that seemed driven by some sudden alarm behind her. Susanna pulled the doctor's bell with violence, while the shadow shrank down into a dark corner near by. The doctor looked out of an upper window.

"A little child has fallen down stairs at number nine in the Kroner strasse, and is very badly hurt, dying, I am afraid. For the love of God, Herr Doctor, come quickly!"

"I will come immediately," he answered, and closed the window.

"For the sake of the God whose name you spoke, tell me, are you Susanna Palm? Is it my child that is dying?" cried the shadow, springing up, and seizing Susanna convulsively by the arm.

"It is a little child two years old. I do not know whose it is; but I love it as if it were my own. Come with me, whoever you may be, come!"

The two hurried through the silent street. They entered the house. Susanna took the light and ran up the stairs; the woman followed.

She stood at the bed-side with wild, staring eyes, gazing on the child with an eager, longing look. She leaned over it, and laying her hand on her own heart, as if to still its throbbing, she approached her ear to its pale lips. Then she threw off the cover, which Susanna's loving hand had spread over the little creature, and felt its left side, and cried out in wild despair:

"She is dead! she is dead!"

The woman looked so distracted, that for a moment Susanna did not know what to do; but in the next moment, God filled her soul with divine courage, and her pure arms were thrown around the poor sinful being, and her tears flowed fast and warm upon her bosom. But the woman repulsed her hotly, crying:

"You have killed her! you neglected her; you let her fall down stairs! It is you that have killed her!"

Driving away the mist of unconsciousness that was almost overpowering her senses, Susanna looked at the poor mother with her clear, angelic eyes, and said sadly:

"I would have given my own life for hers."

"Oh, her death burns my soul!" cried the poor childless woman, with the passionate violence of one, who, having no one who loved her, and whom she loved, had never learned to control her feelings for any one's sake.

"Hush!" said Susanna, soothingly. "Here is the doctor. Perhaps God, in His mercy, will spare her life."

The poor mother turned quickly. The doctor came up. Alas, she was right, the little one was dead.

When he told them so, the mother fell in convulsions upon the floor. Susanna, in the midst of her own deep sorrow, must forget herself and her darling, so long the object of her tender cares. She asked the doctor what she must do for the poor woman, who lay unconscious before them.

"She is the mother," explained the young girl.

"Why did she not take better care of the child?" said the physician, rather angrily.

But Susanna only replied:

"The little girl slept with me. It was I who left her."

"I will go home and mix a composing draught, and while I am away, you must put her to bed."

Susanna got some of her own clothing, and began gently to undress the stiffened and powerless figure before her. There was no other bed prepared in the house, except her father's. Gently she took up the little body of her darling, and would have carried it down stairs, when the mother opened her eyes, and, perceiving her intention, said:

"I am not worthy to touch her. I am so wicked. I have spoken to you as I ought not to have done; but you are so good and kind; may I hold my child in my arms for a little while?"

Her voice was so different from what it had been before she had fallen in convulsions, that Susanna would scarcely have recognized it. Now it was inexpressibly tender, irresistibly beseeching; her face had lost its wild expression, and seemed at rest, almost like the face of the dead. Susanna could not speak, but she brought the little body, and laid it in the mother's bosom; then, as she gazed on both of them, her feelings overcame her, and she sank on her knees, weeping aloud, and saying:

"Oh God, my God, have pity upon her; forgive and comfort her!"

But the mother was smiling and caressing the child's little cheek and murmuring softly to it, as if it had been alive. Susanna thought her mind wandered, but she went on praying, and weeping as she prayed.

The doctor came with the sleeping potion. The mother received it with the unconscious submission of a child, who does not know the nature of what is given to it. He sat down by her, and it was not long before she fell asleep. Then he rose quietly, and beckoned Susanna to the door, and said:

"You must take the corpse out of her arms. It will not awake her. That draught will keep her asleep for several hours. I will be here again before noon. It is almost daylight now. Good-bye."

Susanna saw the doctor leave, and then, taking the dead child gently from the mother's arms, she could not refrain from weeping herself, in the stillness, over her pet. Still and pale, as the dear, peaceful little face lay before her, she tried to impress it upon her memory, never to be forgotten.

Then she recalled all that she had to do. Everything was quiet in the house; her father still lay sleeping, in spite of all the noise, upon the landing-place at the foot of the stairs. She went out through the still empty streets, it was now quite light, until she reached the one, in which the Lenz family lived. Frau Lenz, true to her country habits, was just opening her shutters. Susanna laid her hand upon her arm without speaking, and they went together into the sitting-room. There the young girl knelt down before the astonished woman, and wept as she never had done before. That terrible night had exhausted her, and she, who had passed through such scenes with peaceful composure, found herself, now that the excitement was over, scarcely able to utter a word.

"My dear child, what has distressed you so, that you come and weep as if your heart was breaking? Speak and tell me all. No! weep first, as long as you can, it will do you good; you can tell me afterwards."

"Nannie is dead!" sobbed Susanna. "I left her to go to father, and she fell down stairs, and never breathed again! Oh, that is my sorrow! but I have more to tell you. The mother has come. She is in our house! Come and see if it is your Lina."

Frau Lenz could not speak, but trembling, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went with Susanna, half stupefied, to the Kroner strasse.

(*To be Continued.*)

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.—*Lamb.*

THE MONEY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

NO. VII.

The Money of the Romans.

"The Commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome,
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?"—*Byron.*

There is nothing more wonderful in history than the rise and progress of Roman power. From being, in the days of Romulus, the insignificant fortress of a band of robbers, Rome advanced to be in the era of Tiberius the mistress of the world. While we cannot pause to consider the instrumentalities whereby this result was accomplished, we remark in passing, that the triumph of imperial Rome negatively prepared the way for the advent of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. If Rome had not established peace by universal conquest, it would have been far more difficult for the apostles and their successors to induce the nations to submit to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace.

The Emperor Tiberius, who occupied the throne during the entire period of our Saviour's public ministry, began to reign A.D. 14, and died A. D. 37. The coinage of his reign was large and various, and was probably extensively circulated in Judea. It is, therefore, remarkable, that there are comparatively few references to Roman money in the New Testament. In this connection, however, it is necessary to consider

THE FARTHING.

The translators of our version of the Scriptures must, at times, have been sorely puzzled by the names of coins, for which there were no corresponding English names, and with the precise value of which they were generally unacquainted. Luther, as is well known, had the same trouble in the preparation of his German

version, and indiscriminately called pieces of small value *groschen*, *heller*, or *pfennig*, as best suited his convenience. It was probably for similar reasons, that the word farthing came to be applied in our version to at least three different pieces of money, none of which is, however, so small in value as the English farthing.

1. *The as, or assarion.* This was probably the most ancient of Roman coins, and was composed of copper with a slight admixture of tin and lead. Originally it weighed a pound, but after the Punic war its weight was reduced to two ounces. There are many types of this piece, all of which have a clumsy appearance, and are larger than any modern coin. The device is generally a head of Janus, with a ship and the inscription ROMA.

The *as* is mentioned several times in the New Testament. Two sparrows, we are told, were sold for an assarion (Matt. x. 29), or five for two of these pieces (Luke xii. 6). The value of the *as*, at the time of our Saviour, was about one cent and a half.

2. *The dupondius* was worth twice as much as the *assarion*. It exists as a coin, but the word was generally used as a money-term, in which sense it is probably employed by the Latin Vulgate in Luke xii. 6. In our version the word is rendered by *two farthings*, which is in more strict accordance with the original Greek.

3. *The quadrans, or sestertius* was the smallest of Roman silver coins, and was worth nearly four cents of our currency. It was customary among the Romans to reckon sums of money by the number of *sestertii* contained in them; hence this is the last piece of money which the imprisoned debtor will be compelled to pay before he can be released. Matt. v. 26. It is probable, that still another farthing, possibly one of the smaller Herodian pieces, is referred to in connection with the widow's offering of two mites, "which make a farthing." Mark xii. 42.

THE PENNY

is not, as might be supposed, a copper coin, like the English penny, but a silver piece, worth about fifteen cents. It is more correctly termed denarius. The pieces exist in almost infinite variety. The earlier specimens generally represent the head of Hercules, or of some other god, or demigod; but in the times of Christ they bore the image and superscription of the reigning emperor, Matt. xxii. 18–21. The *denarius* of Tiberius was the tribute money, which Christ enjoined upon the Jews to "render unto Cæsar," and which must not be confounded with the annual contribution towards the support of the temple. Matt. xiii. 27. At the time of Christ a *denarius* was no doubt considered good wages for a day's labor. Hence the householder, who went out to hire laborers into his vineyard, had no difficulty in agreeing with them for a penny

a day. Matt. xx. 2. When we remember the great disparity between the ancient and modern valuations of silver, it seems probable, that these wages were but little inferior to those paid in many countries at the present day.

The two pence, which the good Samaritan paid to the host for taking care of the wounded man, have probably seemed to many readers a ridiculously small sum to offer for such a service; but, at the rate which we have indicated, their real value probably amounted to several dollars, which would suffice for the purchase of many of the necessaries of life. Luke x. 35.

The *denarius* is frequently mentioned in the New Testament, but in every instance the reader can have no difficulty in determining its value. He need but multiply the number of *denarii* mentioned in the passage by fifteen in order to find their intrinsic value, and then by ten if he would have an idea of their practical value as a circulating medium. Mark xiv. 5; John xii. 5; Mark vi. 37; John vi. 7; Rev. vi. 6.

Some of the later Roman *denarii* are very interesting; as, for instance, one that was struck in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem, which bears on the *obverse* the head of the Emperor Vespasian, and on the *reverse* the captive daughter of Zion, weeping beneath a palm tree, surrounded by emblems of the captive spoils of Judea, and guarded by a Roman soldier. There are, indeed, many coins of that period, which bear, with slight variations the same device, and which assure us of the literal fulfillment of prophecy: "She being desolate shall sit upon the ground." Isaiah iii. 26. "How is she become as a widow? She that was great among the nations, princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary?" Lam. i. 1.

Here, strictly speaking, ends the task, which we had proposed to ourselves in these articles, and which, with various interruptions, we have continued for nearly a year. We have found the work more laborious than we had anticipated, but nevertheless delightful, as strengthening our faith in the historic accuracy of the sacred Scriptures, even in the most minute particulars. With a distinguished writer, we can truly say: "We perceived at every step new lights arising, and some of the brightest from parts the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and of human reason to discover. The shekels are of the purest ore, but even the scrip that contains them is of a texture more curious than the artists of earth could fashion it. The apples are of gold; but even the basket is silver."

THE MOTHER OF METHODISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Mind is from the mother," says an eminent author. "The Wesleys' mother was the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense." She left to her children a rich dowry of nonconforming virtues.

She was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Anslye, a man who had received a rigid religious training, probably according to the Presbyterian form. In his youth he was in the habit of reading twenty chapters of the Bible daily, and dreamed of the glories of martyrdom. His first parish received him with spits, forks, and the pelting of stones. The pastor before him danced, drank, and made merry with his people on week day and Sundays, which Samuel Anslye would neither do nor countenance. Not by stones could the young pastor be driven from the path of duty. "I am resolved to continue with you, until God has fitted you to entertain a better." This was his answer to the stones, and he helped to make the wicked parish better during the few years of his stay. He is said to have been a fearless servant of Christ, who wrote no controversy, in very controversial times, but "charmed with his godliness." A clerical friend who baptized a child for him says, "that he had two dozen or a quarter of a hundred children." With this large family, and a limited income, he devoted the tenth to God, besides "his purse was always open for widows and sick and starving ministers."

A lively time had good parson Anslye with his offspring. The daughters became accomplished young ladies, whose charms attracted many young men. "Nonconformist pastors and raw young students, city men and wealthy lovers," were lured thither. Among others, too, a young student, by name Samuel Wesley.

Dunton, an eminent bookseller, and a member of the father's congregation, is free to confess, that one of Anslye's daughters attracted him more to the good man's church than her father's preaching.

Susan Anslye is said to have possessed a strong intellect. Of her personal appearance but little is said. Her character is much praised. She was pious from a child. For a while false doctrine

endangered her faith. Her scholarly lover and husband first drew her off from the Socinian heresy.

"When I was young," she says, "and too much addicted to childish diversion, I used never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day, than I spent in private religious duties."

Samuel Wesley began his married life with thirty pounds a year, later he got fifty pounds ($150 then $250). The house he offered his young wife was "a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay." In the little home there came "one child additional *per annum.*" The husband was a close student, wrote books, and was earnestly attentive to his flock. For seven years, he and his wife, with thrifty management, lived in godly contentment. Then he was promoted, as it was thought. But as for comfort, the Epworth parish was little better than Ormsby. His parishioners were mostly people with small farms. The women wore their mothers' gowns, and the men were never seen in clothes wholly new. The maid started her spinning wheel at three in the morning, and had forty shillings ($10,00) a year. The people were semi-barbarous. They "burned crops, stabbed cows, maimed watch-dogs, and put coals on the thatch (the straw roof)." On the steps of his own church Wesley was called "rascal and scoundrel." In one of Mrs. Wesley's confinements, the wicked wretches "kept drumming, shouting, and firing, until at last the baby was killed in the nurse's fright." The tithe corn was stolen in open day. Such was the condition of an English parish in 1690. Of course his church ministrations received but little encouragement. He seldom had more than twenty communicants. "Monsters of men-children were brought to baptism, whose manful voices disturbed and alarmed the whole congregation."

To fill up the cup of trial, a brace of accidents occurred. The barn fell down; a third of the parsonage was burnt; his entire growth of flax was destroyed; finally the parsonage was wholly burnt down. Poor Mrs. Wesley narrowly escaped with her life. She says, "I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows, neither could I get to the garden door. I endeavored three times to force my passage through the street door, but was as often driven back by the fury of the flames. In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was, which did me no further harm than a little scorching my hands and my face."

Her six year old boy lay asleep. His father missed him, and sought to help the poor child by kneeling in an agony of prayer. A kind-hearted man cried, "I will fix myself against the wall, lift a light man and set him on my shoulders." Thus brave men

got to where the boy lay. Just as the child was caught in their strong arms, the roof fell in. The boy's name was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, in a double sense, "a brand plucked out of the fire." (Zechariah iii. 2.) The next day Samuel Wesley picked up a stray scorched leaf of his Polyglot Bible, on which there was nothing legible but the passage: "Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross, and follow me."

Ere long came another sorrow. For a small debt, which by a few hours delay he could have paid, Wesley was imprisoned. He bore it patiently, read prayers in his cell, every morning and afternoon, trying to minister to his "fellow jail birds," as best he could. But what became meanwhile of his wife and children? A severe schooling had the mother of the Wesleys, whose sorrowful lessons she learned and improved well. With her large family, and little to live on, a kind, laborious husband, with more learning than thrift, she had her heart and hands full of care and work. Each morning and evening she devoted an hour to prayer. The family affairs were controlled by proper system and government. The rising and retiring, sleeping and waking of the children was done according to fixed rules. "At seven they were prepared for bed, at eight they were left in their rooms awake; there was no such thing allowed as sitting by a child until it went to sleep." They had to eat what was set before them. When a year old they were taught to "fear the rod and *cry softly*."

She says, "I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education." A child that truthfully confessed its fault was not beaten.

At five years every child was taken into the school-room of the family, where the mother was the principal teacher. The children studied from nine till twelve, and from two till five. All her children save two, learned the alphabet in one day. The next lesson was to spell the first chapter of Genesis. With untiring patience she thus wrought at the education of her children. "I wonder at your patience," said her husband one day. "You have told the child the same thing twenty times."

"Yes, had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

She opened and closed the school of her children with the singing of a psalm. No visitors or business could constrain her to shorten her six hours for study. In three months her children could read better "than the most of women can do as long as they live." Even before they could speak, grace at table had to be asked by signs. They had to pray the Lord's Prayer, morning and evening. As they grew older, other short prayers were added

to this. And as they advanced toward maturer life, she prepared "a manual in natural theology; a treatise on the doctrines of the Gospel, founded on the Apostles' Creed; and an analysis and exposition of the Ten Commandments." These became the religious text books in her home-school, the basis of a thorough religious education for her children. The children would in turn assist their mother in teaching; "the eldest child took the youngest that could spell, and the second the next," and so on for all of them. They were taught to be courteous, even to servants. She tried to cultivate an equal temper in them. She said, "It always argues a base and cowardly temper to whisper secretly what you dare not speak to a man's face. Therefore be very cautious in speaking of these three sorts of persons: the innocent, the dead, and the absent." At that time it was the custom to drink rounds of "healths." For the sake of others she set herself against it by resolving, that she would not "drink the third glass;—which thou canst not tame."

All this work Mrs. Wesley performed, in addition to her usual household duties. Her grown-up children she followed with her letters and prayers. Her son, John, describes the calmness, with which his mother wrote letters, while surrounded with thirteen children, and letters such as few mothers write to their children. Her eldest son was worried about getting his scholarship at Oxford. She invites him in a letter to join her in praying over the matter, and to "set apart the hours of Sunday afternoon from four to six to beg God's favor in this great affair, which time I also have determined to the same work."

In a good old age Samuel Wesley fell asleep, "without one struggle, or sigh, or groan." Most of the daughters were married. The sons were ardently devoted to their mother. She was bowed down with sorrow. It seems even her many pious children could not keep her wholly from want. The want of proper food and clothing occasioned her repeated sickness. In her weakness she said, one morning on awaking, "My dear Saviour, art thou come to help me in my extremity at last?" It was four o'clock, when she said, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm to God." One son and five daughters sang, with tears, around their mother, just fallen asleep in Jesus. Eight days later, in the presence of an innumerable company, as they lowered her remains into the grave, John Wesley said, "I commit the body of my *mother* to the earth." He, too, preached her funeral sermon, as he said, "To one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw or expect to see on this side of eternity." She had written her husband's epitaph; her son John now wrote her's, on a plain stone at the head of her grave. She ended her life where she commenced it, and there she was buried.

Mrs. Wesley was a mother of rare intelligence, piety, and wisdom.

She understood the government of children, as few mothers understand it; knew how to blend unyielding authority with gentleness and maternal love. A large proportion of wickedness strikes its roots in a misgoverned childhood. A silly, sentimental pity which connives at disobedience, and shrinks from healthful correction, lays the foundation of ruined character. The religious life of her children starts in their infancy. Their instruction is based on the Scriptures as explained in the Apostles' Creed. This and the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments are their first lessons in religious instruction. This was the system of the mother of the Wesleys.

Her children had a large share of talent and tribulation. Rarely does so much sorrow and privation fall to the lot of so worthy a family. What a sad contrast does the wife of her son, John Wesley, present to this godly matron! She was a widow, having four children, when he married her. One condition in his marriage contract was, that he should "not preach one sermon the less, nor travel one mile the less, on account of his change of condition." She soon proved herself his connubial scourge. She became jealous, and robbed him of his money, as she said, to prevent him from giving it to bad women. She dogged his steps from place to place, followed him by stealth for miles on his journeys, to watch who was sitting with him in the stage coach. Several times she left him. Once or twice he brought her back. At length he resolved to let her go, and wrote in his journal: "*Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo.*" (I did not forsake her, I did not dismiss her, I will not recall her.)

The daughters, too, were cross-bearers, no less than their brothers. Hetty Wesley became a domestic martyr. Her husband was an abandoned drunkard, who poisoned the peace of her home. Vainly she strove to reform him. Her children all died young. Beneath the weight of her sorrow her health failed, her beauty faded, and naught of her sprightly exterior charms remained, save her lively piercing eye. Her besotted husband she affectionately cherished in spite of his vices. Now and then she poured out her grief in verse. With plaintive tenderness she pleads with the wayward father of her children in the following lines:

"For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch of early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs;
In spite of grief to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee."

A DIARY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

It may be of interest to the lady readers of the "Guardian," to learn how a young lady lived, loved and worked, three hundred years ago. Not a few good lessons might be learned from this lady of ancient days. She is industrious, a good housekeeper, obedient and affectionate to her parents, and tries to be as devout in her prayers as she is conscientious and dutiful towards her parents. Good Elizabeth Woodville little thought, that her talk with herself in her diary, should ever get into public print, else she surely would have omitted her love adventures with John Grey. But even of this part of her record she need not be ashamed.

The following extract from the journal of Elizabeth Woodville before her marriage with Sir John Grey, is copied from an ancient manuscript in Drummond Castle. It gives a curious picture of the habits of the great in former times. After the death of Sir John Grey, she became, in 1465, the queen of Edward Fourth. On the accession of Henry Seventh, who had married her daughter, she was confined in the nunnery of Bermondsey and died there, but was buried at Windsor:

Monday, March 9th.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catharine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's.

Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. Memorandum: To talk to cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women; chided Rodger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat.

Eight o'clock.—Went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without saddle or bridle.

Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey, a comely youth, but what is that to me?—a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little; stole a great

many tender looks at me, and said, women never could be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Rodger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields, John Grey would lift me over the stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any country gentleman, and he never misses church on Sundays.

Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription for the benefit of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds himself with this benevolent intent. Memorandum: Never saw him look so handsome as at that moment.

Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

Six o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

Seven o'clock.—Supper on table; delayed in consequence of farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

Nine o'clock.—The company fast asleep; these late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracting my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Words are like the wheels in a watch; they fit very well in their place, but out of place they are an evil. Even persons of intelligence are liable to fall into the use of cant phrases and misplaced words. On a visit to the South, a friend on the point of introducing us to a venerable brother, remarked: "Please do not laugh at his odd expressions." We found him a kind-hearted, pious old gentleman, very active in his congregation. Every few sentences he would adorn with the expression: "And everything else." Attached to some sentences, this phrase would strike me

as irresistibly ludicrous. Long use had made the good man unconscious of this impropriety of speech. Think of young ladies interlarding their criticisms on other people's dresses, talking about wearing *this* and *that* and "*everything else*," which, of course, would make a pretty large pile.

We have heard persons use the phrase, "*that is to say*," four times in the same sentence, and on an average of at least, once in every third sentence. "So to speak," and, "if I may so speak," are in frequent use among public speakers. Certain we are, that our readers have met people who use "*you know*," after every few words. "You know, cousin Sue is to be married soon. Not to George Smith, you know, as some people suppose, you know. George is a clever enough young man, as everybody knows, you know, but her choice, you know, is James Crosby, you know."

The word "awful," figures largely in this kind of style, as the following awful story shows:

There was once an awful little girl, who had an awful way of saying "awful" to everything. She lived in an awful house, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from any other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry, that she ate an awful amount of food, so that she looked so awful healthy. Her hat was awful small, and her feet were awful large. She went to an awful church, and her minister was an awful preacher. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In summer she found the weather awful hot, and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain, there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over, there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl was all the time in an awful state; and if she didn't get over saying "awful" about everything, I am afraid she will, by and by, come to an awful end.

These kind of habits are usually acquired in youth. Fluency is very fascinating to many people, though it be without wisdom or good sense. And in their eagerness to be fluent in conversation, young people are apt to pick up any word that first comes to mind, even should it express but half the idea intended to be conveyed. Low phrases and the slang of the vulgar, are acquired by them, until, like profane swearers, they use them without thinking of it. Think of a young man, who, when a friend says: "How are you, Harry?" will reply: "Bully!" This word from the prize ring, has stolen its way into some circles otherwise decent. You hear it used even in Christian families. As soon invite a swine, after wallowing in the gutter, to roll about on your parlor carpet, as

allow such a word to become the habitual inmate of your family. Shun the use of these cant and slang phrases, these words of the vulgar. If you harbor them for awhile, they will refuse to leave you. Words are the index of the soul, the label of the heart. They indicate the quality of the article within. Impure words always point you to the impure heart of the person using them. Vulgarity of speech always discovers vulgarity of heart.

> "Words are the soul's ambassadors, which go
> Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
> They are the soul expounders of the mind
> And *correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.*"

THE SEPTUAGINT VERSION.

BY PERKIOMEN.

By the Septuagint version we mean the Greek copy of the Old Testament. It is the oldest translation from the original Hebrew into the Greek tongue, if not the earliest of all versions. In all probability, it dates as far back as two hundred and eighty years before the coming of our Redeemer. It bears the name, *Septuagint*, from the fact of its having been made by seventy translators, or rather seventy-two; but the round number is mostly used.

It is a remarkable version, for many reasons. Our Redeemer invariably quotes from it; and so do the apostles. It was commonly used in the Christian Church, during at least the first four centuries, and constituted the basis to the ancient Latin version, used in the Western Church, before the time of St. Jerome's rendering, known as the *Vulgate.* It was held in great repute for a long time among the Jews, and read in their synagogues. It was quoted from by the great body of the Church Fathers. It is still the version used in the Greek Church, and a good portion of the Latin Vulgate is a rendering from it.

We feel like inquiring into the origin of the *Septuagint*, and its subsequent history.

Among the ancient authorities generally referred to on this subject, we may mention Josephus, Philo, St. Justin Martyr, St. Epiphanius, Aristobulus, and Aristeas. The last named furnishes us with a history of the *Septuagint*, in which we find an interesting account to transcribe: When Demetrius Phalereus was librarian to King Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, in Egypt, and

had collected a great many books for the famous Alexandrian Library, he was asked on one occasion by the king, as to the number of volumes gathered. He reported two hundred thousand, and expressed the hope, that it would be increased to five hundred thousand. He further ventured to remark, that the laws of the Jews were very deserving of a place on its shelves, provided a translation were made from the Hebrew. The king coincided with the view of the librarian, and promised to forward letters to the high priest at Jerusalem, with a motive to procure for the library a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, translated into Greek. Aristeas, who was favorable to the Jews, he having himself been a proselyte, happened to be present on this occasion. He had been a prefect in the king's body-guard, and on hearing mention made of the Jews, he became the more confirmed in the idea, which he in common with Sosibius and Andrew, two other prefects on the king's safety-staff, entertained, namely, to procure the liberation of the Jews, who were numerous in Egypt, having been brought captive thither from Syrian and Phœnician wars by Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, father of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

This occasion, then presenting itself, these three officers said to the king, that it would be worthy of his clemency, and altogether a very congruous thing, that, as he expected this favor of the Jews, he would, on his part, liberate those of their nation, who were held captive in his dominions, especially as this would induce the Jews to comply the more willingly with his request. The king then inquired as to the number of captive Jews, and being informed that they amounted to one hundred thousand, he promised that he would declare them freedmen. He accordingly ordered twenty drachmas to be given to each of them, that every freed Jew might thus have the means of compensating his master for the loss of his services. In this way he expended beyond six hundred talents, and then by a royal edict he declared the Jews to be free. He then sent letters, addressed to the High Priest, Eleazar, requesting him to forward the Sacred Book, and along with it men who were competent to render it into Greek. Aristeas and Andrew were members of the embassy to the High Priest, and bore presents from the king.

Eleazar, the High Priest, sent the Books of the Law, together with seventy-two interpreters, six from every one of the twelve tribes, qualified for the task of translating them ; and at the same time, the grateful High Priest sent letters, in which he extolled the liberality and clemency of the king.

This venerable and important delegation of worthies was kindly received by Philadelphus, who, to testify his veneration for the Sacred Book and those noted interpreters, made a profound adora-

tion seven times, on their introduction. He then gave a grand entertainment to the seventy-two, and was so much delighted with the answers given by nine of them, to questions proposed by him, that he prolonged the festivities seven days more, until all were heard in reply to as many questions as there were translators.

Soon after Demetrius Phalereus conducted them to the Island of Pharos, where a house was fitted up for them to the north of the island, on the sea-shore where they were to execute their long, difficult, and delicate task. They divided the labor among themselves; determining, if any difficulty should occur, they would discuss it all together. As the translation of each part was finally settled and committed to writing, it was handed to Demetrius, who had it transcribed by amanuenses. The men were employed over their work each day, from morning to the ninth hour, or three hours before sunset. In the mean time, they were in Alexandria, where they were constantly and abundantly supplied with necessaries and luxuries. Every morning they resumed their labors, having first washed their hands and recited their prayers, according to a severely Jewish custom. In the space of seventy-two days the version was finished, *i. e.*, the *Colophonem imponere* attained. The entire version was then read in the assembly of the Jews of Alexandria, and approved of. Such is the history of the *Septuagint*, as furnished us by Aristeas in his somewhat famous book.

Josephus contents himself with a recital of Aristeas' history, without appending anything further of novelty or importance.

Philo in his *Life of Moses*, speaks of the *Septuagint*, as made by men divinely inspired.

St. Justin Martyr, in his *Exhortation to the Greeks*, has no theory or story of his own, only details according to this authority, Ptolemy, King of Egypt, wishing to have a translation of the Jewish Laws, procured from Jerusalem seventy-two translators, whom he sent upon the Isle of Pharos, and confined them in separate cells, in order to prove the more readily their fidelity to the original, by the agreement or disagreement which would be found to exist between the many distinct renderings. He adds, that it so happened by Divine Providence, that they not only all agreed in substance, but in the very words and number of letters! He declares himself an eye-witness to the remains of the cells in the Isle of Pharos.

St. Epiphanius relates, on the authority of some ancient writers, that the translators had been shut up in thirty-six cells, two in each cell, and that they thus produced thirty-six versions, agreeing in every particular together.

Aristobulus, a Jew, who lived perhaps two hundred years before Christ, makes a very brief account of the origin and manner of this Septuagint version. He simply says, "The entire interpreta-

tion of the Law was made in the time of a king, surnamed, Philadelphus, Demetrius Phalereus having been actively employed concerning it.

But what is to be thought now of these several accounts? True it is, that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," provided they disagree not among themselves. But each one telling his own story in a militating way, whom are we to credit?

First. St. Justin Martyr and St. Epiphanius merely retail sayings to which historians are unable to find sufficient bases.

Secondly. The account of Aristeas is full and particular, and confirmed by Josephus. Certain it is, that from the earliest times of the Christian Church, down to a comparatively late period, say the middle of the 16th century, scarcely a doubt has been hinted at relative to the authenticity of Aristeas' book. This well established fact, we confess, greatly inclines us to believe him. We are challenged to add, however, that in modern days, the whole account is set aside as a fabrication. But who is most likely to know of the source of a stream, those who dwell far up, or those who lately squatted far down along its channel?

Concerning the *name* of the version, too, writers have much to say. Setting aside the history of Aristeas, it becomes a matter of doubt, whether there had been actually seventy, or seventy-two persons engaged in the translation. There are those who maintain, that the name *Septuagint* originated in the fact, that the version was formally approved of by the Jewish council, or Sanhedrim, at Alexandria, which was composed of seventy-two (in round numbers seventy) persons. Nor can we much object to such a view. Admitting that the translation was executed at Alexandria, then it is natural enough to believe the members of the Sanhedrim to have been the executors. But a *Septuagint* version it is nevertheless.

And now, what shall we say and hold in reference to the *inspiration* of those translators? Were they divinely assisted in their important task? The ancient Fathers so held. Philo, the Jew, is sure of it, likewise. "Bellarmine claims St. Jerome also for this opinion."

As it is a mere matter of opinion, we will not force any view on the reader, as little as we will permit him to take ours away. We will only tell what another says. "If we consider the important ends which this version was designed to fulfill, we ought not to be surprised at finding it so easily admitted, that God, who had inspired the writers of His Sacred Word, had also inspired the interpreters of it on this grand occasion."

The subsequent history of the *Septuagint* was somewhat singular. So great was the esteem in which the Egyptian and Grecian Jews

held this version, at first, that, as Philo tells us, they repaired yearly to the Isle of Pharos, and kept a festival on its shores, in memory of this inspired translation. And from the manner in which our Redeemer and His Apostles quote from it, without creating an outcry on the part of their hearers, we are justified in believing, that the veneration for it was not confined to the Hellenist Jews only. It challenged universal regard then for a long period.

But about the commencement of the second century, and subsequently, this feeling changed. The Septuagint became very odious to the Jews, on account of their not being able to answer the arguments brought from it by the Christians, in controversy. They adopted the plan of quoting from the Hebrew text accordingly, with which they knew those Christian converts to be unacquainted. Yea, so odious did this once highly venerated Septuagint become in the eye of every native Jew, that they finally proclaimed a fast day on the eighth day of the month *Thebet*, corresponding to our December, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of so inauspicious an event. A strange way, indeed, of making a hateful thing forgotten.

The Hellenist Jews, however, continued to venerate the *Septuagint*, in spite of the hatred of the Hebrew Jews. Indeed this distinction between *Hellenist* and *Hebrew* Jews, only became fixed after the version was executed. The former class of dispersed Israelites learning the Law wholly from the Septuagint, whilst the latter had the Hebrew Scriptures read in the Synagogues, and explained to the congregation in the Syro-Chaldaic. In the year 550 a quarrel arose between them, concerning the use of this version, which the Emperor Justinian decided in favor of the Hellenists, declaring their liberty to use it in their worship throughout the empire. Thus the Hellenists adhered to the Septuagint down to the middle of the sixth century, when the version became the property of the Christian Church almost exclusively. It became vitiated by and through careless transcribers, and supplanted by purer versions.

FULLNESS OF GRACE.

The provisions of grace are such that the strongest habits can be overcome, the most depraved hearts can be made clean, the most abandoned character can be saved, and the most desponding spirit can be made happy, the most fiery trials can be patiently endured, and finally, a home in heaven, where all is love, joy, and peace, can be eternally possessed. Then, brother man, lift up thy fallen head; for you there is plenteous redemption.

WOMAN IN SOCIETY.

BY PERKIOMEN.

It has been said, that woman is either a toy, or a drudge in society. She is entitled to the best seat in the drawing-room, and in the coach. A gentleman will stand, rather than not offer her the last chair. There must be no swearing done in her presence. You will tip your hat, and bow as orientally as you can, in passing her. You will invariably say, "Ladies and Gentlemen," in preference to "Gentlemen and Ladies,"—though Adam was before Eve. There must be floating-island talked, and frothy verbiage indulged in, in her company. In public addresses you are expected to throw down sweet tit-bits and sugar-coated apostrophes, by way of humoring her. Like as if woman were a full-grown and gaudily attired doll, men have a fashion of playing with her. It is maintained, that justice towards her demands just such a treatment. In this way it is presumed to honor her. It is persisted in as an exhibition of our American chivalrous deference to her sex. We are not near done yet, of boasting of our America as the paradise of woman. Well—it *is* rather flowery, all through.

But whoever cannot see through such a gauze, is blind indeed. It is a system of indulgence, from first to last, and every true woman turns from it, wounded if not angered. A supercilious condescension—a complaisant favoring—a soft petting of one, who is secretly and impliedly held to be beneath one-self—to this it amounts. Strange that such an order of etiquette should not long ago have been discarded.

At the other end of society, woman is a drudge, just as often and as effectually. Dr. Hall's commentary on "Farmers' Wives and Farmers' Daughters," must sadden every reader. It is a short, melancholy record, verily. In its details, it is capable of filling whole shelves in a library—and more intensely interesting than any tale fancy ever told. From an official report, he finds thirty-nine farmers' wives and sixteen farmers' daughters in an insane asylum. He goes on to say, that no other class recruits so large a percentage of crazed spirits. And this now, after all that, and in spite of what has been written and sung, time and time again, of the bliss of farmer-life, and the immortal dairy-maid, so ruddy of cheek; so lithe of limb; whose breath is as pure as the air of the morning; whose laugh is as merry as the voices of birds in the wood; whose step is as elastic as the new-made bow. All these

bright fancies vanish before the hard, dry line—"*thirty-nine farmers' wives and sixteen farmers' daughters in an insane asylum!*" Let us follow Dr. Hall's strain but a little further, and hear him remark, that we have here another vision, different from the customary one—not of youth, and beauty, and innocence, and exuberant health; but one of a pale and wan and haggard face, half-covered with long, black hair, and coal-black eyes, peering hotly on you, from behind the bars and grate of a dark prison-house!

He assigns a string of reasons for it all, which, when summed, signify *drudgery.*

As a remedy, he advises, in substance: Let the husband remember, that the wife is a social being, his companion, and therefore, his equal, and not a machine or underling. Let him consider her, as she is, his best friend—not his farm-hand, his house-keeper, or kitchen-queen, by whose sighs and sweat the "interest" and "mortgage" of the place is to be worked off. Let him speak to her respectfully in the presence of strangers and servants, and not in terms imperious, petulant and exacting, as he would to a scullion. Let the farmer and farmer's wife co-operate cheerfully in all things. Let him remember, that his wife's good will and smile are as essential to success, and really of as much virtue to his garden and field, as sunshine and rain are. As she is very certainly his superior in her moral nature, it follows, that he should not only regard her as his equal in material interests, but that he should habitually accord to her, that deference, that consideration, and that high regard, which is of right due her, and which can never fail to impress on the children, and all in the house, a sense of the dignity and elevation of the wife and mother. Let such a high moral position be attained; let such an impressive social influence be gained, in order that the reputed happiness may actually reign within the farm-house walls, and no insanity may blight the wife. Living, as Dr. Hall does, amongst the merchant-princes and money-kings of New York, his words should carry with them some considerable weight, when he tells us, that a farmer's wife can be rendered incomparably more sure of living in quiet comfort to a good old age, than the wife of a Crœsus in Wall Street, who, although he may realize his hundreds in a day, nevertheless, in scores of cases, dies in poverty, leaving his wife and children to the sad heritage of being slighted and forgotten by those, who had once been made happy by their smiles and money, and of pining away in tears and destitution.

Servant-women, commonly called "maids," are fast perishing from off the face of the earth. Nor will we pretend to say, that we are much sorry. Boarding-houses are more numerous than formerly, and more largely filled with *married* inmates. They

have become compulsory institutions—houses of refuge—from the scarcity and difficulty of obtaining and retaining domestic help. The newspapers are filled with reflections on the much abused servant-woman. "I have no help!" "My girl has left me!" "I have such poor help!" "I have a green Irish girl!" "I have a raw German in the kitchen!" are some of the incessant cries. Husbands grow tired of the "Old Hundred" melody, and make an end of it, by breaking up house-keeping and moving into the boarding-house.

There must be some cause, we think, for such a going from home. We presume it lies nearer the good wife's own hearth, than she is willing to concede. The spirit of caste is growing in this goodly democratic America. A twig of aristocracy is fast engrafting itself on our big republican tree. The trouble is, perhaps, that all will reign, and none will serve. The imperiousness of the mistress is resented by the injured pride of the underling. A rupture is the result. The theory of service is becoming less and less clearly understood. The most fortunate house-keepers are those, who act on the principles of justice and kindness. In such families parties have lived together in friendship and mutual contentment for years. In all other households, it is the fashion to change "help" twice in a fortnight.

We know it to be an unpopular task, and perhaps an imprudent one, to speak a word for the already too-saucy servant-woman. But we will, nevertheless, say, as the domestic service now stands, we should not very much like "to hire out." She is generally the "servant of servants." But elevate the woman of the house—the wife of the hearth, and the mother of the family—and the whole household stands aloft, with all that are in it. The position and condition of the lady, are always the measure of the home. Down to the cat and dog, all its inmates will be the better for it. It is not true, that all the hired-girls are good-for-nothing. But the culinary government is. The chaos of the kitchen will only cease, when a genuine Victoria reigns there.

The *needle-woman*, too, stitches her life away very sadly, and cheaply, whether she be the fashionable milliner, or the humble stocking-darner. From the days of Thomas Hood, until now, her lot has been quite dreadful enough, if we take into account the wasted health, or the meagre recompense. Let the philanthropist inquire of the physician, what the hygienic and pecuniary condition of seamstresses is, in the average. It is better in consequence of the "sewing machine," we sometimes think. Still, fashion keeps a little in advance of the machine, even, no matter how rapidly it may clatter.

The *governess* vainly claims, that education and culture doled out by female lips and hands, is just as good, and in many cases better, than if dispensed by masculine smartness. It will not command the same price in the public school market. From the field-hand and kitchen-help, to the school-room, woman stands beneath man, and beneath her proper self, in the matter of recompense. We hate the embargo laid on female labor—whether it be hand or brain service.

From the lowest to the highest round of society, then, there is room for amendment. The famous XVIth will not cover the reigning evil entirely. As long as woman's intellect is confined; her morals crushed; her health ruined; her weakness encouraged and her strength punished—so long the paradise of woman has too many thorns stuck in among the roses. American society now needs most of all women to stand by the side of men—never mind the ladies and gentlemen; we can survive their absence. To have them, there must be an enlarged system of culture for her benefit. The so-called "female education" is not commensurate with her needs and capacities. Let her be prepared to fill the station set for her by the Maker of us all. Then will she be able, best of all, to decide all mooted questions of taste and propriety. Whatever she will *dare* do then, will be becoming and proper. She will no longer stand in need of any *manocracy* over herself, to survey her field for her, and locate her, as we now survey and locate a railroad.

The incessant cry of woman's modesty, will be varied somewhat, we think; and duty, right, conscience, and destiny, will be spoken of sometimes, too. Woman does not need *all* the modesty there is. A good share of it belongs to and becomes man. Virtue has no sex. There are no male or female graces, when closely taken. They belong to both halves of the race, of which, woman, by common consent, is the better half.

A PLEA FOR MORE SUBSCRIBERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The report of the Reformed Church Publication Board in Philadelphia, presented to the late Synod at Pottstown, stated, that the subscription list of the "Guardian" had been increased during the past year. We are pleased to learn this, and know that many of our readers will be equally gratified. The "Guardian" is the only magazine of its kind in the Reformed Church. Its mission

and message is to the young; its contents are equally adapted for the young of every part of the Reformed Church. Whilst it is a denominational publication, whose contents, as a rule, are in full accord with the doctrines and religious customs of the Reformed Church, it does not assail the doctrines of other evangelical bodies. The young of other Churches can safely and profitably read it, without having their Church attachments weakened. Its office is not to make proselytes from other denominations, but to improve its readers, and assist them in the formation of correct, Christian habits.

The circulation of the "Guardian" is not confined to the Reformed Church, as indeed it ought not to be. As a new year is about to commence, we earnestly ask our friends to aid us in increasing the number of its readers. There are few readers, who could not, with a little exertion, procure one or more new subscribers. If a few young people in a congregation or town, will start a subscription paper and call on their friends, they will be able to add new names to our list. Let us come to the practical point of the matter. As soon as you have read this article, speak to some of your friends about it. Propose a plan to them. Let each one take the names of ten or twenty persons, on whom he or she will call. In this way the neighborhood can be canvassed in a short time. For the new subscribers which you gather, the publishers, the Reformed Church Publication Board, will give you a premium in money or book.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Heart Life. By Theodore L. Cuyler, Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, pp. 190.

This is an excellent little volume, written in the pithy, pointed style, so characteristic in Dr. Cuyler's writings. Here and there the author is somewhat lax in his views about the Church and her ordinances. But the book is so full of the marrow of the gospel—so full of the tincture of the true faith, that, in view of its general excellence, we can pass lightly over its occasional errors.

The Christian Use of Money: Especially in Relation to Personal Expenditure. By J. F. Wyckoff, Esq., pp. 45.

This volume contains excellent advice concerning the right use of money. It severely condemns those, who needlessly lavish money upon the pride and parade of life and give little to Christ.

Both the above works are published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

EDNA HARRINGTON, or the Daughter's Influence in the Home Circle. Pp. 311. Price $1.00.

A loving, obedient daughter, the joy and pride of her parents, and the ornament of her home, is the subject of this volume. Her piety influenced all the other members of the family, and her life daily showed, that she had been with Christ and learned of Him.

SUMMER IN THE FOREST, or Slender Hands in the Stone Quarries. Pp. 304. Price $1.00.

This book contains a pleasing narrative, which tells how a party of young people combined duty with pleasure. They spent the Summer in the country, in a neighborhood, where the children were without a Sunday-school. With merry hearts, they set to work, secure a place, gather in the children, and organize a flourishing Sunday-school, which becomes the nucleus of a church. The book tells how this was done. May its reading incite many young people to follow the example of this party of young people in acts of well-doing!

SACRED GEOGRAPHY AND ANTIQUITIES, with Maps and Illustrations. By Rev. E. P. Barrows, D.D. Pp. 685. Price $2.00.

This work, for some people, will prove less pleasant reading than the foregoing. Yet, without wishing to disparage other works, it has more substance and instructive matter, than twenty of the average volumes of lighter reading. The author has bestowed a great amount of scholarly labor upon the work. The numerous illustrations, of places, plants, animals, customs, &c., are a great help to a correct understanding of its descriptions. Its treatment of Sacred Geography and Archæology, furnishes a vast treasure of instruction to the common reader. We feel confident, that this volume will be of great service to Sunday-school teachers, as well as to Bible readers generally. Its extensive Table of Contents, Geographical Index, Index of Places and Subjects, and Index of Scriptural Texts, are a convenient help in the use of the work.

The above works are all published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 1408, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.